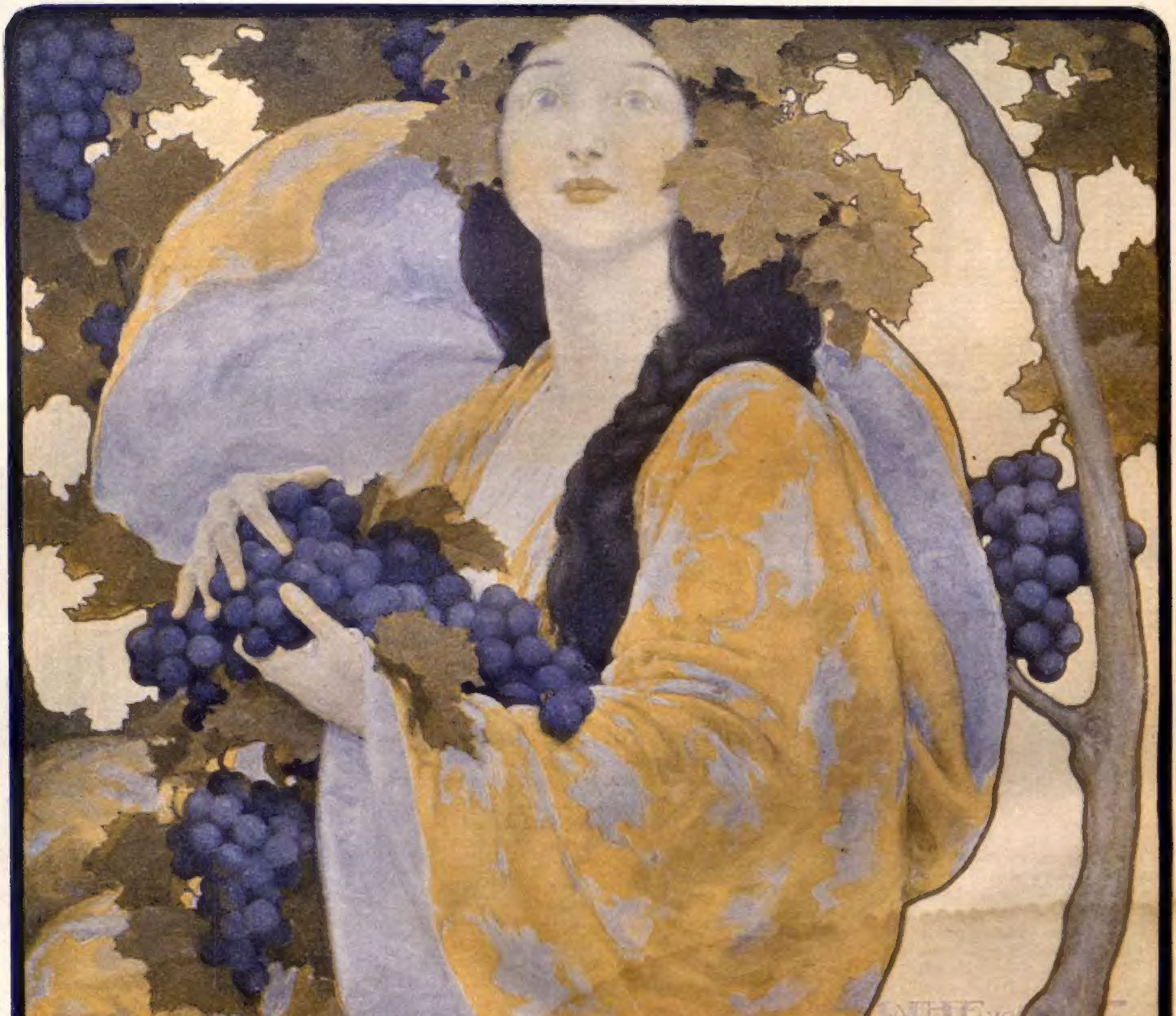
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A^{o} D^{i} 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

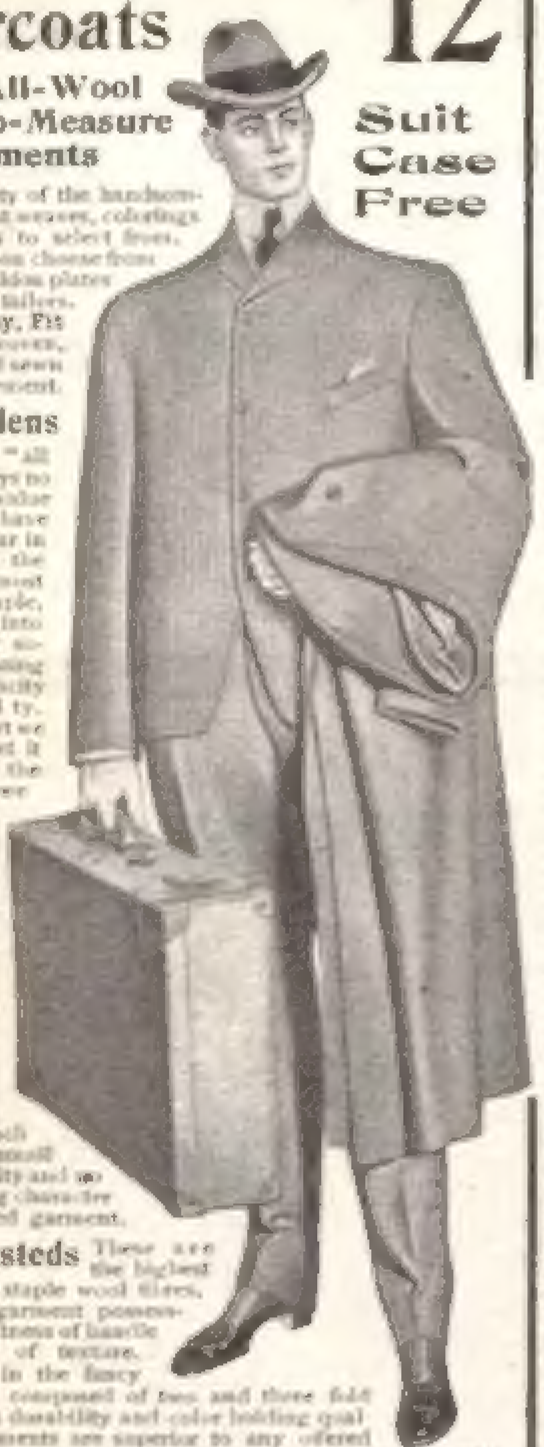
OCTOBER 15, 1904 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



DRAWN BY WALTER H. EVERETT

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Latest Suits or Overcoats $12



Fine All-Wool Made-to-Measure Garments

Suit Case Free

A large variety of the handsomest and newest weaves, colorings and patterns to select from. Made up as you choose from this year's fashion plates by expert tailors. **Style, Quality, Fit and Wear** woven, fashioned and sewn into every garment.

Our Woolens The term "all wool" conveys no idea of the value of cloth. To have value for wear in men's suits the wool fibre must be of long staple, and be made into cloth having solidity, retaining power, tenacity and elasticity. This is the sort we use, as we get it direct from the mills where we know how it is made and of what character of wool. Any wool fibre that is "long enough to have two ends" can be used for woolen cloth, but it doesn't need an expert to know that such material has small wearing quality and no shape-holding character in the finished garment.

Our Worsteds These are the highest quality long staple wool fibres, the finished garment possessing lustre, softness of handle and fineness of texture. The threads in the fancy worsteds are composed of two and three fold twists, and in durability and color holding qualities our garments are superior to any offered at anywhere near our prices in made to measure garments.

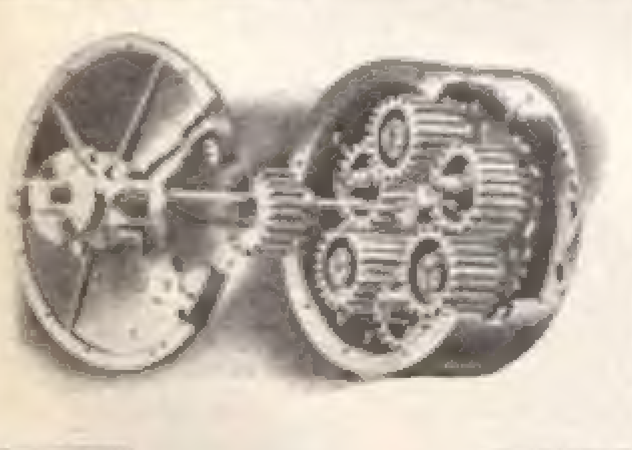
Overcoatings The materials of which our overcoats are made are of the same high grade wool as our Woolen and Worsted Suitings. The characteristics are density and body without excessive weight. The object being to combine warmth with style and comfort. Our measure blank will enable you to take your own measurement accurately, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. We are manufacturers, importers and custom tailors, and guarantee our $12.00 suits and overcoats to be equal in wear to the best you can obtain from your local dealer for Twenty Dollars, while in style and fit our garments are incomparably superior to any but the product of high-priced city tailors.

FREE Suit Case

In order to establish customers throughout the United States we are giving on the first order received from any one person a handsome suit case, which we use to ship the suit or overcoat. The suit case that goes with each order is most presentable, and would cost in your local store from $3 to $5. **A trial is all we ask.** You run no risk in ordering from us, as we guarantee absolutely a perfect fit. We do not ask you to pay for the goods before seeing them. We send them by Express C. O. D., with the privilege of examination at Express Office, and if the suit is not satisfactory in fabric, finish or fit, you need not accept it; it will be returned to us at our expense. The suit shown in the picture is our No. 217, and is a sensible, becoming suit to most gentlemen. The price is $12.00. It is entirely new, out of the ordinary and very stylish. Samples of cloth that make up nicely in this style are shown in our new catalogue, which contains styles and samples varying in price from $12.00 to $25.00. Our catalogue and **Samples of Cloth Free** will be sent you the very day your request for same reaches us. Remember, we have no agents, no branch stores, and no connection with any other clothing concern. Our business has been established 40 years. Write today for samples. Address

Meyer Livingston Sons, Dept. 85, South Bend, Ind.

Reference: Citizens Nat'l Bank, South Bend, Ind.



This transmission is one of the reasons why a stock Cadillac with an 8¼ horse-power motor made 144 miles over rough and hilly roads in 5:38—the power is *all* used in driving the car.

The Cadillac transmission embodies strength with simplicity; long service without noise—and is only one of the elements that go to make up Cadillac thoroughness in design and workmanship. Let us send you booklet O and give you the name of the nearest Cadillac agency where you can satisfy yourself that nothing at double the money equals the Cadillac. Prices, $750 to $900.

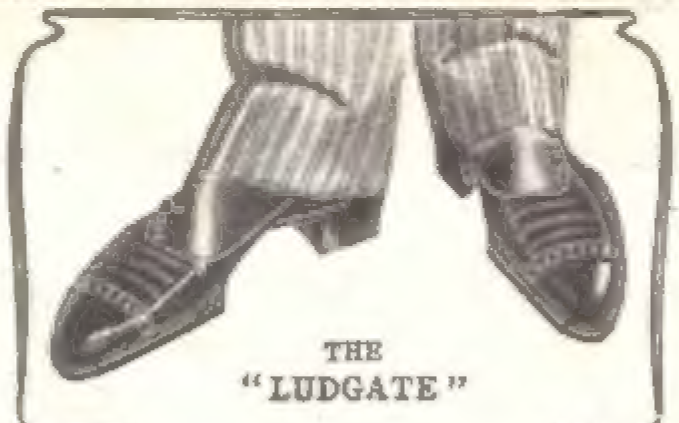
CADILLAC AUTOMOBILE CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufrs.

SWEATERS FOR BOYS WITHOUT MONEY

Any boy can get this sweater without it costing him a cent. He can also earn good spending money in addition. No capital required, no hard conditions. Just a little work in spare time on Friday afternoons and Saturdays selling *The Saturday Evening Post.* Any boy can do it. Thousands are earning money every week in this way. Some make $15.00 a week. You can start at once. All you must do is to write us a note saying you are willing to try, and we will send 10 copies of *The Post.* These will be sold at 5c each. This provides capital for a larger supply the following week. When the regular order is increased 14 copies a week a fine woolen sweater is sent absolutely free. This is in addition to the regular commission, remember—one of the gifts we make to boys as an incentive to increase their orders. There are other prizes. Each month two hundred and fifty dollars are given just as extra cash prizes for good work. Write for the free copies to-day. We will send them with our booklet, "How Boys Make Money," which gives the stories of many of our most successful boys and methods that helped them.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
4325 Arch Street, Philadelphia



THE "LUDGATE"

The Florsheim SHOE

Built on a solid foundation, perfect fitting, genuinely comfortable, stylish and never losing its shape.

Every Florsheim—bench-made, carefully selected damp-proof leather, over one of our 200 styles of *specially* designed foot-form lasts. They are anatomically correct, conform completely to the foot's every line and curve, and fit almost every known shape of foot.

Most styles sell for $5.00. However particular or critical a man may be, he cannot secure more style or greater comfort, whatever price he pays.

FREE—Write for our booklet, "The Florsheim Way of Foot Fitting." Facts that will interest every shoe wearer. If you cannot get the Florsheim at your dealer's, send us his name and we will make a pair specially for you.

FLORSHEIM & COMPANY
Chicago, U. S. A.

PIANO

Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Webers and twenty other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new yet all are offered at a great discount. Uprights as low as $100. Also beautiful **New Uprights** at $125, $135, $150 and $165. A fine instrument at $190. Good pianos FROM $10 down and $5 a month. Freight rates are low. Write for list and our four plans of piano selling. You make a genuine saving. *Pianos from us bear the impress of Quality.* Illustrated Piano Book Free.

LYON & HEALY

71 Adams St., CHICAGO

World's largest music house; sells Everything known in Music.

ATTEND THE ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY

A delightful profession, quickly and easily learned. Pays well. Good positions secured for graduates. Only college of Photography in the world. Terms easy, and living inexpensive. Write for our beautifully illustrated catalogue. Address

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
903 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Ill.

Pears'

"A scowling look is altogether unnatural."

All the features of Pears' Soap are pleasing. A naturally good soap for the complexion.

Sold by the cake and in boxes.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1904, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded AᵒDⁱ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

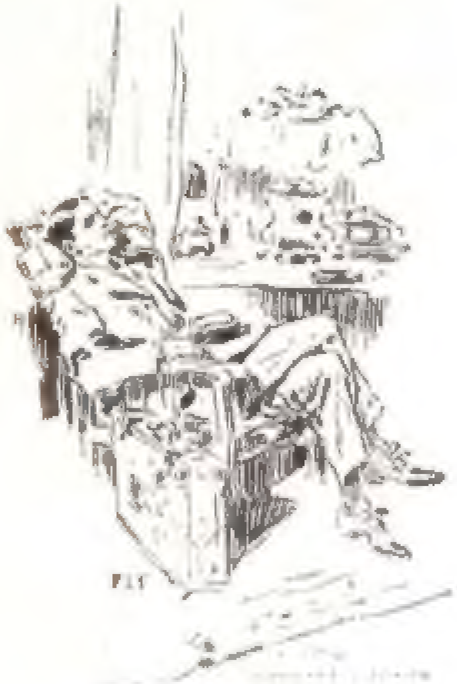
Volume 177 PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 15, 1904 Number 16

WITH THE RHODES SCHOLARS AT OXFORD

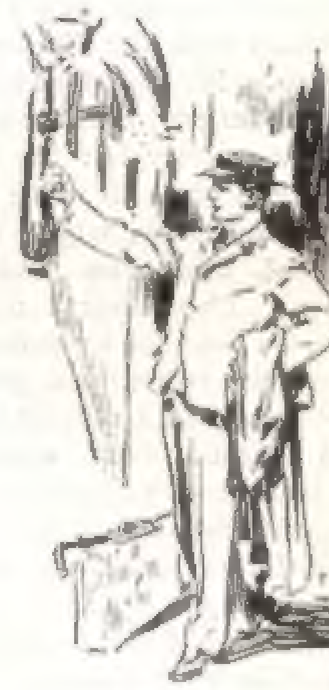
What They Will Find and What They May be Expected to Bring Back

BY JOHN CORBIN

Author of An American at Oxford



HE FALLS HEIR TO SOLID AND COMFORTABLE BELONGINGS



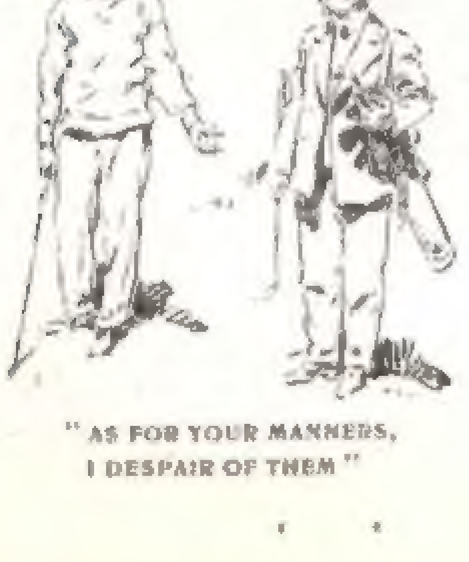
I FELT LIKE AN OPERATIC TENOR

THERE is a hardness and glitter in American character and culture," a widely-traveled Englishman of letters once remarked, "which only two things in the world can take off — to be steeped in the life of England, preferably at Oxford, and to be steeped in the life of India." It may be questioned whether Italy might not be preferred to India, if one were to attempt to mellow his mental chiaroscuro. But for any sane and independent American youth no experience could be more deepening and enlightening than that upon which the first Rhodes scholars are just now entering at Oxford.

That it is not an experience which American parents and educators as a rule commend has been shown in the manner in which they have commented on the Rhodes bequest. But this is perhaps the chief point in its favor. What our parents and educators believe in they have given us at home. When like gives to like the result is to intensify virtues — and defects. The culture most of us stand in need of is that which rounds out deficiencies.

If Oxford at first sight seems the happy hunting ground of all paradox, even absurdity, it is because the spirit of the place is that which America characteristically lacks. When I arrived there (and as this was some years ago, the present excursion with the Rhodes scholars is only, alas, a pleasure of memory) I used to go for guidance, philosophy and friendship to a former Harvard professor who had acquired the easy habit of living at Oxford, and relate to him day after day the preposterous things that were always happening. He joined with my laughter politely, but he used to protest when I threatened to break the springs of his study chairs. And he was right. Oxford isn't half so funny as it seems to an American. My friend advised me to laugh as much as I could, but always to think twice before despising what seemed most absurd. At the bottom of every Oxford paradox, he assured me, there is always a helpful idea.

The very architecture of the ancient University town reminds one at first sight of a scene in opera bouffe. Landing in England a day late, I made the journey up at one leap, as it were, from the steamer; and as the way was enveloped in night and the densest of English fogs, the first clear land sight I saw, after the docks in New York, was the front of my temporary lodgings. It was up a mediæval street in the ancient Oxford Jewry, so narrow that you could almost touch both sides at once. The door was of oak, studded with iron, and surmounted by a Gothic arch in time-stained stone, overhung by a light in a sconce, which shone mellow in the fog. The handle of the doorbell was of wrought iron, and ran up the length of the embrasure. I felt like an operatic tenor. The words of a serenade framed themselves on my lips; and though I wisely forebore to sing I had to strike an attitude, as I pulled down the bell handle, in order not to feel too terribly out of the picture. As day after day unfolded more of the old-world beauties of the place — Gothic towers and Renaissance façades, mediæval city walls and serene seventeenth-century gardens — the sense of unreality increased. Surely this could be only a city of fable and romance!



"AS FOR YOUR MANNERS, I DESPAIR OF THEM"

The Welcome to the Freshman

OXFORD is in fact the romance of college life, and, like all romance, has its farcical phases. Charley's Aunt once seemed incredible enough. After living at Oxford I look back at it as sheer realism. In the first place, it used to be the custom at Oxford, and is still possible, to begin living in the college before passing the entrance examinations — these are minor details, to be worked off at your convenience! Such consideration for the newcomer's convenience is universal. We all know what characteristically happens to a freshman in America! To welcome him there are cane sprees and Bloody Monday rushes, in which he is rolled about on the grass and stamped into the mud. He gets only the worst rooms in quarters farthest from the centres of college life, and has to take his meals at odd places while waiting a more favorable opening. If he wants to make friends or try for an athletic team he has to shift for himself, and if he makes mistakes through ignorance he speedily becomes a butt to the waywise. A senior is an overlord before whom he is expected to make a metaphorical obeisance. At Oxford they reverse all this. When the college butler finds out how many freshmen are coming up he makes out a list of the seniors who have been longest in residence in college and asks them to give up their rooms to the new arrivals. Out walks the grave and reverend senior, bag and baggage, to "diggings" in a lodging-house of the town. In walks his majesty the freshman, and takes possession of a choice room on quadrangle or garden, where he finds all the fellows of his year about him, so that he can make their acquaintance with the least difficulty and delay. Instead of going to the trouble of buying his own furniture, and being pitifully "stuck," perhaps, by its former owner, he falls heir to solid and comfortable belongings, handed down from generation to generation, for which he pays only the interest on the sum invested, plus something for depreciation by wear.

On each staircase there is a well-trained servant, who wakes him in the morning by pouring out his bath, who serves his meals and runs errands. At Oxford the servant is called a scout. At Cambridge he is a gyp, which is supposed to be from the Greek for vulture. At both places he is the undergraduate's factotum, and lives largely on the broken meats from his table. It is an open question how much food he is entitled to "bag" besides. In my time one of the fellows, on going home for vacation, left half a dozen of sherry in his sideboard, of which he had merely tasted one bottle. When he came back it was all gone. He remonstrated, saying that all the scout was entitled to was the bottle that had been broken. "Yes, sir," said the scout. "But when that was gone, sir, the 'arf dozen was broke."

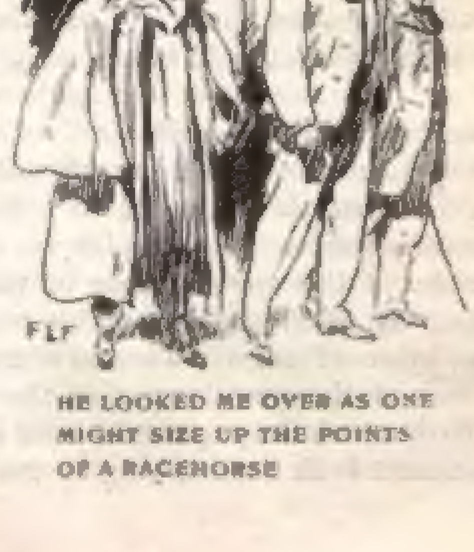
This fellow only laughed. The undergraduate is not always so complaisant. One man, who got tired of eternal pilfering, doctored a bottle of wine with a powerful emetic. The results were serious — and the scout was cured of unlawful bagging. For the most part, the scout is an excellent servant, assiduous and courteous. His vocabulary consists largely of the phrases, "Yes, sir," and "Thank you, sir." At Christ Church a scout once answered a don with a cheery "Right you are, sir," and was discharged.

Tutor, Dean and Master are equally obsequious to the incoming freshman. My first few days in college were a series of calls to make me acquainted with all the authorities. My tutor had little to say about studies, but firmly advised me to go in for sports. I told him that I had been on the athletic team at Harvard, and was going to run. He answered that nobody ran in the autumn, and that the college (Balliol) was a strong rowing college, and advised me to go on the river. I had tried rowing, and after being plentifully kicked, laughed at and cursed at, had been unceremoniously "fired." I objected that I should have to leave the river anyway when the running season came on. We overtook the Dean in the quad while arguing the point, and he joined in. Dropping a pace behind, he looked me over as one might size up the points of a racehorse, and said I had the back, and would better try. It seemed an imposition to ask the boating authorities to take me in hand, but I was overruled, and was "tubbed" with the other freshmen. I rowed very badly, but was treated with infinite patience — and made many amusing acquaintances.

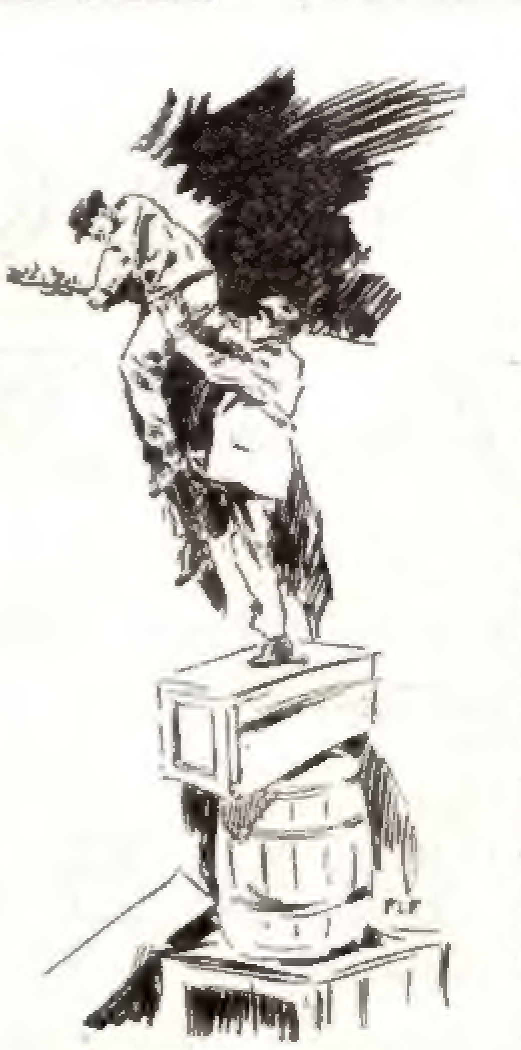
Most marvelous of all is the fact that the second-year men, or, as we should say, the sophomores, are appointed by custom to be the guardian angels of the freshmen. Each one of them, if he does his duty, gives a series of breakfasts, at which the freshmen become acquainted not only with their immediate seniors but with the men of their own year. When I received my first invitation, and asked what it meant, I was very forcibly reminded of the first communication I ever received at Harvard. This read, with studied formality:

> Messrs. Thomas Smith, Richard Brown and Henry Robinson, together with their friends, accept your cordial invitation to be present at a punch, to be given at your rooms on Bloody Monday night, at eleven.

I had sent no invitation, and had never heard of the men named. In



HE LOOKED ME OVER AS ONE MIGHT SIZE UP THE POINTS OF A RACEHORSE consternation I asked what it all meant. My room, I found, was to be invaded by a party of sophomores who had probably got my name from a list of the class. If I did not give the punch they would quietly and systematically break open my door and smash up my furniture. If I did they would uproariously do the same. I escaped them only because their evening was divided between two other freshmen, one of whom did give the punch and the other of whom didn't, and both of whose furniture suffered. I had almost forgotten the incident when reminded of it by my first invitation at Oxford.



CLAMBERING OVER THE GLASS MORTARED IN THE TOPS OF COLLEGE WALLS

Something like a punch notice I did receive, but it came from my scout, and took the form of a suggestion that he might get me what wine and spirits I wanted from the college stores. The college sell liquor to undergraduates! I couldn't believe it. But so it was, and thereafter I paid the price of the wine, whisky and tobacco, which is a part of all Oxford hospitality, into the college treasury.

The crowning paradox of the hospitality of the college came when I was invited to celebrate the end of the winter season on the river. It was a merry rag, and was presided over by my tutor, who was an old eightsman and the Nestor of Balliol oarsmanship. He stayed as long as the conduct of the undergraduates was within measure, and then quietly left for his home outside the college gates, leaving the field of discipline to the Dean, whose rooms overlooked the quad, and who finally imposed his quietus. This affair I thought, of course, was to be paid for by subscription, like the dinners we sometimes give a team, and I asked to whom I should pay my share. I found that the hosts were these very men who had been slogging all winter on the river, and that the expense was met by the boat club. I had been invited as a recognition of my public spirit (!) in being tubbed.

Embarrassed by so much hospitality, and amazed by what seemed the paradox of it all, I went for an explanation to my American mentor. He said it was all a matter of the *esprit de corps* of the college. *Esprit de corps*, I had always understood, consisted in making everybody slave for the college under pain of the severest social disfavor, with perhaps a distant prospect of being elected to certain societies. At Oxford, it seemed, it consisted in bringing out all available athletic material in the sunlight of happiness, making it pleasanter for sports to thrive than not to do so. Freshmen were taken into the college to get them together, and entertained to make them acquainted. That our system has a Spartan virtue undreamed of in England I am the last to deny. But the English way has a certain mellowness and amenity which we lack, and I think also a measurable efficiency.

As for the traffic in wine, moderate drinking is a matter of course in English households. There is something in the climate that makes it less harmful and long custom approves it. The college authorities think it best to have the use of wine take place under their own eyes, and in comparatively harmless surroundings. The "proctors" and "bulldogs" with which readers of Tom Brown are familiar are the effective means of keeping order in the city streets. I once met an ex-proctor, a well-known scholar and the author of many books, and I asked as politely as I could whether he had not found it a little *infra dig.* to prowl in odd nooks and byways with a couple of college servants at his heels. He shook his head and smiled. "On the contrary," he said, "I developed a taste for it. There are whole nights now during which I long for a skulk beneath the stars."

The Duties of the Oxford Tutor

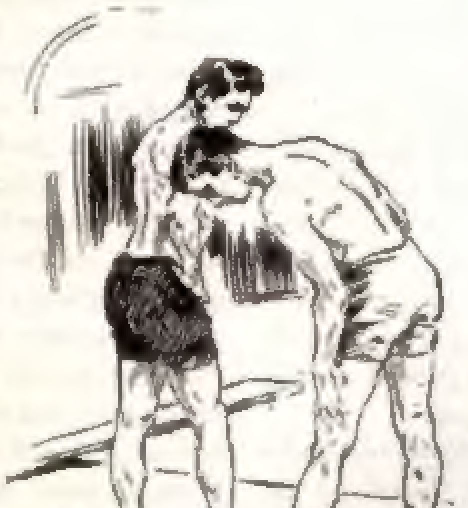
THE main instruction of the University is carried on by tutors — to an American the symbol of all that is childish and weak-minded, the resort of the feeble, the lazy and the indolent. We stigmatize the personal teacher as "coach" or a "cram," and resort to him as an invalid resorts to predigested food. At Oxford the tutor is the main, in fact, about the only teacher. He takes hold of his charge's studies with the same personal helpfulness which he throws into installing him in college and initiating him into its social life — searching out his weak points and seeking to strengthen them, advising as to hours and methods of study, giving him lists of books to read, and questioning him as to the results of reading, to make sure that facts and impressions are properly registered and coördinated. Lectures there are in abundance; but attendance on them, though advised, is not required, and no record is taken of it. The great and only test is the examination. In America we despise examinations, and consider it the worst failing of the tutor that his instruction is merely calculated to make his pupil pass them. Our low opinion of set tests is too often warranted by the capriciousness of the questions, and the carelessness and inefficiency with which the papers are read and graded. In England they intrust both the framing of the questions and the reading of the papers to the best available intellects. The examination is a real test of reading and of culture. To write a good paper is as much an art as to write a good editorial or review. In America we have elaborate courses in rhetoric and English composition: but as a schooling in literary tact and address they are, as it seems to me, inferior to the Oxford system of tutor and examiner. For whatever reason, it is certain that an Oxford degree has a practical value in after life which our degrees have never possessed.

For the tutor to make his pupils take high honor degrees is as sacred a duty as for an undergraduate to bring distinction on his college by winning his "blue" in athletics. The tutor may or may not be a scholar in the modern sense of the word. His methods of teaching are certainly not calculated to produce the scientific spirit in his pupils. His failure in this respect is one of the striking weaknesses of the English universities. But is it the whole duty of the University to turn out scholars? The aim at Oxford is consciously to make cultivated and efficient men.

So insistent is the emphasis laid on this element of culture and character in education that mere residence in the social and intellectual environment of the University is held to be a factor of prime importance. In America men are encouraged to anticipate studies and graduate as soon as possible. At Oxford one may get ahead as fast as he is able; but he cannot take his degree until he has "resided" the full number of terms provided by statute. And so one sometimes finds the phenomenon of a man who has passed all necessary examinations, yet is still forced to reside on, in utter idleness, perhaps, so far as study goes, for nothing else than to let the amenities of the place take full hold on him!

It is for the same paradoxical reason that it is the custom to do most of one's studying, not in term time, but in the long vacations which Oxford grants — two months at Christmas, two months at Easter, and four in the summer! In term time a man is expected to resort to his tutor and to frequent lectures if he chooses — in a word, to get the run of what he needs to find out. The rest of his time he puts into sociability and athletics, leaving his serious reading for vacation.

It all sounds mad as a March hare. But in reality it is mad only nor' nor'west. Of the deficiency of the English in thoroughness, both in commerce and in war, we have heard much of late. The case has not been exaggerated. But lacking as the Oxford scholar characteristically is in pure science, he has abundant good sense — a quality in which the painstaking and precise German is conspicuously lacking. It is in political life that the University man shines most. In our surprise at the lack of scientific methods in English commerce, and at recent blunders of the War Department, we must not forget the manly good sense and homely tact that the nation has displayed, and is still displaying, in extending its influence and its civilization in its manifold colonies and dependencies. My American friend assured me — and I have often remembered what he said — that the unscientific and unstrenuous public schools and universities have manned the British Empire. The emphasis which the late Cecil Rhodes laid on the abilities of his scholars as sportsmen and leaders, far from being a personal whim, is thoroughly characteristic of England. In scholarship, culture and style are placed above mere knowledge; and efficient character is placed above everything.



BOTH WERE COVERED WITH SCARS, AND WERE TELLING THE TALE

What is the quality of Oxford manhood? The height of the college walls suggests exclusiveness, and the elder traditions of the place are certainly aristocratic. Yet the democratic movement of the nineteenth century was strongly felt at the University. The lower middle classes are well represented, and especially in the colleges most celebrated for scholarship. The so-called public schools, too, exert a strongly democratic influence. Though far from public in the manner of our public schools (Eton is the great resort of nobility, and even of royalty), the traditions of boyhood everywhere are democratic, and much of the boyishness of school life is brought up to the University. The difference between the life of the Oxonian and the German undergraduate was once graphically illustrated by a conference between an Englishman and a German at the University swimming hole. Both were covered with scars, and were telling the tale of each of them. The German's scars were a record of duels fought in the cause of honor and love. The Oxonian's scars had been acquired by clambering over the glass mortared in the tops of college walls.

As far as I could judge, Oxford is in effect more democratic than Harvard or Yale. Where classes are as well marked as in England there is small need of insisting on social distinctions! The most flagrant bit of snobbishness I ever heard of was when one man reminded another that he was the son of a shopkeeper. It was true, and, as the offended party freely admitted to me afterward, his father had once lived over his shop — the unforgiveable offense in England — though at this time he was a small landowner. The curious feature of the incident is that the man who was guilty of such rudeness was of an American family.

With regard to the nobility, English snobbishness often takes the form of subjecting fellows with titles to the severest standards of conduct. It seems bred in the bones of a Viscount to want to give the swift kick to an Earl, for an Earl to pass it on to a Marquis, and a Marquis to a Duke. It would be a busy day for King Edward if he were to get all the kicks coming up to him!

The commoner feels the same toward the nobility as a whole. One man, whom we will call the Honorable Ascot, was son of an indigent Earl who had much ado to maintain his estate. Ascot went wild in his first year, and fell a victim to the Oxford tradesman, who is ever ready to extend credit, and is adept at the art of falsifying accounts in his own interest. Lord Ascot looked into his son's debts, and making up his mind that forty per cent. of the charges were false, paid sixty per cent. of the total. As young Ascot was a minor, the tradesmen had no legal redress. This was thought conduct unworthy of a gentleman, and Ascot was in a fair way to be ostracized. He was a good oar, however, and a good fellow. He stuck to his place in the college boat, gave up all expensive ways, and by a general exercise of good sense and simple tact won back the opinion of the college. When he graduated he was one of the most popular fellows of his year.

The customary reversal of reverence extends to the dons with a vengeance. One man happened in a game of golf to make a phenomenal brassy stroke, landing on a green where one of the mightiest professors of the University was putting. "Mr. Wilkie," said the don, the moment he holed out, "I beg to inform you, both for your own good and for the credit of the University, that to play on another man's green is an unpardonable breach of etiquette. In the Saint Andrews Club such an act would not for a moment be tolerated." Wilkie was on the spot. "Professor Colchester," he said quietly, "I was about to apologize for what was the merest accident. As for your own manners, I despair of them. But since you mention Saint Andrews, I may inform you that I am a member of the committee on elections, and we should never have admitted you if we had not mistaken you for your younger brother."

What They Think of Americans

JUST what welcome the Rhodes scholars will receive at Oxford is not easy to predict. The standards of conduct are as fixed in the public schools and universities as the laws of the Medes and the Persians were supposed to be. The undergraduates have all of the reputed English insularity; and they will no doubt look over the new Americans very carefully, and subject their supposed peculiarities to no little satire. But the Oxonian has good sense, and is not above learning. When Yale first challenged Oxford to an athletic meeting the president of the Oxford Athletic Association went to a Harvard man in his college and asked what sort of a place this Yale might be, and whether it was worth "taking on." His idea was that Yale was a sort of "public school." The Harvard man replied that some such opinion of Yale obtained at Harvard, but that Harvard nevertheless found Yale abundantly worth taking on. He showed the record of the recent Yale-Harvard athletic games. The Oxford man opened his eyes, and in two days the challenge was accepted — with ultimate results that Americans find interesting.

The story is characteristic. I very well remember the curiosity with which I was at first looked over; but when it was found that Americans have some idea of sport and sportsmanship the Atlantic instantly ceased to exist. It was another story with a number of Germans in college. Personally I was interested in them for the very reason that they were different. Imagine my amusement at being told that the thing chiefly held against me was the fact that I consorted with d——n foreigners!

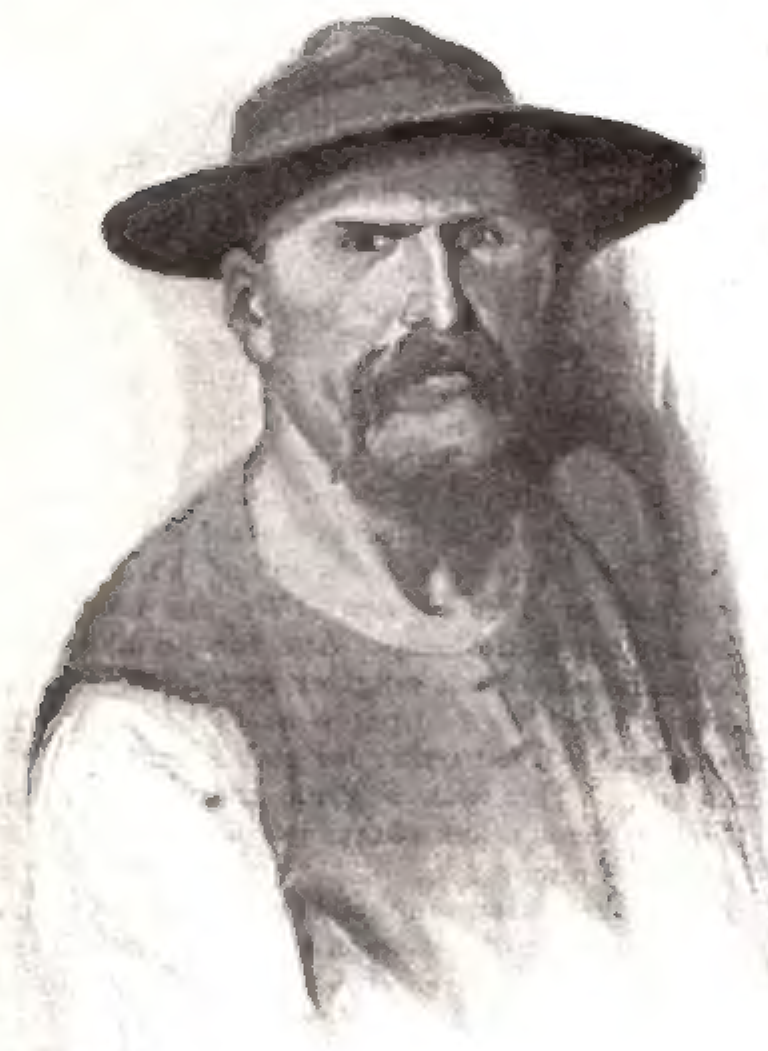
Among the most advanced and liberal dons there is a decided predilection for Americans. I was often put to shame in talking with them for my ignorance of American politics, even local New York politics, and for a lack of conversation about such authors as Whitman and Lowell. The fact is that for almost a generation thinking Englishmen have felt that America is one of the great world powers, and that it is of vital interest to Great Britain to be on friendly and sympathetic terms with us. To the advanced party in the government of the University the Rhodes scholars will be particularly welcome. They have only to throw in their influence with the advance guard to receive every courtesy and privilege.

The Man Who Took Water

The Story of a Silent Duel

By Morley Roberts

Copyright, 1904, by Morley Roberts.   Copyright in Great Britain



SAGEBRUSH GREET,
WHO RAN RED RIVER CITY

THOUGH there was but sixty miles between Painted Rock and the Red River City—and sixty miles in Texas is nothing—Ben Williams and Sagebrush Greet had never met. Many had hoped they would come together; both the law-abiding and the lawless desired it; the representatives of the anæmic law were at one with the red-handed in this matter. For when two such as Ben and his equal, who was known familiarly as "Sage," do happen to run into the same town there is usually one funeral, if not two, that will be attended by a thousand thankful mourners.

For Ben was the terror of Painted Rock and Sage ran Red River City. They acknowledged no superiors and endured no equals. They were quick on the trigger, quick in their wits, and, so it was said, of bloody and remorseless courage. Though there were some who would have taken either of them at a disadvantage, they were never found "unheeled" or unwary. They were sober, as sobriety goes in the West; no man ever saw either of them "full." It does not pay bad men to get full. And they had records, to which white painted boards rotting in the cemeteries of their respective towns bore bitter witness. Both had been tried for murder in their early days. Both had been acquitted. The acquitted homicides of the West are men to beware of.

They talked about these tyrants with bated breath in Painted Rock and Red River, for no one ever knew who would crawl to Ben or Sage and say:

"Old man, Bill was shootin' off his mouth about you at the American House last night."

And then perhaps Bill went where all men go in time. But he went ahead of time, and went feet foremost.

It is true that certain quiet men who did not gamble and did not haunt saloons for the purpose of swallowing the early cocktail were not afraid of either of them. I knew such a one in Painted Rock, and he was a student of humanity, though he would have been indignant and suspicious if one had called him a psychologist. We often talked of Ben, and sometimes of Sagebrush, too.

"I'd like 'em to collide," said the Colonel; "I'd love to see a head-on collision between those two steers. I'm a quiet man and peaceful now, Charlie, but there are times I hanker after my long-lost youth, and the right hand I lost at Gettysburg. Yes, sir, I hanker after it. A man with no right claw hez to be peaceful and good, when no manner of practice can make his left hand shoot straight."

He sighed rather bitterly, and I encouraged him.

"You've had your time, Colonel; and now Ben Williams is having his."

"I'd admire to see his sun set," replied old Webb, caressing the stump of his right hand. "He threatened to blow a hole through little Bobby White last evenin', so I hear. For Bobby will run wild in Pike's saloon, and he puts his hard-earned dollars into faro, which is foolish, and he's a good boy, and clever. I'd fair admire if Sagebrush took Ben down. And if Ben did up Sage 'twould be no loss to his perticular locality. And I'm thinking, Charlie, that Ben's time is coming along fast."

I asked him why he said that, and the old man screwed his face up thoughtfully before he spoke.

"My son, I've lived long, for I'm over the threescore and ten biz. by three years. That's a fact. And I've seen a powerful sight of bad men in my time, you bet. I haven't ranged all along the Rockies from the Wind River Mountains and Butte through Colorado and Arizona right to here without seeing of 'em rise and shine in splendor and fizzle out in blood. And some lose their nerve and git a start as peaceful citizens far away from the ha'nts where they was notorious. One I knew earned an honorable livin' for years, after losin' his nerve, by cuttin' wood. I've watched Ben this last year, and I see signs in him. I wish Sage would run over here. I'm half-minded to ride over to Red River and throw out a dark hint to him."

But I own I saw nothing in Ben Williams to make me agree with Colonel Webb. I was younger than the Colonel, and didn't know he knew more than I did. I said so, and old Webb smiled.

"When you're seventy-three, my son, you run up agin a power of young men that knows a blame sight more'n you do. And I'm prophesyin' here and now you won't agree with 'em any. I think, yes I do, that I'll ride over to Red River. I'm very much fatigued by this hyer Ben Williams, and I'd sure grieve to see him shoot up Bob White. Bob's a clever boy, so he is. There's the makin's of a fine man in Bob. And there's the makin's of a fine corpse in Ben. I'd fair admire to see Ben a corpse. I tell you what, Charlie; this comes because no one cowhided him when he was young. He brags he was never put down in his life, never took water, not even from his old dad. He'd make a handsome dead desperado, so he would."

Though he was older than myself, I gave him some good advice.

"If you rake up Sage, and he hears of it, Colonel, he'll not put off shooting because you've no right hand."

"That's so," said Webb; "that's so. But there are times when a man hez to do his duty. Bob's young, and I never tole you that I look on him as a kind of relation. I would have married his grandmother if she hadn't married another man before I sot eyes on her; that was her mistake, poor thing, and, ez a result, I've run around the West ever since. I'll ride over to Red River to-morrer, sure."

I paid little attention to what he said, and went about my own business. But two nights afterward he came into Hamilton's, where I was boarding, and called me out. We sat down in a couple of rocking-chairs, and we spoke low.

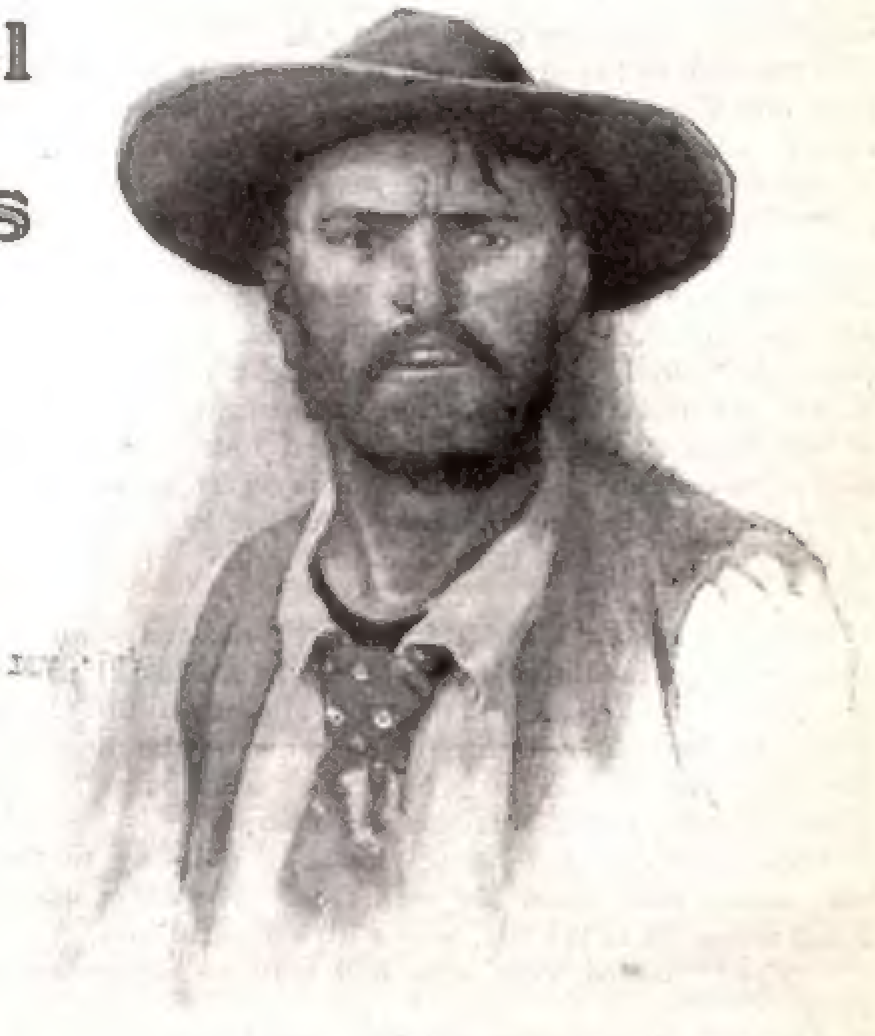
"I went to Red River, Charlie."

"Did you see 'Sagebrush'?"

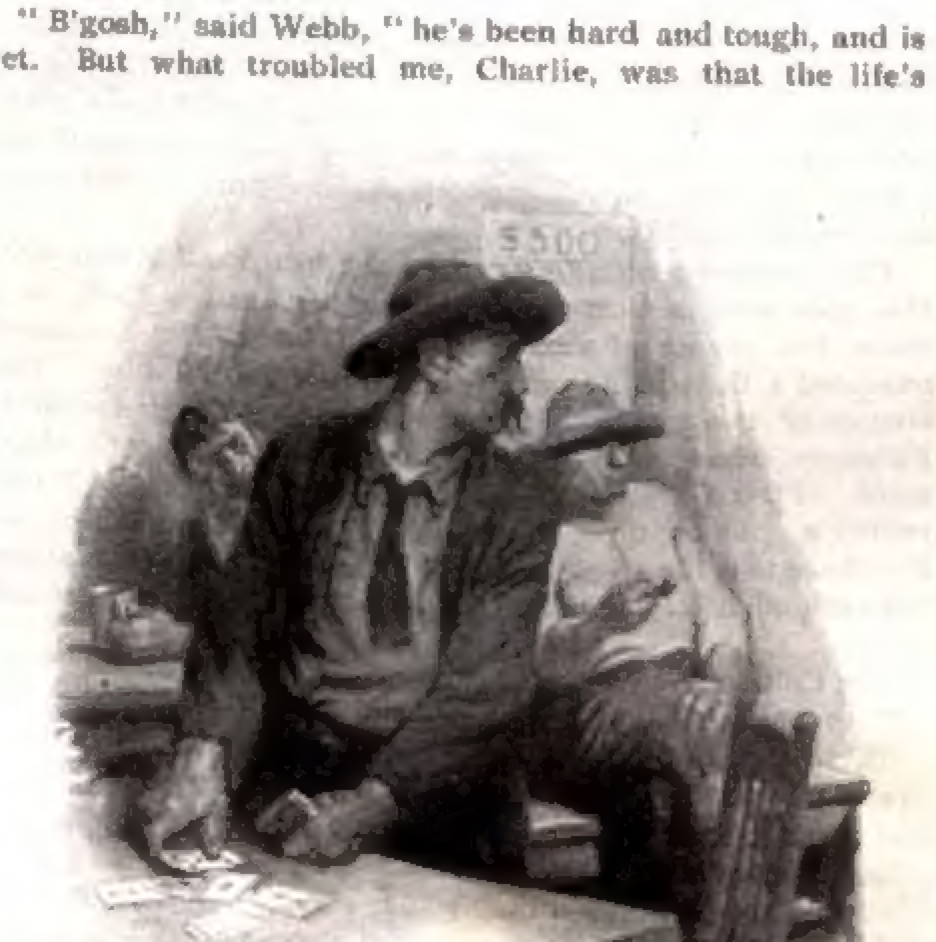
"To be sure," said the Colonel as he lit a ten-cent cigar.

"What sort is he?"

"B'gosh," said Webb, "he's been hard and tough, and is yet. But what troubled me, Charlie, was that the life's tellin' on him, too. I could see it. You cayn't be a bad man and a terror for nothin'. You hev to pay for it. I hear talk about iron nerves, Charlie. You mark me, there ain't no iron nerves, my son. I could guarantee to make a hero, built of chilled steel, tremble and cry in time. Holdin' your life in your hand breaks a man's nerve in the end. That's clotted wisdom as thick as butter. But I threw out dark hints to Sagebrush that now was his time to do up Ben. They've been scared of each other this long time. I let on I reckoned Ben's nerve was goin'. A man like Sagebrush Greet understands that, becos he hez his own experience to go on. Sage will be over here in a day or two. Lay low and say nothin'. I've told no one but Bob. Bob loves me like a son. I've been some good to Bob because of his grandmother, pore thing."



BEN WILLIAMS,
THE TERROR OF PAINTED ROCK



PILLSBURY, THE GAMBLER,
WHO WAS MAKING UP HIS FARO
LAY-OUT IN THE BACK ROOM,
PUT AWAY THE CARDS

The good old chap smoked quietly for a while, as we looked out over the darkening plaza. On the right side of it rose up the dark form of the jail. Webb pointed at it presently with his finger.

"What's that calaboose for, Charlie? It's for hoboes, poor, harmless hoboes, and drunk Mexicans, but the *élite* (he called it *eelight*) of crime don't go that a-way. As I get old I'm more for law."

He sighed and rose.

"D'ye think I'd hev rode over to Red River if I'd bin young with a right hand, Charlie? Not by an entire barrelful. I'd ha' bin sheriff, and city marshal, and desperado myself, and I'd ha' seen peace and law and order flourishing like timothy in an irrigated cultivation patch, flourishing right here in Painted Rock."

He walked across the plaza homeward.

Next morning I met young Bob White on Main Street, where he worked in a store which sold everything from candy to coffins.

"Did the Colonel tell you?" asked Bob. "He did so, I'll bet. This is a great show we'll have, Charlie. Jest think of the old chap ridin' over to Red River to rake up Sage agin Ben Williams!"

I yanked him hard by the coat, for one of Williams' parasites—and all bad men have them—was loafing on a barrel of hardware within a few yards of us.

"Dry up, you immortal young ass," I said, as I looked at the loafer.

"Oh, he's nigh full and heard nix," said White contemptuously. But I wasn't sure, and, as it turned out, Bob was wrong. It pays in no town to talk too much, and in a Western town to "shoot off one's mouth" is the most deadly form of folly with loaded weapons.

"He'll turn up to-night, I hope," said Bob. "I'll be in the American House then, to see."

"Much better stay at home," I replied. "If there's shooting don't run up against any lead."

But a kind of morbid curiosity took me to the American House myself about seven o'clock in the evening, and I had a drink with half a dozen and stood liquor in my turn as one has to, and then, with a cigar in my teeth, I sat down on the other side of the room. The bar was on the right side as one entered. I hadn't smoked half the cigar, known, by the way, as a Havana filler, when Ben Williams walked in and breasted the bar. He was almost the only man in the town who dared call for a lemonade without some remark being made, and he called for one now. As he drank it the evening drew in, and the bartender lighted the lamps. I knew the man well by sight, and it was quite true, as the Colonel said, that he would make a handsome corpse. He stood very nearly six feet, and had a close-cropped dark beard, which did not hide the cut of his strong chin and jaw. There was the look in his eyes which is common in all courageous men out West, only it was greatly accentuated in him. I own it was hard to look him squarely in the face for long. It would have been impossible save for the fact that, like all such men, his eyes seemed to take in the whole room as well as the man he was talking with. He dressed very quietly and neatly, for he took a pride in his appearance. I could not see quite what the Colonel meant. The man appeared perfectly sound. He had killed eight men: one at Fort Worth, where he had been tried and acquitted on the ground of self-defense, three in Arizona, and four in Painted Rock and at Sweetwater. He carried his revolver, as we all did, in a hip-pocket. But, unlike most of us, he had his pocket cut to carry one, and had it lined with leather. He was a dead shot.

When he spoke I did think that I noticed something a little strange in his voice. There was a sharper tension in it. And he looked around the room almost carefully. When Tom, the bartender, lighted the lamps at the back of the bar, over the shelves on which the "nose-paint" stood in gaudy bottles, Ben Williams spoke sharply.

"Say, put out that lamp," he said, pointing to the one that shone most upon his own face. The other one, as he stood sideways to the bar, was a little behind him.

"Why?" asked Tom, who had grit, as bartenders must have.

"Because I say so," said Ben. And, in spite of his grit, Tom put the light out thoughtfully. He glanced across the room and caught my eye. He lifted his eyebrows and looked at the door. The very next moment a stranger entered, or, at any rate, one who was a stranger to me. Nevertheless, I was quite aware that the newcomer could be no one else than Sagebrush Greet, for Tom's look at me, and the little incident of the lamp, said a great deal to any one who understood the West, even if I had not been expecting the desperado from Red River. And now, if I had had what Westerners call "horse-sense," I should have got up and left. I did no such thing, for the old Colonel walked in behind Sagebrush and sat down by me. If I had less grit than the old man I couldn't show it. The very atmosphere of the long room became electric; I saw Pillsbury, the gambler, who was making up his faro lay-out in the back room, put away the cards. He passed his hand mechanically over his hip-pocket, and sat down quietly. Outside, the glow of the evening was dying rapidly, and the lights of the stores and the Texas Saloon opposite began to show themselves. Men that were passing stopped to speak with others. Sam Grant, the bartender opposite, came out on the sidewalk. I saw his white shirt-front as he leant against a post. A little hum rose outside. I saw a boy running. A yellow dog sat in the dusty road and scratched himself. I heard voices, and though I could distinguish no words I knew what they said: "Sagebrush is in there with Ben Williams."

The fat old Dutchman, who kept a quarter-dollar hash-house, stepped inside and put his lamps out. He wasn't the man to take chances.

And all this time I was looking at Sagebrush. He was long and thin, and very hard, so men said. They reckoned at Red River that he was a very "stout" man, and in the language of the Great West "stout" means strong. Ben was dark and ruddy, but Sage was fair, and had long, tawny mustaches. His eyes were small and gray, his jaw heavy, his forehead overgrown with hair that grew downward, though it was close-cropped. He walked up to the bar lightly. I heard the Colonel speak to me.

"He's left-handed," said the Colonel. "Ben hasn't the best of it, though his right hand is free."

For, as I said just now, Ben Williams' left side was to the bar.

"I'll take a lemonade, Barkeep," said Sage. His voice was perfectly quiet, and not unpleasant. Tom made him his drink, and Sage turned politely to all the rest of us.

"I'll be obliged, gentlemen, if you'll breast the bar and order your own especial poison," he said.

We rose and ranged up to the bar, and all of us, Ben Williams and Pillsbury, of course, included, took a liquor.

"Take one with me, Mr. Greet," said the old Colonel.

And Sage said he would take one later if the gentleman didn't mind. Williams hadn't spoken till now.

"Are you Mr. Greet, of Red River?" he asked politely.

"That's me," said Sage.

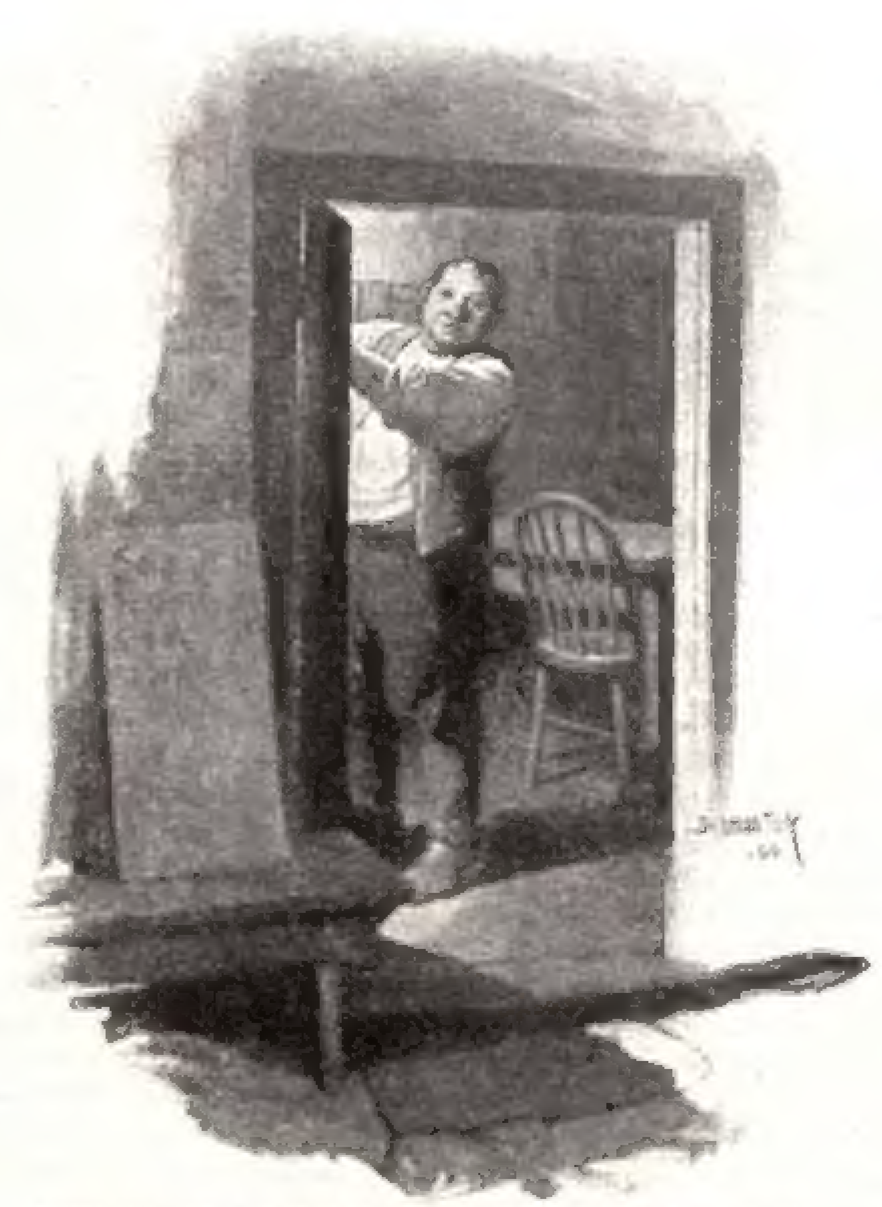
"My name's Ben Williams," said Williams.

"I'm glad to see you," said Sage, "and shall be pleased to see you over at Red River."

We got back into our seats. I felt a little easier in my mind. There would be no trouble. I said so to the Colonel, and he never answered. Over the way the sidewalk was thronged. I saw Bob White among the men there. Then I looked again at Sage and Ben. From where I sat Ben's face was somewhat in shadow, for the nearest lamp was behind him. I could see Sage very plainly.

"You're away off," said the Colonel. "There'll be h—l up Fourth Street, and blood on the face of the moon this night."

As the night outside grew darker I saw both men better. I perceived the growing tension. Tom stood back against his shelves, and polished glasses. He did it mechanically, for his eyes were fixed on the men on the other side of the bar, who leant against it carelessly and yet rigidly. Neither took his eye off the other, and the old Colonel put his foot on mine.



THE FAT OLD DUTCHMAN STEPPED INSIDE AND PUT HIS LAMPS OUT

"Ben will cow down," he whispered. "I can see it."

"This is a quiet town," said Sage presently.

"I reckon to keep it quiet," replied Ben Williams. His eyes were burning: Sage's narrowed to slits.

"I do the same for Red River," he said.

Up to now, though they had looked at each other, they had not met for more than a mere glance with their eyes. But at this moment old Webb nipped me so hard that I restrained an exclamation with difficulty. The men were staring at each other steadily. I glanced into the back room and saw Pillsbury close up his faro lay-out. By this time his room should have been full. The street was full instead. But Sage and Ben were visible to the gathered crowd, and every one outside was silent. They knew, for all the quiet, that a duel was going on inside, and a duel more deadly and horrible than any shooting. These two silent devils were putting their minds, their reputations, their courage into the cockpit against each other.

Both had defied the law and put it in the ditch. To both of them a thousand bowed down. The rumor of their deeds had spread across the South. They were heard of from Galveston to El Paso. The life they led tried them high. They came to a dreadful final test this night, and something, I know not what, seemed to tell me that there could be no such tragedy as this.

They appeared equally matched. I heard old Webb sigh. His eyes were almost bolting from his head. Tom, as I knew, had plenty of courage. Yet I heard that his hand trembled a little as he put a glass down behind him. The silence of the two who fought was strange and dreadful. Pillsbury, who was no chicken, spoke to me about it afterward. First I watched one and then the other. If I had pulled a gun on them neither would have seen me move. For these two the whole world was lost. They saw nothing but each other's eyes, perhaps each other's deep and inward mind.

The Colonel whispered to me without turning:

"I never reckoned on this, Charlie."

There was something that no one could have reckoned on in the men before me. Both of us had seen death in strange and horrible shapes. The old Colonel had slept among the piled dead of many awful fields. And I had seen sudden death, too, and murdered men whose slayers none discovered, and death by disease more dreadful than death by knife or bullet. But neither of us had ever seen two such men fight merely with their eyes, with their intent minds, with their very souls. It seemed to me that both forgot that they were armed, that they carried lethal weapons. Here was one who said he was afraid. And the other said that he was afraid. And they struggled strangely with their own discovered weakness, and their nerves were strung and trembled until it seemed to us who looked on that we could hear the sound of our own hearts and theirs.

I was sorry for them and almost grieved to see them come to their test. A strange momentary anger arose in my heart against old Webb, who had brought this thing to be. He told me afterward that in that hour he repented, for this was so much worse than the shedding of blood that till then it seemed he had beheld nothing awful in his life.

But as we sat there, motionless, unable, the long, bloodless duel went on. We saw their lips move now, but no words were spoken, and we guessed darkly at the silent thoughts they mouthed. Did one's eye flicker, or was it only the flicker of a lamp? Did they murmur, or was it the breathing of the awe-struck crowd who watched at the door? Both of them sighed, surely. Did one's hand move? Was that a shaking nerve? I looked again at old Webb, and saw that he had bitten his lip; a little trickle of blood ran down his smooth-shaved chin. His hand trembled, surely: I felt it on my arm. If he who had seen and done so much and was now only a spectator with so little at stake felt this, what did those feel who had their very souls on the table, those who loved power and the fear of men? We saw one doomed; out of this only one could issue. And for the man who was defeated, what remained but laughter and biting scorn, and the rebellion of those he had put beneath his heel. There are men who have played poker for stakes that meant ruin—temporal ruin. This was a game that at least meant death. It might mean a more horrible thing: it might mean the degradation of a man.

They had reckoned this up in their minds; both of them saw it; both knew that to pull a weapon now meant the acknowledgment of defeat. A mere motion of the hand would imply resort to physical means to save a life which had lost that honor of a man that endures even in the fine scum of the big world they lived in.

I looked at Ben. He moistened his lips a little, and Webb got hold of me with his left hand and crushed my arm.

"He's going under," he murmured.

But I saw Sage's lips move, too. And was it true that the light showed in a brighter patch upon his forehead? It seemed to me that it did. I'm sure it did. The Colonel said later that it did. I'm sure that Ben Williams saw it, saw that Sage's brow was damp with sweat. When he spoke, as he did suddenly, my own heart stood still!

"You're a h—l of a bad man!" said Ben. The words split the air like the crack of a pistol in darkness. I saw Sagebrush writhe, saw his mouth open, saw his dry tongue upon his lower lip. Ben moved up to him. His eyes were like coal, and he laughed.

"You're a h—l of a bad man, Greet," he said again. And poor Sage's jaw waggled, his lips dropped. I heard the Colonel gasp. And Ben spoke again as he thrust his right hand out.

"What's that you've got, Red River?" he asked. He thrust his hand deliberately under Sage's jacket, and took his "gun" from him. It was hideous, it was monstrous. It seemed to me that I saw a writhing thing beneath his heel. Tears, yes, tears, ran down Sage's cheeks, and he shook like a poor, fascinated beast. An hour ago he had been a man; now he was lower than the poorest beast that limps vainly from inevitable death.

Ben spoke again as he looked at Sage's six-shooter.

"Boys shouldn't be allowed to carry weapons," he said. And so saying he jammed the muzzle of the gun against the beaten man's cheek. He raked his skin with it. Then he took it, "broke" it down, and shot the cartridges out on the bar. Sage cried; I saw tears run down his long mustaches. He shook like an aspen. I heard a horrible laugh outside. I could have struck the man who laughed. But we sat paralyzed; not one of us moved, not even when Ben took hold of Sage's mustache and wagged his head to and fro. But I heard the old Colonel groan, and I knew that if he hadn't been maimed he would have done something that the rest of us could not do, or feared to do. For though I knew that Sagebrush's life was safe, I knew that no other's was. A word from any one now would end in murder.

"Get out of this," said Ben; "get out of my town. Go back to Red River and tell 'em what I've done to you."

He turned the poor wretch round and kicked him to the door. He kicked him off the sidewalk into the street, and then, going back, picked up Sage's "gun" and threw it after him. The Colonel went out, and I followed him. Sage was sobbing in the dust. His horse was "hung up" close by. I saw Bob White in the front of the crowd, standing close by the store at which he worked. I know now that I noticed an open barrel close by him. Some of Ben's parasites laughed. One mean hound kicked Sage as he lay, and the Colonel, who was standing by, caught him by the ear with his left hand and nearly wrenched it off. He never saw who did it, and no one told him, though he went howling to Ben, who still stood by the bar. Ben struck him across the mouth and ordered some brandy. He needed it. And then he came out, just as Sagebrush was getting to his horse. A boy picked up his six-shooter from the dust and ran with it to him. I heard Greet's despair as he spoke to him.

"I don't need it no more. I'm not a man," he said, and he rode away through the parting crowd with his head upon

(Concluded on Page 22)

The Colored Brother at Work

By Samuel E. Moffett

THE time is past when the only careers in life open to a negro were to pick cotton, make up berths in a Pullman car, or wait on a table. The study of the negro population of the United States recently published by the Census Bureau discloses some facts that show very clearly that the colored race is steadily developing a complete social and industrial system of its own. There is hardly any branch of industry in which negroes are unrepresented, and that statement includes the women as well as the men.

A large city could be formed without a single white man in it, and yet lack for no trade or profession. There are 21,268 negro teachers and college professors in the United States, and 15,530 clergymen. The negroes could finance a railroad through their eighty-two bankers and brokers, lay it out with their 120 civil engineers and surveyors, condemn the right-of-way with their 728 lawyers, make the rails with their 12,327 iron and steel workers, build the road with their 545,980 laborers, construct its telegraph system with their 185 electricians and their 529 linemen, and operate it with their 55,327 railway employees.

Colored people complain that they have to sit in the gallery in white theatres, but their 2043 actors and showmen might give them theatres of their own in which they could occupy the boxes in solitary grandeur. They have fifty-two architects, designers and draftsmen, 236 artists and teachers of art, 1734 physicians and surgeons, 212 dentists, 210 journalists, 3921 musicians and teachers of music, and ninety-nine literary and scientific persons. The colored baby can be introduced to the world by negro physicians and nurses, instructed in every accomplishment by negro teachers, supplied with every requisite of life by negro merchants, housed by negro builders, and buried by a negro undertaker.

There are negro bookkeepers and accountants, clerks and copyists, commercial travelers, merchants, salesmen, stenographers and telegraph operators. Negroes are in every manual trade—carpenters, masons, painters, paperhangers, plasterers, plumbers, steam-fitters, chemical workers, marble-cutters, glass-workers, fishermen, bakers, butchers, confectioners, millers, shoemakers, tanners, watchmakers, gold and silver smiths, bookbinders, engravers, printers, tailors, engineers, photographers, glovemakers—everything that statisticians think it worth while to count. And the curious thing is that in whatever line a negro man is at work there also is a negro woman. The only occupations which the colored women have allowed their men-folk to monopolize are those of the architect, the banker and broker, the telegraph and telephone lineman, the boilermaker, the trunkmaker and the patternmaker. You can hire a negro civil engineeress or an electricienne. There are 164 colored clergywomen, 262 black actresses, and ten Afro-American female lawyers. One negro woman works as a roofer, another as a plumber, and forty-five of them are blacksmiths, iron and steel workers and machinists. Three are wholesale and 860 retail merchants. Others are journalists, literary persons, artists, musicians, government officials, and practitioners of an infinite variety of skilled and unskilled trades.

In many respects the colored populations bear a marked resemblance to a European peasantry. Take, for instance, the extensive employment of women in agriculture. Nearly 600,000 negro women and girls—almost as many as the numbers in all other occupations combined—are engaged in farming. Over half a million of them are employed as farm laborers, outnumbering the white women three to one.

Negroes operate about one-eighth of all the farms in the United States, which is rather more than their proportion of the population. But, of course, their share of the acreage and value of the land is much smaller—only 4.6 per cent. of the former and 2.7 per cent. of the latter. In South Carolina, Mississippi and Louisiana more than half of all the farms are worked by negroes.

Moreover, half of all the cotton plantations in the United States are under black control, although, of course, they average less in size than those run by white men. The black farms of all kinds produce greater values to the acre than the white. There is a great stretch of land, extending from the Atlantic to the Gulf Coast of Texas, in which more than half of all the farms are operated by negroes. In three counties more than nineteen-twentieths of the farms are in colored hands; in thirteen counties more than nine-tenths; in fifty-four counties more than three-fourths, and in 205 counties in eleven States more than half.

Negro barbers, porters, servants and waiters loom large in the popular imagination, but they really form an insignificant part of the colored race. The barbers are little over half of one per cent. of the income-earning negro men. Servants and waiters are four and one-half per cent. Over fifty-eight per cent. of those men are engaged in agriculture.

It is noteworthy that the proportion of self-supporting negroes is much larger than that of self-supporting whites. Of all over ten years old, 84.1 per cent. of the colored males and 40.7 per cent. of the colored females are engaged in gainful occupations, against 79.5 per cent. of the white males and 16 per cent. of the white females similarly occupied. These are figures to which the negro can "point with pride" when he is accused of preferring the midnight chicken and the surreptitious watermelon to the joys of labor.

The Driving of the Phaeton

The Story of a Runaway Courtship

BY J. E. CALKINS

"LET'S take the Red Hill road, Susie."

The horse stopped where the highway divided to left and right.

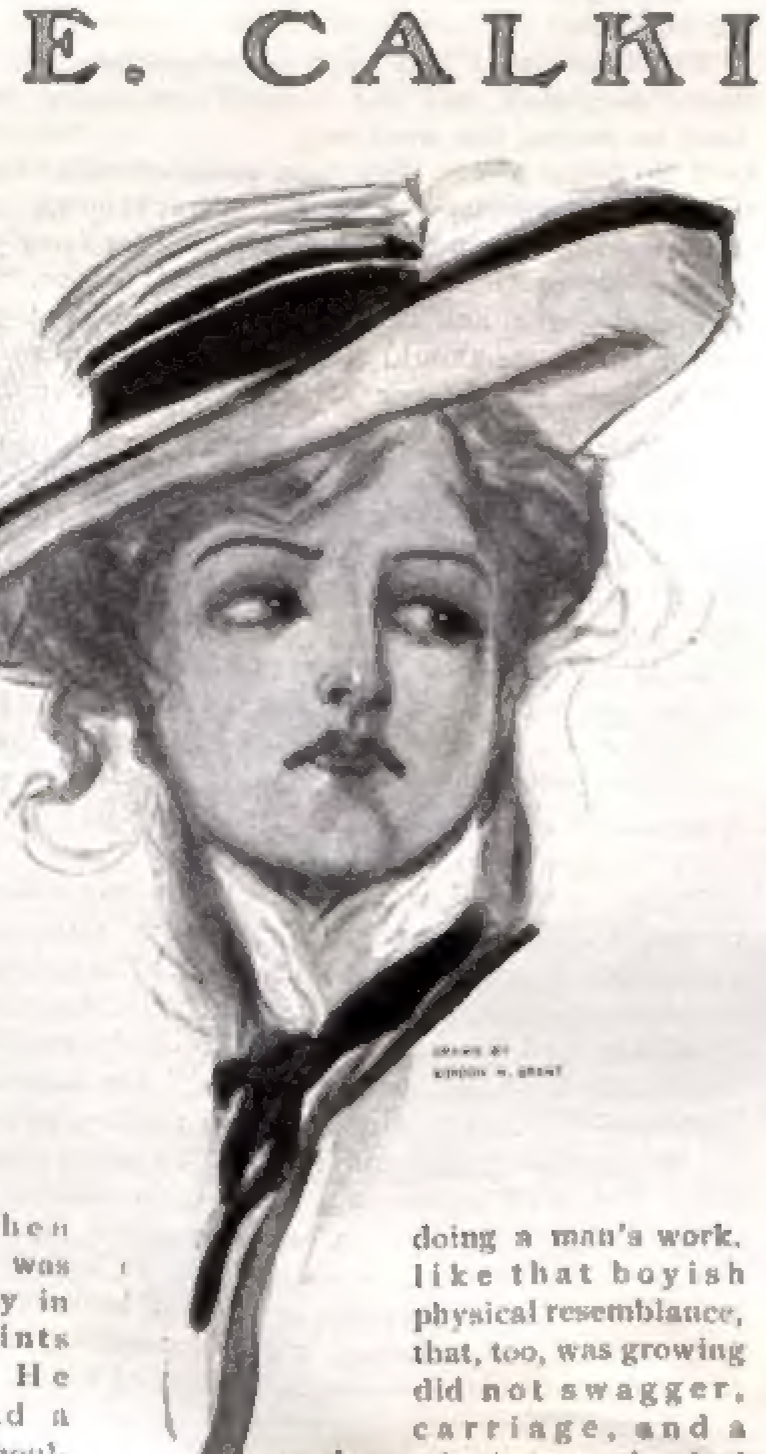
"I don't believe you'll like it, Chester," said the young woman who drove. Under the spell of such a face, and such a pair of eyes, any other young man in the whole world, doubtless, would have been persuaded and turned back. She looked a volume of objections that she did not utter, but Chester Allan was not impressed.

"It used to be the best of all the woods drives in the neighborhood: what ails it now? We can get through, can't we?"

"Yes," said the girl, her reluctance insinuating a multitude of reasons why they should not try to get through; "I guess we can."

"Then we'll go that way." The young man's tone was that of finality, beyond all question or argument. The girl, very soberly and deliberately, pulled the horse to the left and sent him trotting with a touch of the whip. Her face was not an open book, but, as far as it could be read, she was not well pleased.

They left the prairie, with its wide views, and entered the forest. There were turns in the road where it lay on the level, and windings where it sought easy grades down to the valley below, and each of these led them into deeper and wilder woodland. Sumac, in solid banks of leafage, bordered their way; thick copses of hazel, thridded by half-shut narrow aisles through which vagrom grazing cattle brushed, covered the occasional openings; fragrant pennyroyal carpeted wide stretches of upland shade, and the bigger growth stood at will in solid ranks of hickory, and oak, and elm, and ash, and ironwood, and pignut, and coffee berry. The foliage was of the full strength of midsummer, and the shaded warmth of the afternoon was delicious, and the woodland vistas were visions of loveliness; but Susan Forbes did not fall under any spell of their beauty. Her companion did the greater part of the talking. She was rather a listener, and not always an attentive listener.



Instead of the sweetness of the woods she was seeing a shy country boy grow up through the intervening years of bashfulness to young manhood, and there swiftly attain, by some magic beyond her ken, a poise, a capacity for ruling others, a knack of securing unquestioning obedience, a sleight of twisting persons to his views regardless of their own, such as belonged to no mature person of all her acquaintance. When he had last visited his home, and her, two years before, there had been traces of boyish shyness and a lack of self-command. She had judged him then to be still a boy, and likely to be a boy for years to come, though he was then doing a man's work. But now he was like that boyish memory only in physical resemblance, and in points that, too, was growing remote. He did not swagger, but he had a carriage, and a squared shoulder, and a balance that had not been even suggested on that last visit. He was masterful where he had been simply respectful, bold where he had been backward, and ready to advance where he had then been prone to question. His requests, though lacking nothing in polite form, had the quality and force of commands that nobody seemed to think of disregarding. He was the old playmate, but clothed with a majestic manhood that made him in some ways almost fearsome. There was about him a potential atmosphere that was adorable, but with it was the suggestion that all others must bend to that power, and on this particular afternoon, with the understanding of his altered personality beginning to be plain to her, she was rather in a mood for combat than for worship.

They went down a little slope, and turned past a well-remembered spot. On their right stood tall elms, from which bird songs echoed; on their left rose an open hillside that had been cleared of its forest.

"Stop here a minute," said Allan. The girl halted the horse with deliberation. There was rebellion in face and movement, for his words, meant as a request, had struck her with the curtness of a command. He would have talked that very way to a negro coachman.

Allan looked about him, rising to his feet to see unhampered by the buggy-top. Finally he dropped back, and she started the horse.

"Boyhood memories?" she said with a sidewise look and a faint insinuation of pleasant smile.

"Well—yes," he replied. "But I was more interested in the resemblance between the lay of the land here and in the country where I have been working. You often see two faces much alike, but seldom two places, but this—right around here—is just exactly the Owl's Head over again, lacking very little. That was a hill down on that trolley line I've been building. But we slashed right into it on two sides with our grade, and by the time we had moved about 50,000 yards of dirt there it didn't look much like this."

"It must seem cruel to ruin a familiar scene that way," said the girl, quickly turning toward him, and holding his eyes with hers in a long, deep gaze.

"Oh, I don't know," said Allan, with a little amused laugh. "I didn't think much about that side of it. I had a few other troubles then, so that I was more interested in getting the work along than in any sentimental reflections. I used to look at the woods to love them, but now a patch of forest means to me a source of material, or an obstacle to be got out of the way. Besides this, the timber has all been cut off this hill here, so that it isn't at all as it used to look. Was it that clearing that you meant when you said I wouldn't like to come this way?"

"Yes," said the girl; "I thought it would pain you to see these changes. I didn't know you had got past caring." Her voice was that of one hurt, injured and indignant.

"Oh, well, you see," said Allan, "such things have to come. We can't always keep things as we knew them when we were children. The world would stand still if we did."

The pain and indignation deepened in the girl's face, and she murmured: "And that would be terrible—wouldn't it?" She sat erect and looked ahead, as though the horse demanded all her attention. It had distressed her to see the slaughter of those beloved trees, and she had expected that he would lament it in unison with her; but now, instead of execrating the work of the choppers, he calmly viewed their devastation of his boyhood haunts, and unfeelingly declared it to be part of the world's necessary and inevitable work, and avowed himself a despoiler of beauty wherever utility was to be served. A support on which she had leaned was suddenly withdrawn, and she was unbalanced and bewildered. As friend and neighbor from childhood she had known him, and, she thought, had known him well. Though they met but little during the later years she thought still that she knew him. During this fortnight which he had been spending in vacation at his old home she had seen much of him; enough to rouse the embers of long friendly regard into fervent love for him; enough, it now seemed, to reveal to her his transformation into a despot. She had been stirred to worshipful admiration by a story that had come back to his home ahead of him: a vague and indistinct relation of some master stroke of his, whereby he, the youngest man on the work, had outdone the strategy of veteran engineers and employers of labor; but now she saw it differently. He had bent others to his whim, to their cost and his profit; he had confessed to her the loss of the fine old tender sentiment that had made him so excellent a boy in her youthful eyes; he showed in every word and move and intonation that he held himself a master of men and circumstance—what was there to prevent his managing and moulding her according to his whim? A flush of hot rebellion against such usurpation swept over her. She loved him, she felt that she had always loved him, and now she felt herself on the verge of hating him.

"I never heard that you had troubles on that work," she said. "The story we all heard back here was that you had done some very wonderful things for so young a man, and made a great reputation for yourself and a fortune for your company." She faced him with the appealing gaze of one who asks out of real desire to know. The words suggested sarcasm, but the tone and look were innocence itself.

"Did you? Indeed!" replied Allan, with good-natured sarcasm plain enough. "Well, never mind about the reputation, but we did have troubles, just the same: delayed steel, peat bogs that wouldn't carry the roadbed, a hill on soapstone base that slid into our cut as fast as we could haul it out, big rains that washed our work away, and a good stiff strike. So, you see, I forgot the scenery in making things go—especially the strike."

Especially the strike! Then he had taken greater satisfaction in battling with a lot of determined men, and defeating them, perhaps single-handed, than he had in working through a maze of other obstacles and difficulties. This time there was no mistaking the warmth under her words as she said: "But you made them go, of course?"

Allan sobered for an instant. He felt the cut. But he turned to her a pleasant face, as he replied with evident exultation, "Yes, ma'am! We made them go. We generally do, I notice."

"It must be very interesting. I should like to hear the story," said the girl, giving him closer attention than she had seemed to pay him at any time in this singular visit. But something had charged the atmosphere with electricity. Allan felt its tingle, and almost heard its nervous snap and crackle. He knew it centred in the beautiful girl by his side, but he frankly had no idea why. So he answered, with some caution, that the strikers had themselves made terms that were entirely agreeable to him, and he had accepted their offer.

"I never heard of such a settlement," said the girl, with a quick lifting of her fine eyes, in which was a look that Allan could not fathom. "Tell me about it."

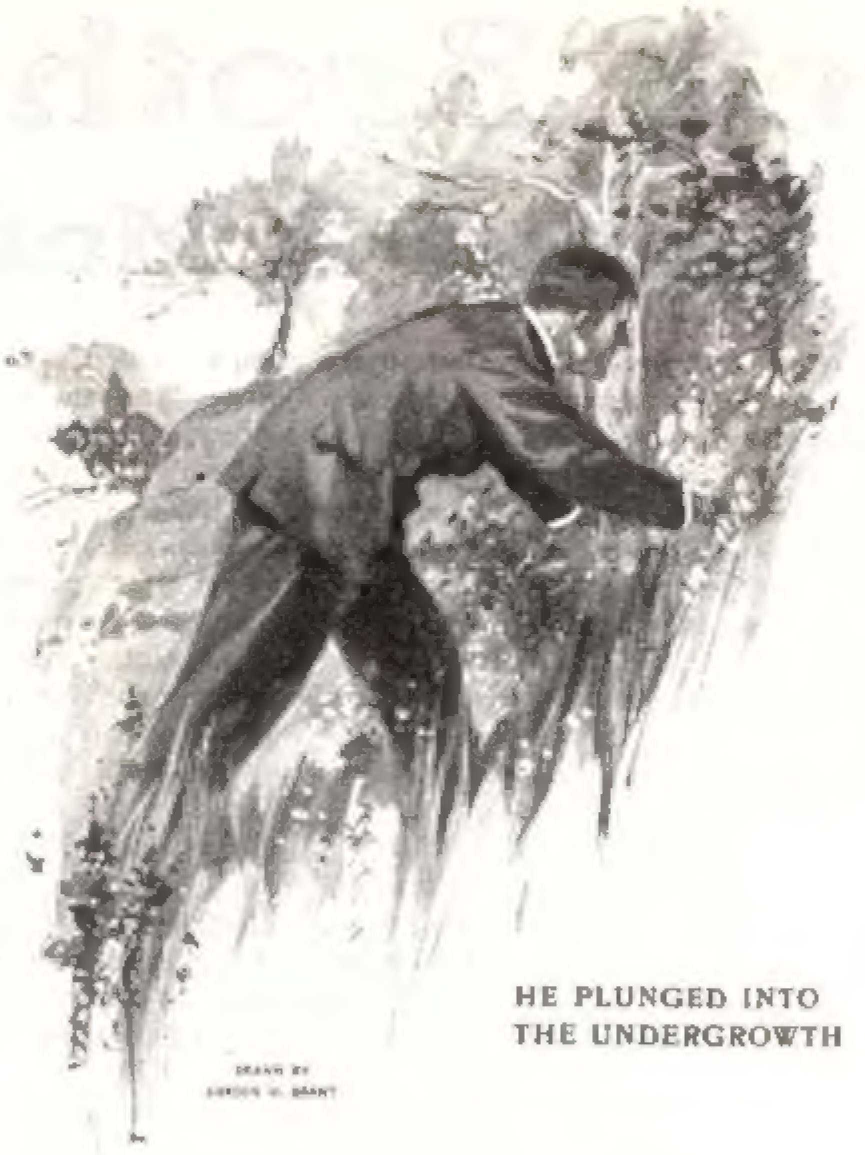
"Oh, it's a dull story, and I don't believe it would interest you."

"But it does interest me, and very much," she insisted. "I want to hear it—unless you refuse to tell it." She spoke with singular impressiveness.

"She's up to something," thought Allan, but he had no more comprehension of her design than if she had not opened her mouth to him. He began:

"You have heard that our company has been building a trolley line down in Henry County?" She nodded, and he went on:

"The line is fifty-two miles long. For fourteen miles it runs up Mineral River from Coal City, thence for ten miles up Sugar Creek, then for fifteen miles it strikes straight across the level of Canaan Prairie, and thence it drops down the valley of Gale's Run, the remaining thirteen miles, into Easton. It was built to open a good farming country, and to feed one road at Coal City and another at Easton. It has as straight and level a line as can be built through a hill country, and has been constructed without regard to expense, but without the waste of a dollar that could be saved. It will probably soon be converted to the third-rail system, and its trains will be operated at high speeds. But I don't see anything in all that to interest you, unless it may be the mere fact that we had the contract."



HE PLUNGED INTO
THE UNDERGROWTH

"It is very interesting, indeed. Please go on—won't you?" She steadied the horse to a slow walk, and settled herself in the corner of the seat in an attitude to listen. Allan did the same, and so placing himself almost facing her, yet sitting beside her, proceeded:

"Very well. Just tell me when you have had enough. We built the road and did the grading with local labor. We might have imported a gang of Greeks and made a profit of one hundred per cent. on what they paid us for board, but we preferred to patronize the country through which we ran. The farmers all along the line snapped at our offer of three dollars and a half a day for man and team, nine hours a day, pay every week. We used them as largely as we could where we could get enough. In the Sugar Creek Valley we had plenty of them and used nothing else."

"You were generous, weren't you?"

Allan looked at the girl, to judge whether she were in earnest or baiting him, but could not tell.

"Not in the least," he replied. "We were simply looking for business."

The frown that had been imperceptibly thin on the girl's brow deepened, and she looked steadfastly ahead. Allan took no notice, but went on:

"Up Sugar Creek they have some of the richest farm land and richest farmers in the State, but they had been waiting and praying for some kind of railroad for forty years. They hailed our preliminary survey as deliverance. Nothing was too good for us, and we wanted to retain that good will, for in the future we should hope to live off their traffic, and we might want their favor in other ways. You might say we were paying them to be good to us.

"We carried our grade to the mouth of Sugar Creek with no trouble except that sliding cut, and a little scarcity of teams now and then. Then we got it two miles up Sugar Creek without much bother, except one or two local floods. That took us to the mouth of Linn Creek Valley. Everything was lovely at that point; men satisfied, and all going smoothly; but we had not started the breaking plows to work a quarter of a mile above Linn Creek before the strike came on. The solid Sugar Creek gang shut down on me with a demand for four dollars a day."

"On you?"

"Yes, on me. I was alone on the work, the sole representative of the company. Mr. Seinfurth, the chief engineer and senior partner, was laid up at Coal City with a fine promise of typhoid fever. Mr. Richie, the junior, was in Pittsburg, and Youngstown, and I don't know where else, looking after those late steel orders. Mr. Henderson, superintendent of construction, had been called to the company's other big contract, 400 miles away, to settle a three-cornered fight that had broken out there between the company, the workmen and the owners of the property he was working on. I had a handful of good foremen, but I was the only man on the work who had any show of authority, or dared to take any. I was engineer, chief of construction, paymaster, and all the rest of the works. Why, of course! That's the very sort of time a lot of men will pick out to start a strike. They thought they had a boy to do business with, and that they could tie the company up to something before any of the older men got around."

"And they found they had a man?" The girl gave him a long, searching look. Allan met it frankly, and smiled, not trying to guess what was lurking back of those serious eyes.

"Well," he said, "I guess they thought I was a good imitation before they got through." There was entire self-confidence in his way in saying it, but there was not a trace of boasting. Miss Forbes looked puzzled; then, after a pause, she asked: "What did you do? Bring on the Greeks?"

"Not if you know me!" Allan's vibrant voice thrilled her like the note of a trumpet. "We had agreed with those fellows, and the price was a good one: better than they had ever got for their labor before. They broke the agreement because they thought they had us where we could not help ourselves. Thereupon I proposed to make somebody pay for that foolishness, and that they go right on and do the work just as they had agreed to do. I am not fond of being imposed on, unless I can make something at it."

Miss Forbes surveyed him studiously, and then asked with utmost quietness, "How did you do all that? Tell me about it."

Allan laughed again, a very pleasant laugh, and said, "I don't see why you take so much interest in this, but you can have it all if you want it.

"It happened just right for me," said he, settling himself more comfortably, as though for a long time. "For, you see, we had made a complete survey up Linn Creek, and taken an easement from the County Commissioners for right-of-way on the county highway there, instead of private right-of-way. You see, we didn't need to delay a moment in case we ever wanted to build to Canaan by that route and cut Sugar Creek off the map. Right there the strike was beaten before it was begun, as long as it began just where it did."

"Yes? I don't seem to see how, though." She was all attention, and for the first time her manner appeared to show some trace of sympathy with the actor in the story. Allan sat upright, leaned nearer to her, and extended his arm along the back of the seat behind her. He did not touch her, or even brush her clothing with his sleeve, and she seemed unaware of the movement.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "I began to drop the Sugar Creek men off the rolls. I sent a man up Linn Creek with an offer of three dollars and a half a day, and he brought in fifty men and teams the second day. I set them to grading on the Linn Creek survey. All work on the Sugar Creek line was cut off except finishing up below the Linn Creek junction. As fast as the Sugar Creekers finished up to that point I paid them off and let them go, but I put Linn Creek men on the rolls as fast as they came into camp. In three days I had over a hundred of them, all working at the price agreed on, and not a single man drawing the four dollars a day I had been forced to grant the Sugar Creek men. I was forced to grant it; I admit it; but it lasted only about four days, and it didn't go to very many men then.

"About Thursday evening Sugar Creek began to squirm. I began the new move on Monday. Thursday evening old John DeSmet, the big cattle man, and Peter Weisner, and Henry Sanford, and one or two more of the heavy men up Sugar Creek, came down to see and find out. They came to me when I was on the work, about five in the afternoon. We quit at half-past. We had a couple of hundred men bunched on the three hundred yards of grade heading off the Sugar Creek line up into Linn Creek Valley, but they were all on our private right-of-way. I had set a line of big centrestakes up the Linn Creek highway, but I hadn't done a lick of work there. The scenery around the Owl's Head hill was being readjusted as fast as a lot of plows and big wheel scrapers could do the work, and still if the Sugar Creek ambassadors had been posted they would have suspected something from the fact that I was fighting shy of that Linn Creek highway. I was ready to cut into it if I had to, but I didn't intend to touch it till it was necessary."

"Why?"

"Because something might happen that would induce me not to go on up Linn Creek. If I did the work on my own right-of-way I shouldn't need to touch it if I concluded not to use it. If the work were done on the highway I should have to restore that highway in case the line were not completed. I was taking no chances.

"I saw John and Peter, et cetera, coming, and you should have seen me fall in love with work. I was in and out among teams and scrapers, chasing foremen, tapping down a stake here, stringing a steel tape there, studying the blue print, and squinting through the transit—oh, well! I'm not going to make a serial of this story, so I'll just say that I finally let them get to me. They wanted to know if we had abandoned the Sugar Creek route. I was too busy to talk till after supper. I should have taken them to supper with me, but I wanted to get them hungry and make them late home——"

"What for?"

"Bring them to a conclusion quicker."

The girl's eyes shone with the light that gleams on cold steel. "Strictly business in every move, weren't you?"

"Strictly business in every move. I didn't propose to give them any chance to chat with me during the meal. Dignity and reserve break down at the table sooner than anywhere else. I was bound to keep the bars up.

"It was eight o'clock when we met in my tent. I had managed to find a number of necessary things to do after supper, you see. I sat and pulled at a good black cigar and let them do the talking." It was the first time Miss Forbes had known he ever touched tobacco. "They wanted to know if they were out of it, and I asked them if they didn't think it looked that way. They wanted to know why, and I told them they ought to know. They said they didn't know, and had come to find out, and I told them it wouldn't take them long. 'Let me hold up a looking-glass to you people,' said I, 'and you take a good long gaze into it.

"'You Sugar Creek folk have been clear out of the world for want of a railroad. We come along and bring you one, and you're tickled almost to death. You ought to be. It means better markets, easier and pleasanter life, and a rise of fifteen dollars an acre, at least, in the value of your farm land.

"'Now,' said I, 'we have two complete surveys and lines of right-of-way: one up your valley, and the other up Linn Creek, with mighty little to choose between them. We choose yours for certain reasons, which I shall not give you. We give all possible employment to your people, and at better prices than the State pays them for like work. You agree with us for the season at that figure, and then, as soon as you think you have us in your hands, you strike, threaten the boycott, and force us to pay you an advance of fifteen per cent. over our contract. That advance means about $25,000 to us.

"'Now, gentlemen, we've got plenty of money for a fight, but not a cent for a sandbagger. It means no road for Sugar Creek if we go up Linn Creek, but that's your affair. We thought you people were square, but since you've shown your hand we don't think we like you well enough to settle among you for life. There's no telling what else you might try to do to us. No; Linn Creek looks pretty good to us just now.'

"Well, I guess there was a pretty smart season of apology and prayer. I smoked on till they had humbled themselves enough, and then I got up and said: 'Gentlemen, this talk is too cheap to be worth while. I'll go outside, and while I'm gone you men frame me up a proposition—if you've got anything to say. You can call me when it is ready. If you haven't anything to offer you would do just as well to go home and get some sleep.' And with that I left them.

"In about ten minutes old John DeSmet called me in. He offered, on behalf of the delegation, a guarantee that the men would come back to work at the old figure.

"'Well,' said I, 'that's very kind of you! Here you've broken up our work, caused us a change of plan, and given the country to know that we are going up Linn Creek, and you are ready, after all that kindness, to do us the great favor of seeing that your gang will agree to go on and stand to its contract. Not with me you won't. If you get this road you'll pay us something for what you've done. You'll have to raise your voice a good deal, Mr. DeSmet, if you want me to hear you. I've got all the men I can use right now at the old price, and I'm satisfied.'

"Well, I gave them the tent to themselves again, and in about five minutes they were ready to agree that we should have the men at three dollars and a quarter a day.

"'And how much do I get for the grade I have built up Linn Creek?' I asked. 'And who pays me for the bother of reorganizing, and the annoyance of having it reported that we are ready to build up the creek that pays us most? And who is going to stand between me and that lot of Linn Creek farmers when they begin to call on me with questions? Oh, no, gentlemen. You'll have to let me go outside again, I guess.'

"But I didn't. Old John DeSmet jumps up and shouts out that he isn't going to lose the road for want of a few dollars; the others can join him or not, but he is going to make a bid. He will guarantee me the necessary men and teams at three dollars a day till the grade is completed to the Walnut Hill school, where we leave the valley at the edge of Canaan.

"And so we settled it. I drew a contract, and they signed it, and next day the old fellow came in with a bond in the sum of $20,000, to secure the contract. He understood plainly that we went on with work up Linn Creek till that bond was up. Then we dropped Linn Creek operations and began on Sugar Creek again. And I guess that's all. The 'old man' looked at me in a queer way when I explained the situation, but the look didn't mean any harm. I guess that's about all there is to the reason why I am a partner in the firm now, and enjoying this vacation in the middle of the working season."

"I should say you had earned it," murmured the girl. "Any man who can twist older men around like that is certainly deserving of honors and good pay." Her voice was incisive, but not with compliment.

"I merely tumbled them into the ditch they dug for me," replied Allan.

Miss Forbes gave her shoulders an expressive shrug, but disdained words. Presently she remarked, "You simply built that Linn Creek grade for nothing, then? A mere bluff?"

"Oh, no," said Allan. "Not at all. That was part of our plan—a dike to turn floods and ice from our bridges and grade on the Sugar Creek line."

"And you would have built it anyway?"

"Certainly."

"Just a mere bluff!"

"No bluffing about it."

"Tell me why not. You never had the slightest idea of building up Linn Creek at all." Her voice was sharp with asperity. Its edge was one Allan had never before encountered.

"Didn't I?" he retorted, his voice level and vibrant with meaning, his eyes blazing at hers till she turned her gaze away. "You don't seem to be real well acquainted with me, Susan."

Acquainted with this manner of man in the shape and form of the backward boy she had known she surely was not. She somehow exulted over his victory, and yet she was angered, and more and more angered, at his dominating way. "Well, you can flatter yourself as you please," she retorted hotly, "but there are some persons you would not handle that way. You wouldn't scare a woman with your threats."

"Possibly not," returned Allan placidly, but on guard at every point; "but if she were a sensible woman, and able to see her own advantage, I think that under the same circumstances even a woman might be persuaded not to stand in her own light. The fact is, Susan, that it is not usually a hard thing to make people come your way, and do as you want them to do. The reason so many fail is that they take the wrong method, or try it at the wrong time. Persons who stand in need of persuasion usually put themselves in a position from which they walk into your plans, soon or late. You can usually get them to take your view, and be glad to do it, if you are right yourself, and have the patience to wait and the judgment to act."

Allan's words waved a red flag in the girl's face. The serene confidence of the unthwarted autocrat was reflected in every word and tone. As she took his meaning he might, if he chose, offer her marriage, with a hard alternative, and rejoice at her surrender. Her heart was bursting with revolt. "Bah!" she blazed, "you couldn't even manage a horse in such a way." She showed her thorough contempt.

"Maybe not a horse," assented Allan, in a voice that was warningly smooth and suave. "It would hardly be necessary with a horse, you know. A horse usually has very good horse-sense."

Susan's pent-up magazine of wrath would certainly have exploded at this spark if it had not happened, by one of those most singular coincidences that so often make the fact outrun the fiction, that the horse stopped. He put down his head and sniffed at the road, and then raised it and snorted.

He stood at the foot of a short, steep slope, the approach of the wild woods-road to a broad, shallow streamlet that crossed their way. On one hand was a bank, with a boulder half blocking the channel at its foot; on the other was a deep little gully, and a wire fence that crossed the water in a swinging span. A tangle of blackberry briers and other undergrowth lined both sides of the road. The trees arched above them, and the sweetness of the sylvan scene was all about them, but there was trouble in the air.

The horse was young, broken to harness and fairly tractable, but far from being well-trained. He was fairly in that stage of equine imbecility in which the most familiar and harmless objects are regarded with suspicion and alarm. The water at which he balked welled up at the spring in his own pasture, and he drank it and dabbled in it every day. He was very far from justifying Allan's sententious comment on the general sense and sanity of his race.

Turning about was impossible. The only way was to go forward. Susan was by this time so thoroughly angered, more at Allan's remark than at the horse, that she was far beside her usually cool and sensible self. She could have laid the whip on Allan with relish. Instead, she caught it from its socket and brought it down on the horse with a sounding slash. The horse leaped forward so suddenly that he nearly dislocated their necks. He landed in the water with a splash, but he immediately reared and backed violently, and when he halted again the phaeton was cramped to the point of capsize at the edge of the gully, and the rebellious creature stood again on the mere margin of the brook, now muddied instead of transparent.

The capsize, if it came, would hurl Allan to the bottom of the gully, with the phaeton and Susan, and possibly the horse, on top, but Allan sat looking on without the movement of a muscle. He seemed to be unaware of any personal hazard; simply interested in seeing what she was going to do about it.

The angry girl was now fairly frightened into the bargain, but she never thought of fear of the horse: only of what might happen. She shouted and again applied the whip. The horse leaped ahead again, and again backed away from the stream. This time he cramped the vehicle in the opposite direction, and thrust it backward till he jammed it hard against the bank on the opposite side from the road. Then he put his head down and kicked, and this done he faced the young persons behind him, turning his neck with a malevolent arch, and showing an eye ominously rimmed with mutinous white.

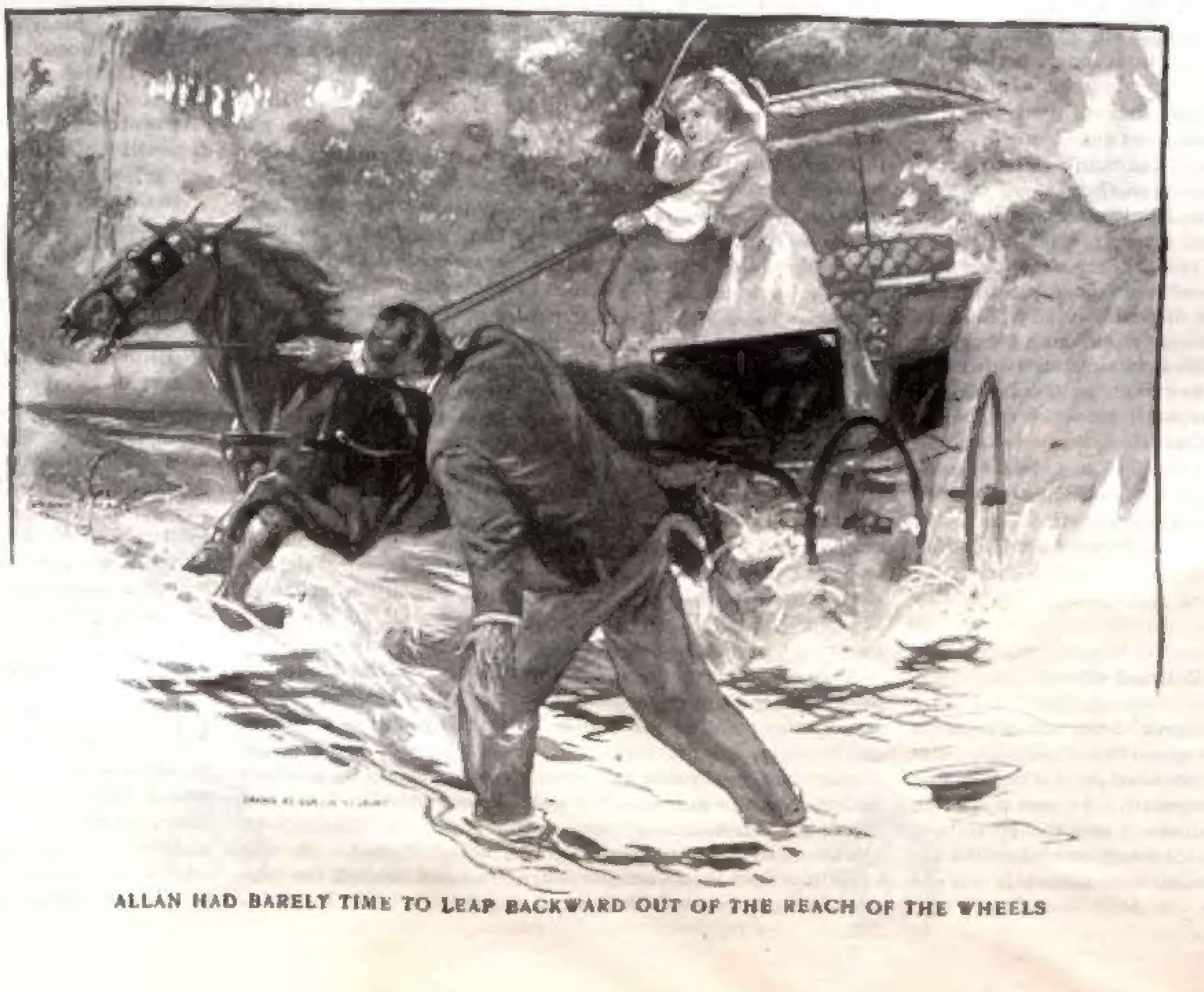
If Allan had only said something or done something; if he had but grasped the lines from her hands, or suggested a plan of action, it would have been very much easier for Miss Forbes; but she received no such aid or comfort from him. She knew that he was sitting in judgment on her and her methods, and she knew that every move she made and every word she uttered disclosed her weakness, but she was so possessed by her rage that she was fast becoming utterly reckless, and she was none the calmer for the inward conviction that all her temper was senseless and unprovoked. She felt that she could fairly kill both the man and the beast, and take pleasure in the murder, and yet she was almost forced to laugh because Fate had so forced her to show her hand at managing a horse the very instant after her scornful indictment of Allan's methods. But all thought of laughter departed when Allan said, in his quietest manner, "Let me take him by the head, Susan. He is only a colt, and he needs only to be shown a little."

"Chester Allan, you sit where you are!" stormed the girl. "I'll show him!" And she laid another long welt on the animal's back. A volley of vicious kicks followed, and the phaeton was crushed back against the bank till it poised on one side, the wheels of the other side in the air, and something cracked.

"You are giving a very excellent demonstration, indeed," said Allan, slipping out of the phaeton and advancing to the horse's head, "but you are in a fair way to ruin a good horse, and a team is coming down the hill behind us, and we may be in the way here if it should want to pass this place. Come, boy! What you 'fraid of?" Allan reached a gentle hand out to the excited animal's head, while he soothed it with soft speech.

Susan Forbes sat her phaeton as Cleopatra might have

(Continued on Page 20)



ALLAN HAD BARELY TIME TO LEAP BACKWARD OUT OF THE REACH OF THE WHEELS

Early Days in Railroading

The Failures, the Comedies, the Pathos and the Lessons of Pioneer Times

By Frank H. Spearman

NOTHING in early American railroading is really so impressive as the feats that railroad men accomplished with the scanty means they had to do with. To recall now that an early Kentucky road used rails made of grooved stone and faced with a strap of iron seems like looking back 600 years instead of sixty. Early-day railroad stories, too, often have a humorous turn because the contrasts are so striking. It is difficult to picture an infancy of railroad affairs in which railroad directors elected train conductors; yet an early board of Michigan Southern directors passed resolutions on such matters, balloted for captains of trains, and took the radical step of declaring that no credit should be given for railroad passage.

But railroad travel in America goes back even of conductors. Under the earliest plan the train engineer collected the fares and the fireman handled the baggage and freight. Nor was there in the beginning that urbanity between rival railroad managements which is now universal. Railroad accidents, for example, are so delicate a matter that to refer in an advertisement to the mishaps of another line would to-day be thought monstrous; but in 1837 a Michigan superintendent announced that "Great care is taken in keeping this road in repair, thus avoiding accidents *similar to those occurring on other roads*, daily jeopardizing life and limb." When such a handbill made its appearance, can the rage in the rival superintendent's office be imagined? Or can a railroad executive of to-day conceive the gnawing pains under an early-day president's belt when having but two locomotives in the world, he found himself forced to sell one to a hated competitor in order to pay his taxes? Worse than that, because infringing on a dignity that should be the very highest—that of a directorate—there was a time in American railroading when, the sheriff having levied on all the furniture, the directors of the Michigan Southern Railroad, meeting in their New York rooms, had to borrow chairs from neighboring offices to deliberate in.

The fact is that American railroad building in its beginning afforded an opening for the speculative mania that always has sought outlet in one or another form of American industrial activity. When American railroad building first began, every community wanted its road in order to get its share of immediate advancement. In consequence, everybody—preachers, farmers, lawyers and doctors—built railroads. Nearly all of the first ventures failed. The initial cost usually swamped the road by the time it was ready to run cars. The few lines which, under exceptional conditions, made money fast inflamed the country with railroad building as it has been inflamed at times by mining crazes and oil crazes or real-estate booms.

In instances these first railroads were given banking powers, and issued wildcat currency, forerunner, perhaps, of watered stocks, which were an afterthought. Industrial conditions were at the outset so crude that railroads which in 1837 paid thirty per cent. dividends went into bankruptcy in 1840. The idea of putting a part of the earnings into a surplus or reserve fund had not then been thought of. A few carefully managed and conservative lines succeeded from the start. Most of these were built, as the Pennsylvania, on the wrecks of earlier ventures, but a remarkable exception was a little Cleveland road, begun with many misgivings in 1850. It opened for business in November, 1852, and in July, 1853, paid its first semi-annual dividend of five per cent. This was not unusual. What is unusual is that this road never thereafter failed to pay regular dividends. It made its stockholders rich, and a small block of its shares, taken reluctantly by the city of Cleveland, was the basis of the Cleveland municipal sinking fund that has since become world-famous. A more extraordinary municipal railroad experience, however, has been that of Cincinnati. Cincinnati enjoys a peculiar distinction in that it has been the only American municipality, possibly the only one in the world, that has ever built a railroad—and in this instance a very big and successful railroad.

The Only Municipal Railroad Owner

IN 1836 the project of a railroad from Cincinnati to the South was agitated. The usual speeches, illuminations and conferences, however, resulted in nothing. The Ohio River traffic had made Cincinnati. At one time this traffic extended to the Western frontier, and the steamboat trade with St. Louis, Memphis, Vicksburg and New Orleans was of first importance. When the railroads came this was cut off. Three lines of railroad from the Atlantic seaboard had put New York, Philadelphia and Boston in touch with the West, and the old route through Pittsburg and down the Ohio River to Cincinnati had been almost abandoned. To the South the situation was even more serious. In 1859 the Louisville and Nashville, completed to the latter point, had, with its connections, cut off from Cincinnati every Southern city. Meantime the Civil War opened. General Burnside, during his East Tennessee campaign, had written President Lincoln, it is said, urging the building of a railroad from Cincinnati to Knoxville as a line of communication; but Lincoln, with his great common-sense, realized that such a step transcended the proportions of Burnside's campaign, and, in answering, diplomatically confined himself to the observation that it was quite proper for a general in the field to make any expenditures required by military necessity. Accordingly, Burnside went ahead with some valuable and thorough surveys—and ended with them.

But these military surveys, though coming to nothing for the campaign, were to bear good fruit long afterward. Cincinnati realized that the question of a railroad to the South was a question of her very existence as a city. The laws of Ohio, based on early and disastrous experiences, forbade the issuing of bonds or the granting of aid to a railroad on the part of any municipality, county or of the State itself. Pennsylvania and Michigan had already suffered severely in railroad ventures. At this deadlock matters stood when a young Cincinnati lawyer, E. A. Furgeson, concluded that although the perplexed city could not aid a railroad she could build one herself. He made public the novel proposition, and it won attention. After a protracted struggle the Legislature of Ohio passed the enabling bill, and, though peculiarly drawn, the act has stood the test of thirty-five years of continual litigation.

The First Cantilever Bridge

LOUISVILLE rose in arms when the project assumed definite shape. The Legislature of Kentucky passed a bill endeavoring to kill the road by taxation, but Cincinnati overcame all obstacles, the road was built to Chattanooga and leased shortly afterward to the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific Railway. The most interesting feature of this unique undertaking is that the road was well built. The numerous and thorough surveys made first by the military and afterward by the city were followed by careful construction. During the last decade American railroad systems have been relocating and rebuilding large portions of their lines, but no such work has been found necessary on this admirably built road. Its bridge across the Kentucky River was the first cantilever built in America, and was, when erected, the highest span in the New World. The Ohio River bridge, with a channel span of 515 feet, was said when built to be the longest truss span in existence. Lavoinne, the French engineer, in his work on American railways, describes the Kentucky River structure as the most remarkable viaduct in America, both in proportions and plan of construction. Cincinnati put $18,000,000 into her venture, but she has never lost one dollar of her rentals. Her income to-day exceeds $1,000,000 a year, and the scale increases from year to year. She paid 7.3 per cent. interest on the bonds issued for the construction of the road, and there were times when she had to turn out her street lamps on moonlight nights to pay her interest; but her reward is now coming, not alone in her traffic supremacy, but on her actual investment. The story of the struggle for and against the undertaking, extending over a generation, reads like romance, but the railroad was needed, and its building was good business, even though hazardous in the extreme.

There were, on the other hand, many railroads undertaken where they never could be made to pay; but failure was no deterrent to the American people. They blundered on, learning all the time, and in an early moment, when despair had overtaken the whole country as to its railroad undertakings, some monetary genius suggested the bond and mortgage as a means of providing money to build railroads, and modern railroad building was accomplished. By this expedient the initial cost of construction was funded, the railroad found a chance to breathe while getting a traffic foothold, and in spite of many abuses in which the money of investors has been filched in these securities, the plan has opened, next to Government securities, the greatest investment field in modern finance. It alone has made possible our national railway development as it exists to-day.

The tremendous efforts made by towns and counties and States to secure these early lines of transportation are quite forgotten. They were on a par with all pioneer hardships, and, considered now, are often pathetic. Ten years after Michigan roads were advertising that emigrants for Indiana, Illinois and Wisconsin Territory could save two days by taking their route, Illinois women, in order to encourage railroad building, were selling their butter and eggs and chickens and cheese to pay for railroad stock that they had subscribed for—depriving themselves of the scant luxuries of pioneer women and often using the means they had put aside for the education of their children to get railroads. Communities bonded themselves to give aid to railroads until they found their generous impulses had bankrupted them. Another side of the picture is even more painful. In repeated instances dishonest promoters secured the bonds thus voted and never built the roads for which they had been given. With their money stolen, such communities refused to pay their bonds, and litigation over them filled the courts. Among many others, the city of Watertown, Wisconsin, defrauded in this way, repudiated its railroad bonds, and fought judgments against the municipality for a generation.

To avoid the United States Court processes that would have compelled the levying of taxes, Watertown ran its local affairs for years without a visible mayor, council or any municipal official on whom a court paper could legally be served, and local humorists still show the dam across the Rock River under which the mayor and council met for many years in clandestine session. Wisconsin farmers, to secure railroads, gave notes for their stock subscriptions, and secured them by mortgages on their farms. Needless to say, the roads failed, and the farmers lost their farms through their efforts to secure transportation facilities. It is small wonder that a legacy of distrust and hatred is still in some communities a portion against all railroads.

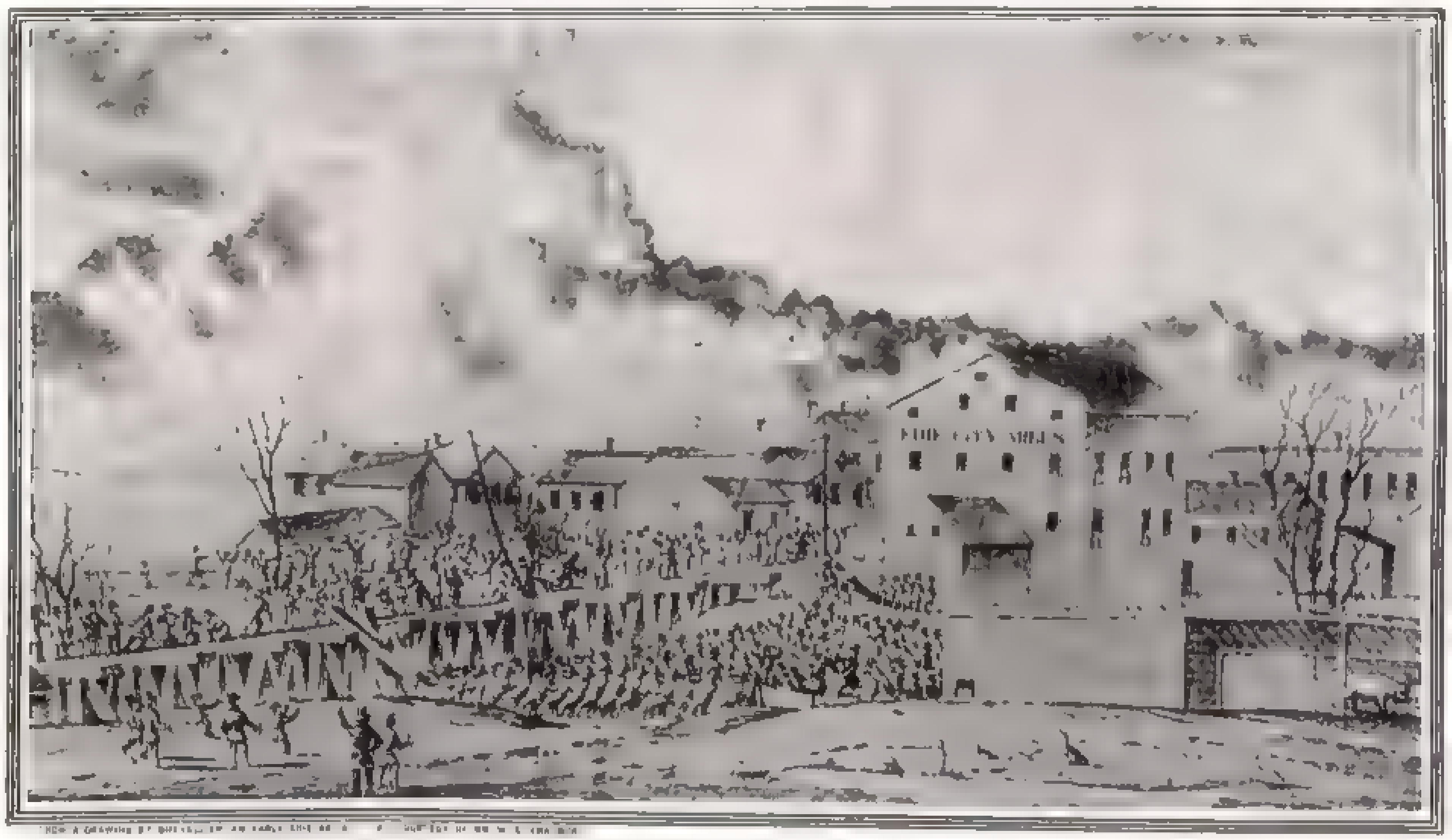
In physical obstacles the river was the great stumbling-block of the early railroad. Terminals were often fixed at the Mississippi and the Missouri rivers because of the enormous expense involved in crossing such streams. Ferries served in these cases to fill the industrial gaps, and, in some instances, pontoon bridges, a famous one being that of John Lawler, at Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi. Here was a case in which corporate enterprise waited on individual initiative. John Lawler at that point began transferring freight and passengers across the river by steamboat to connecting railroads. He then conceived the idea of a pontoon bridge that should carry trains across the Mississippi intact, arranged, of course, to provide a draw for river traffic. With this venture he succeeded so well that the railroad companies renewed his contract on favorable terms, and he put in a pile bridge with float draws. The boat interests of the rivers were then so much more powerful than the railroads that it was often difficult to get permission to bridge a navigable stream. The first railroad bridge to cross the Mississippi was built at Rock Island, Illinois, in 1856. William C. Brown, now operating officer of the Lake Shore road and the New York Central, in a recent address before an association of Illinois manufacturers presented a curious story of the history of this first industrial highway across the most fertile valley in the world. No sooner was the bridge completed, at an enormous expense, and after the most herculean pioneer railroad effort, than St. Louis steamboat interests demanded its removal as a nuisance and an obstruction to navigation, and in a bill filed by James Ward, a citizen of St. Louis, in the United States District Court for the district of Iowa, he prayed that it be so adjudged, and that it be "abated and removed, and said river be restored to its original capacity for all purposes of navigation."

Abraham Lincoln as a Railway Counsel

ON THE third day of April, 1860, this court adjudged that the first railroad bridge crossing the Mississippi River was a "material obstruction and a nuisance," and ordered the defendant "to abate and remove all the said piers, together with the superstructure thereon," within six months. Judge Love, presiding, stated very carefully in his decree the reasons for his decision. "If one road transport freight and passengers to the east and west without the delay and expense of changing at the river, a financial necessity will compel competing roads to provide themselves with the same facilities." From this, Judge Love, who died recently in Iowa, foresaw that if this obstruction were allowed to stand there would be railroad bridges across the Mississippi every forty or fifty miles, thus interfering with river traffic so as to do great and serious mischief.

But Abraham Lincoln, who, fortunately, was counsel for the bridge company, could not see it in that way, and he appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. Lincoln, with that tremendous grasp of things as they are that marks the difference between the big man and little men, conceded that the bridge was an obstruction but held that it was not an unreasonable one. He argued that rivers and railroads were both great highways for the people, and that travelers by the one were entitled to as much consideration as travelers by the other. He even ventured the prediction that the time would come when the number of passengers crossing the river by railroad would equal and perhaps exceed those traveling up and down the river in boats! Meantime, repeated attempts were made to burn the bridge, and two employees of the Chamber of Commerce of St. Louis were arrested and tried for conspiracy to destroy the bridge by fire. A decision at Washington finally reversed the Circuit Court: the bridge stood; but even in the Supreme Court it won by a narrow margin. Three distinguished justices dissented from the majority and put themselves on record with an opinion that would, had it prevailed till now, make it unlawful to put a railroad bridge across the Mississippi River.

The obstacles of the law were frequently invoked to stop the progress of the railroads across rivers, and in cases where permission was grudgingly given to build drawbridges it was provided that these must stand open at all times save when a train was crossing. The structural problems of big railroad bridges were solved when General William Sooy Smith built the first steel bridge in the world for the Chicago and Alton road across the Missouri River at Glasgow, Missouri, in 1879. To-day these huge steel bridges are everywhere across American inland waterways, and good bridges of ten years ago are being taken down every day to be replaced by structures heavy enough to take care of bigger engines than were dreamed of at that time.


REMOVAL OF THE STATE STREET BRIDGE, ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA, DECEMBER 7, 1853

Consolidation of railroad lines was fought fifty years ago quite as strenuously as it is now, and of necessity quite as ineffectively. When Vanderbilt was knitting together the strands of the New York Central system passengers by rail were required to make four changes of cars, transfer their baggage each time, and buy tickets over the four separate roads that covered the distance of 197 miles between Albany and Buffalo. When it was proposed to consolidate these four little railroads a furious opposition arose, and it required three years of continuous effort to bring about the result. From Buffalo to Cleveland two changes of cars were made in those days—one at Dunkirk and one at Erie—and when it was decided to change the track gauge of the roads meeting at Erie, so that passengers might ride from Buffalo to Cleveland through Erie without changing cars, a local war ensued that has never anywhere in our community histories been paralleled. The facts are so little known as to justify details.

On the morning of December 7, 1853, a violent ringing of the courthouse bell roused the people of Erie from their beds, and the men of the town hurried, village fashion, to the point of alarm. Speech-making was under way before a dozen villagers had gathered. Alert citizens had called together their fellow-townsmen to make a final defense of their local rights against an outrage threatened by the railroads. It had for some time been known that the two railroads purposed changing the track gauge to run trains through the town, and great indignation had been felt among Erie people. As the crowd grew the excitement heightened and the streets became packed with men ordinarily peaceful but now inflamed by harangues from the courthouse steps into a fury. An attempt at organizing the crowd for action resulted in a sort of disorderly procession, the mayor being called upon to head it, and the mob started for the railroad bridge at State Street.

It was the beginning of actual hostilities in the afterward famous Erie war. Few even well-informed men have ever heard of this early-day railroad fight. If a question concerning the occurrence were raised most men of to-day would try vaguely to connect the phrase with shadowy recollections of the Gould Fisk struggle to control the Erie Railroad. But the Erie war, so-called, has no connection with the railroad known as the Erie: it takes title from the pretty Pennsylvania town where it occurred half a century ago. At that time when what may be termed the pioneer railroad merger was attempted at Erie, Pennsylvania, it resulted in an uprising and a subsequent local feeling so intense that even yet in Erie the echoes have scarcely died. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any American community has ever sustained a feud so violent and so lasting. To-day, it is true, the matter may safely be spoken of, but so serious has its aspect always been considered that in the community where it occurred never until September 6, 1903, has an account of the affair been printed in a newspaper; and I only follow Mr. John Miller, the painstaking local historian of the feud, in saying that this Erie war resulted in more acute bitterness, in deeper animosities between former friends, more painful differences in families and more lasting injuries to local interests and to society than any community, North or South, can show as the result of the Civil War.

Naturally, the only question that now arouses interest is, What was it all about? And the answer only increases the mystification. Two railroads at that time ran into Erie, one from the east with a track gauge of six feet, and one from the west with a track gauge of four feet ten inches. The two roads were distinct in ownership and management: each had its own rolling-stock and locomotives and each its little roundhouse: these two roundhouses may still be seen standing in the city of Erie. The difference in track gauge made it impossible to transfer freight in carloads from one road to the other, and passengers from Buffalo for Cleveland were compelled to leave the cars at Erie, ride across the town in 'busses or walk a mile to the other railroad station, and endure the attendant inconveniences. 'Bus men, baggage transfer men and local hotel men, having common interests, worked together, and, if connections could be made to fail, a night at an Erie hotel was a part of the long journey from Buffalo to Cleveland.

This annoyance was what some railroad Jim Hill of that day conceived a plan for doing away with. His plan was radical, revolutionary even, and so expensive as to make it difficult to carry out, but he carried it. Owning the stock of one road, he set about acquiring the stock of the other, and announced that the six feet track gauge was to be changed to conform to the four feet ten gauge, in order that trains might be run from one road over the other and passengers carried from Cleveland to Buffalo and through Erie without change of cars!

The townspeople of Erie flew to arms. Erie was to be trodden on, ignored, made a way station, its hotel business ruined and its 'busses put out of business. One intelligent citizen, described as a prominent man in the town and a public educator, urged that the transfer of passengers at Erie meant a great gain to Erie because travelers had to get their meals there; the transfer of live stock, he argued, involved the expenditure of money for feeding; the reloading of freight gave employment to a large force of freight handlers—and on arguments such as these men were urged to arms. The gathering on the December morning in 1853 was the climax of all the talk. Goaded by frantic appeals, the men of the town followed their mayor in a noisy mob to the long wooden railroad bridge. It was guarded by a force of railroad employees because the agitation had for some time promised trouble. A shower of rotten eggs and missiles soon dispersed the guard. The mob attacked the bridge, and with shouts and cheers tore it timber from timber, and when the destruction was complete set guards over the ruins and marched victorious back to town. From that time until February 1, 1854, when the railroad succeeded in getting a train through, Erie was in the hands of a mob.

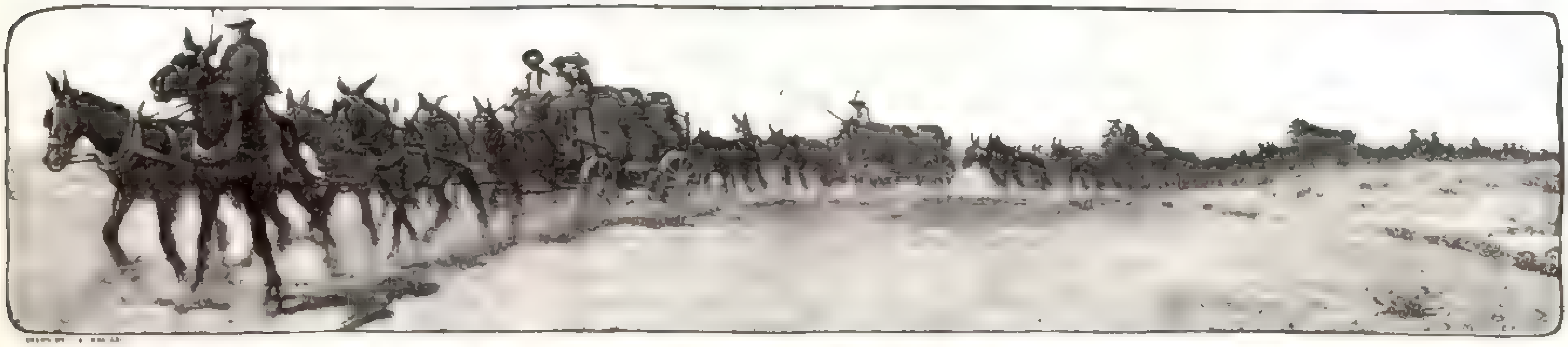
Few of the men that wreaked so summary a vengeance on the railroad bridge had a clear idea as to what their grievance actually was. They knew only that they were "for Erie." While the Erie bridge was being wrecked, a second mob at Harbor Creek tore up the railroad track where it crossed the Buffalo highway. Trains were stopped there under compulsion; a guard was maintained night and day, and the railroad company was not allowed to repair the damage done. For a long time the management was compelled to transfer its freight and passengers to Erie by wagon.

These overt acts, as the lawyers love to call them, keyed little Erie up to a true war spirit. Men moved about with grave faces, and the whole community perforce took sides in the fight. The great majority stood with the rioters, or Rippers, so called, and the few railroad sympathizers were contemptuously dubbed Shanghais. Every effort made by the railroad company to accomplish its design was watched. The townspeople slept on their arms, and to call the defenders together the courthouse bell rang wildly at the most unseasonable hours. Rumors flew far and wide. One bitter winter morning the alarm was sounded that a railroad employee at Harbor Creek had driven a pick through a Ripper's skull. Forthwith the men of Erie took to their bob-sleighs and cutters and with their muskets raced madly to Harbor Creek. The rumor proved false; an altercation had taken place, a pistol had been drawn, and a man wounded, but there had been no murder. Occasionally the ludicrous contrasted with the serious. Emboldened by their success in destroying railroad property, the Harbor Creek Rippers decided one day to capture a train. They charged the cars and took possession, but the engineer opened his throttle and headed with speed for New York State. The frightened Rippers one by one dropped off the hind end until only one—"Bill" Cooper—remained. The trainmen seized "Bill," now badly frightened, and carrying him well into New York State, stopped the train, threw him off, and kicked him all the way back into Pennsylvania, where for many years he exhibited his wounds to sympathizing friends.

Meantime, the militia had been called out by the mayor to preserve the peace. The general of the militia happened to be a leading Ripper named Kilpatrick. He responded eagerly to the call, and with two cannon and a husky force of his friends he went duly into camp to preserve the peace—from his viewpoint. A large force of special constables was also called into service, their duties being to see that the railroad company did not make repairs or move cars. The company appealed to the courts, but the sheriff was powerless to perform his duties, and his deputies were rotten-egged. A United States marshal came up from Pittsburg to serve an injunction on the rioters, who were interfering with the mails. The Ripper leader stamped the process under his heel, and the marshal was glad to get away with a whole skin. A local editor at Erie, publishing a paper named the Constitution, was also attorney for the railroad. He was attacked in his newspaper office and embroiled with his friends in a bloody fight. In 1856, following another outbreak,

(Concluded on Page 20)

A LINK IN THE GIRDLE



THE LONG LINE OF WAGONS WOUND INTO CAMP

A Romance of the Roadmakers

By SAMUEL MERWIN

VI—THE STAMPEDE

OVER a range of low waste hills, through a village of prairie-dogs—and he fired humorously at them with his revolver as they sat on their mounds, and chuckled when they popped down out of sight—across a plain studded from horizon to horizon with the bleached bones and skulls of thousands of buffaloes, Paul Carhart rode, until, finally, the camp and the trains and wagons came into view.

It was supper-time. The red, spent sun hung low in the west; the parched earth was awaiting the night breeze. Cantering easily on, Carhart soon reached the grade and turned in toward the tents. The endless quiet of the desert gave place to an odd, tense quiet in the camp. The groups of laborers, standing or lying motionless, ceasing their low, excited talk as he passed; the lowered eyes, the circle of Mexicans standing about the mules, the want of the relaxation and animal good-nature that should follow the night whistle: these signs were plain as print to his eyes and his senses.

He dismounted, walked rapidly to the headquarters' tent, and found the two Vandervelts in anxious conversation. He had never observed so sharply the contrast between the brothers. The younger was smooth-shaven, slender, with brown hair and frank blue eyes that were dreamy at times; he would have looked the poet were it not for a square forehead, a straight, incisive mouth, and a chin as uncompromising as the forehead. There was in his face the promise of great capacity for work dominated by a sympathetic imagination. The face of his brother was another story; all the stronger qualities were there, but they were not tempered with the gentler. His stocky frame, his strong neck, the deep lines about his mouth, even the set of his cropped gray mustache spoke of stubborn, unimaginative persistence.

Evidently they were not at agreement. Both started at the sight of their chief—the younger brother with a frank expression of relief.

Carhart threw off his hat and gauntlet gloves, took his seat at the table, and looked from one to the other.

The elder brother nodded curtly across the table. "Go ahead, Gus," he said. "Give Paul your view of it."

Thus granted the floor, Young Van briefly laid out the situation. "We put your orders into effect this morning, Mr. Carhart, and shortened the allowance of drinking water. In an hour the men began to get surly—just as they did the other time. But we kept them under until an hour or so ago. Then the sheriff of Clark County—a man named Lane, Bow-legged Bill Lane"—Young Van smiled slightly as he pronounced the name—"rode in with a large posse. It seems he is on the trail of a gang of thieves, greasers, army deserters and renegades generally. He had one brush with them some miles below here—I think I had better tell you about this before I go on—but they broke up into small parties and got away from him. He had some reason to think that they would work up this way and try to stampede our horses and mules some night. He advises arming our men and keeping a guard at night. Another thing: he says that a good many Apaches are hanging around us—he has seen signs of them over there in the hills—and though they would never bother such a large party as this of ours, Bow-legged Bill"—he smiled again—"thinks it would be best to arm any small parties we may send out. If the Indians thought Harry Scribner, for instance, had anything worth stealing they might give him some trouble. He has only three or four men and a rifle or two with him."

"Send half a dozen men forward to him to-morrow, under Dimond," said Carhart briefly. "See that they carry rifles and cartridges enough for the whole party."

"All right; I will attend to it. I told the sheriff we came down here as peaceful railroad builders, not as border fighters; but he said what we came for hasn't much to do with it—I couldn't repeat his language if I tried—it's how we're going back that counts, whether it's to be 'on a red plush seat or up in the baggage car on ice.' But so much for that. It seems that his men, mixing in with ours, found out that we are short of water. They promptly said that there is a first-rate pool, with all the water we could use, only about thirty-five miles southwest of here." He was coming now, having purposely brought up the minor matters first, to the real business. Carhart heard him out. "It didn't take long to see that something was the matter with the men. Before the posse rode off the sheriff spoke to me about it, and offered to let us have a man to guide us to the pool if we wanted him. I am in favor of accepting. The men are trembling on the edge of an outbreak. If there was a Jack Flagg here to organize them they would have taken the mules and started before you got back; and if they once got started I'm not sure that even shooting would stop them. They are beyond all reason. It's nothing but luck that has kept them quiet up to now—nobody has happened to say the word that would set them off. I think we ought to reassure them—tell the sheriff we'll take the guide; let the men know that a wagon train will start the first thing in the morning."

"That's it! That's it!" Old Van broke out angrily. "Always give in to those rascals! There's just one thing to do, I tell you. Order them to their quarters and stand a guard over them from the iron squad."

"But you forget," Young Van replied hotly, "that they are not to blame."

"Not to blame! What the——!"

"Wait a minute—they are actually suffering now. We are not dealing with malicious men—they are not even on strike for more pay. We're on the edge of a panic, that's what's the matter. And the question is, What is the best way to control that panic?"

"Wait, boys," said Carhart. "Gus is right. This trouble has its roots away down in human nature. If water is to be had those men have a right to it. If we should put them under guard, and they should go crazy and make a break for it, what then? What if they call our bluff? We must either let them go—the worst sort of giving in—or shoot."

"Then I say shoot," cried Old Vandervelt.

"No, Van," Carhart replied, "you're wrong. It's a plain case of tying down the safety-valve. As Gus says, we are uncomfortably close to a panic. Well, let them have their panic. Put them on the wagons and let them run off their heat. Organize this panic with ourselves at the head of it." His voice took on a crisper quality. "Van, you stay here in charge of the camp. Pick out a dozen of the iron squad, give them rifles, and keep three at a time on watch all night; and see that Dimond joins Scribner the first thing to-morrow with some good men."

"Hold on," said the veteran, bewildered; "when are you going to start on this——?"

"Now."

"Now? To-night?"

"To-night. Gus, you find your sheriff. He can't be far off."

"No; half a mile down the line."

"You find him, explain the situation, and tell him we want that man in half an hour."

The conference broke up sharply. Gus Vandervelt hurried out, saddled his horse, and rode off into the thickening dusk. Old Van, scowling, went to select his guards. Carhart saw them go; then, pausing to note with satisfaction the prospect of only moderate darkness, he set about organizing his force. All the empty casks and barrels were loaded on wagons. Mules were hitched four and six in hand. Water, beyond a canteen for each man, could not be spared; but Charlie packed provisions enough—so he thought—for twenty-four hours.

The tremulous, brilliant afterglow faded away. The stars peeped out, one by one, and twinkled faintly. The dead plain—alive only with scorpions, horned frogs, tarantulas, striped lizards, centipedes and the stunted sage-brush—stretched silently away to the dim mountains on the horizon. The bleaching bones—ghostly white out there in the sand—began to slip off into the distance and the dark. All about was rest, patience, eternity. But here in camp were feverish laborers with shattered nerves; men who started at the swish of a mule's tail—and swore, no matter what their native tongue, in English, that famous vehicle for profane thoughts. The mules, full of life after their enforced rest, took advantage of the dark and confusion to tangle their harness woefully. Leaders swung around and mingled fraternally with wheelers, whereupon boy drivers shouted in voices that wavered between treble and bass. Lanterns waved and bobbed about.

Suddenly the babel quieted—the laborers were bolting a belated supper. Then, after a moment of confusion, three men rode out of the circle of lanterns, put their horses at the grade, stood out for a vivid moment in the path of light thrown by the nearest engine—Paul Carhart, Young Vandervelt and the easy-riding guide—plunged down the farther side of the grade, and blended into the night. One after another the long line of wagons followed after—whips cracking, mules balking and breaking, men tugging at the spokes of the wheels. Then, at last, they were all over, the shouts had softened into silence. A solitary figure stood on the grade looking after them. He was sharply outlined in the light—broad shoulders, a thick neck, a cropped mustache. Old Van was alone and in command.

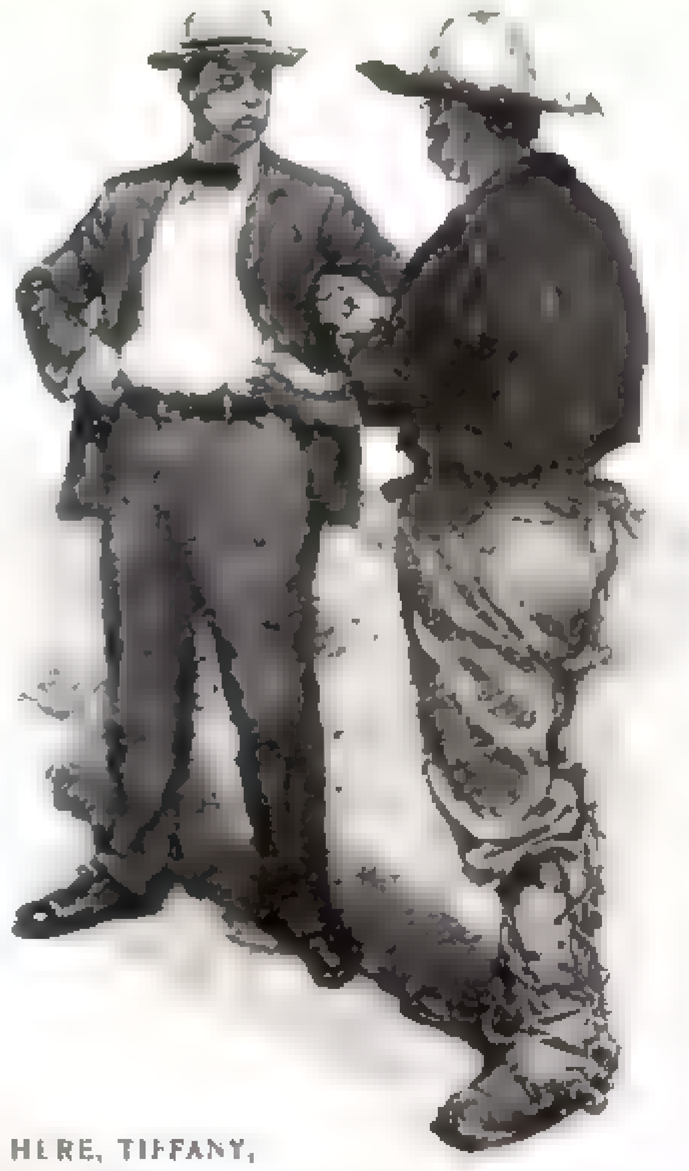
* * *

Paul Carhart had organized the panic; now he was resolved to "work it out of them," as he explained aside to Young Van. He estimated that they should reach the pool before eight o'clock in the morning. That would mean continuous driving, but the endurance of mules is a wonderfully elastic thing; and as for the men, the sooner they were tired the easier they would be to control. Accordingly, the three leaders set off at a canter. The drivers caught the pace, lashing out with their whips and shouting in a frenzied waste of strength. The mules galloped angrily; the wagons rattled and bumped and leaped the mounds, for there was not the semblance of road or trail. Now and again a barrel was jolted off, and it lay there unheeded by the madmen who came swaying and cursing by. Here and there one calmer than his fellows climbed back from a seat by his driver and kept the kegs and barrels in place.

Wonderfully they held the pace—over mile after mile of rough plain. Then, after a time, came the hills—low at first, but rising steadily higher.

In the faint light the sage-brush slipped by like the ghosts of dead vegetation. The rocks and the heaps of bones gave the wheels many a wrench. The steady climb was telling on the mules. They hung back, slowed to a walk all along the line, and under the whip merely plunged or kicked. Up and up they climbed, winding through the low range by a pass known only to the guide. One mule, a leader in a team of six, stumbled among the rocks, fell to his knees, and was dragged and pushed along in a tangle of harness before his fellows came to a stop. In a moment a score of men were crowding around. Up ahead the wagons were winding on out of sight; behind, the line was blocked.

"Vat you vaiting for?" cried a New Orleans man feverishly. He had been drinking, and had lost his way among



"LOOK HERE, TIFFANY, CARHART BEGAN, "SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN TO THIS MAN PEET"

the languages. "*Laissez passer! Laissez passer! Vous faites arrêter toute la ligne!*"

The boys were cooler than the man—not knowing so well what it all meant. "Hi there, Oui-oui; gimme a knife!" cried the youthful driver shrilly.

He slashed at the harness, cut the mule loose, and drove on. And one by one the wagons circled by the struggling beast and pushed ahead to close up the gap in the line.

Eight hours were got through. It was four in the morning. The hills lay behind, an alkaline waste before. The mules were tugging heavily and dejectedly through the sand. Certain of the drivers sat upright with lined faces and ringed eyes, others lay sleeping on the seats with the reins tied. All were subdued. The penetrating dust aggravated their thirst

Carhart pricked forward beside the guide. "How much farther?" he asked

"Well, it ain't easy to say We might be half way there."

"Half-way! Do you mean to say we've done only fifteen miles in eight hours?"

"No, I didn't say that."

"Look here. How far is it to this pool?"

"Well, it's hard to say."

Carhart frowned and gave it up. The "thirty or thirty-five miles" had plainly been the roughest sort of an estimate.

Then the sun came up and beat upon them, and the sand began to radiate heat by way of an earnest of the day to follow; and then the wheels sank so deeply that the chief and Young Van tossed their reins to the guide and walked by the wagons to lend a hand now and then at the spokes. All the crazy energy of the evening was gone; men and mules were alike sullen and dispirited. Of the latter, many gave out and fell. They were cut out and left there to die. So it went all through that blazing forenoon. They halted at twelve for lunch; but the dry bread and salt meat were hardly stimulating.

Carhart again sought the guide. "Do you know yourself where the pool is?"

The guide shaded his eyes and searched the horizon. "It was in a spot that looked something like this here," he said in a weak, confidential sort of way.

Carhart answered sharply, "Why don't you say you are lost, and be done with it!"

"Well, I ain't lost, exactly. I wouldn't like to say that."

"But you haven't the least idea where the pool is."

"Well, now, you see——"

"Is there any other water on ahead?"

"Oh, yes."

"Where?"

"The Palos River can't be more than a dozen miles beyond the place where we found the pool."

He had unconsciously raised his voice. A laborer overheard the remark, whipped out his knife, hacked at the harness of the nearest mule—it would have been simpler to loosen the buckles, but he was past all thinking—threw himself on the animal's back, and rode off, lashing behind him with the end of the reins. The panic broke loose again. Man after man, the guide among them, followed after, until only the wagons and about half the animals remained

"Come, Gus," called the chief, "let them go."

Young Van turned wearily, mounted his panting horse, and the two followed the men. But Carhart turned in his saddle to look back at the property abandoned there in the sand

Half an hour later Young Van's horse stumbled and fell, barely giving his rider time to spring clear.

"Is he done for?" asked Carhart, reining up.

"It looks like it."

"What's the matter—done up yourself?"

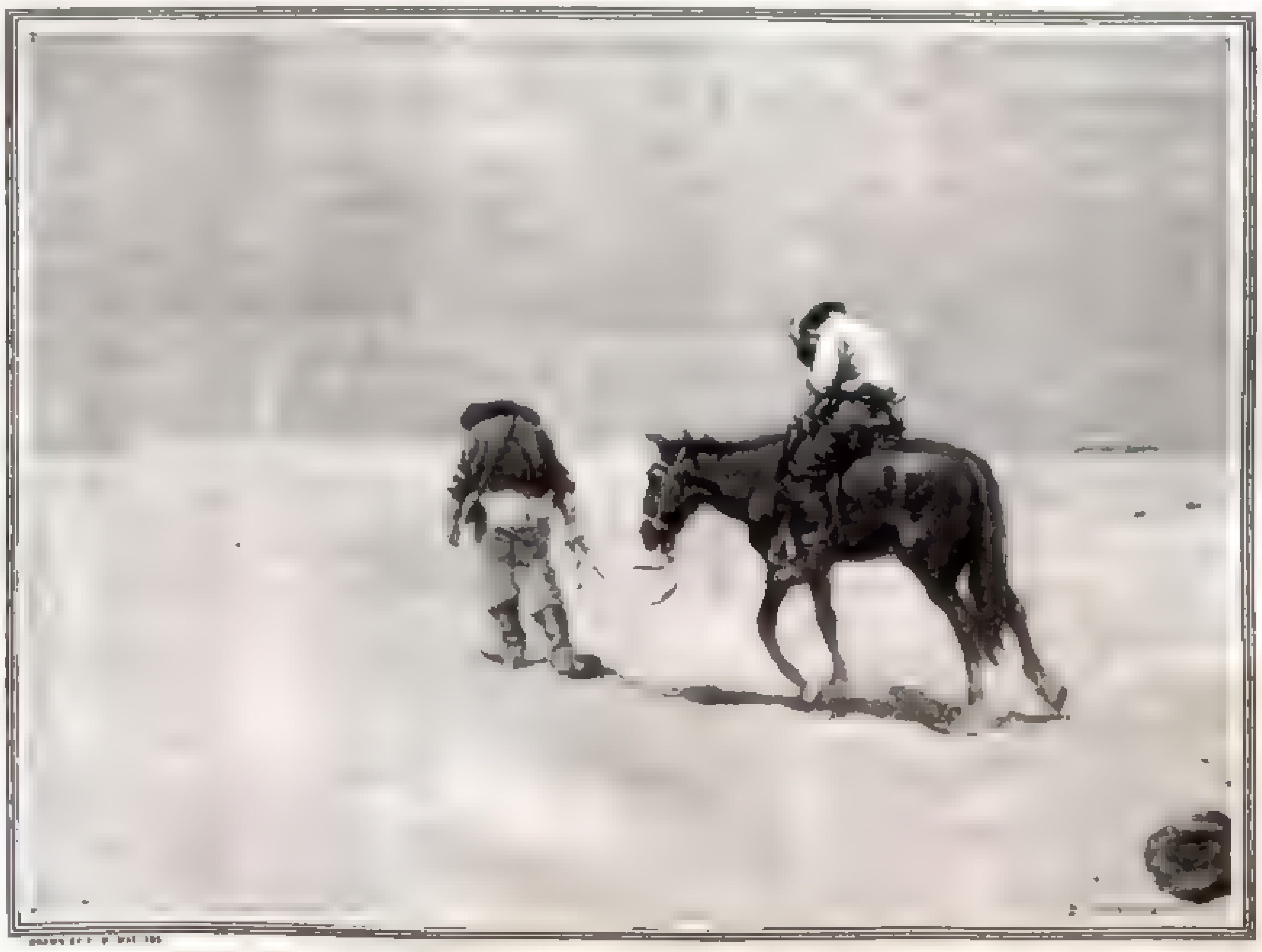
"A little. I'll sit here a minute. You go ahead. I'll follow on foot."

"Not a bit of it. Here—can you swing up behind me?"

"That won't do. Your horse can't carry double. Go ahead; I'm all right"

But Carhart dismounted, lifted his assistant, protesting, into the saddle, and pushed on—himself on foot, leading the horse.

They went on in this way for nearly an hour. Young Van found it all he could do to hold himself in the saddle. Then the horse took to staggering, and finally came to his knees. Carhart helped Young Van to the ground, pulled his hat brim down to shade his eyes, and looked ahead. A cloud of dust on the horizon, a beaten trail through the sand, here and there a black heap where mules or men had fallen—these marked the flight of his drivers and laborers.



THEY WENT ON IN THIS WAY FOR NEARLY AN HOUR. YOUNG VAN FOUND IT ALL HE COULD DO TO HOLD HIMSELF IN THE SADDLE

His eyes came back to the fainting man at his feet. Young Van had lost all sense of the world about him. Carhart saw that his lips were moving, and knelt beside him. Then he smiled, a curious, unhumorous smile; for the young engineer was muttering those words which had of late been his brother's favorites: "D——n Peet!"

The chief stood up again to think. And as he gazed off eastward in the general direction of Flemington, toward the place where the arch enemy of the Central of Texas sat in his office probably devising new excuses to send to the front, those same two expressive words might have been used to sum up his philosophy. What could the man be thinking of, who had brought the work practically to a stop, who was now in the coolest imaginable fashion leaving half a thousand men to mingle their bones with the bones of the buffalo—that grim, broadcast expression of the spirit of the desert

But these were unsafe thoughts. His own head was none too clear. It was reeling with heat and thirst and the monotony of this desolate land. He drew a flask from his pocket—an almost empty flask—and placed it against Young Van's hand. With their two hats propped together he shaded his face and head. Then, a canteen slung over each shoulder, he pushed ahead, on foot, for the Palos River.

"The Palos River can't be more than a dozen miles " had said the guide, pointing southward. That was all. Somewhere off there in the desert, flowing yellow, aimless, lay the Palos River. Perhaps it was a lie. Perhaps the guide was mistaken, as he had been in the search for the pool. But the last feeble tie that bound these outcasts to reason had snapped at the sight of that unsteady, pointing finger, and only the original sin in them was left. The words of the guide had been heard by one man, and he was off at the instant, his only remark a curse as he knocked a boy out of his way. But others had seen the pointing finger. And still others were moved by the impulse which spurs men, in frantic moments, to any sort of action.

In the rush for mounts two men, a half breed from the Territory and a Mexican, plunged at the same beast. The half-breed was hacking at the nigh tug and the Mexican at the off rein when their eyes met. The mule both had chosen was the nigh leader in a double team. But instead of turning to one of the other three, the men, each with a knife in his hand, fell to fighting; and while they struggled and fell and rolled over and over in the sand a third man mounted their prize and galloped away

But it was the boys who suffered most. None but hardy youngsters had been chosen for the drive, but their young endurance could not help them in personal combat with these grown men; and personal combat was what it came to wherever a boy stood or sat near a desirable mule. The odd thing was that every man and boy succeeded in getting away. Hats were lost. Shirts were torn to shreds, exposing skins, white and brown, to the merciless sun. Even the half-breed and the Mexican, dropping their quarrel as unreasonably as they had begun it, each bleeding from half a dozen small wounds, finally galloped off after the others. And when these last were gone, and the dust was billowing up behind them, something less than two minutes had passed since the guide had pointed southward

The Palos River is probably the most uninviting stream in the Southwest. It was at this time sluggish and shallow. The water was so rich with silt that a pailful of it, after standing an hour, would deposit three inches of mud in the bottom of the pail. The banks were low and of the same gray sand as the desert, excepting that a narrow fringe of green announced the river to the eye. It was into and through this fringe that the first rider plunged. It had been a long hour's ride, and the line straggled out for two miles behind him. But he was not in the least interested in his companions. His eyes were fixed on the broad yellow river bed with the narrow yellow current winding through it. Drinking could not satisfy him. He wanted to get into the water, and feel his wet clothes clinging about him, and duck his face and head under, and splash with his hands. His mount needed no lash to slip and scramble down the bank and spurt over the sand. The beast was so crazily eager that he stumbled in the soft footing and went to his knees. But the rider sailed on over his head; and with a great shout, arms and legs spread wide, he fell with a splash and a gurgle into the water. The mule regained his feet and staggered after him, and then the two of them, man and beast, rolled and wallowed and splashed about, and drank copiously.

The second man reached the bank on foot, for his mule had fallen within sight of the promised land. He paused there, apparently bewildered, watching his fortunate comrade in the water. Then, with dazed deliberation, he removed his clothes, piled them neatly under a bush, and walked out naked, stepping gingerly on the heated sand But half-way to the channel a glimmer of intelligence sparkled in his eyes, and he suddenly dashed forward and threw himself into the water.

One by one the others came crashing through the bushes, and rode or ran down the bank, swearing, laughing,

(Continued on Page 23)

THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST

FOUNDED A° D¹ 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

¶ When we notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once, in order not to miss a number, using the special blank inclosed for that purpose. New subscriptions which are received by us on, or before, Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of the next week following. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal, bankers' or express money orders. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

The Automobile—For and Against

IN THIS war between the automobile and the rest of the world we have a perfect example of what follows whenever a new idea is projected into human society. The automobile is a grand, good thing—good in itself, better in that it is the forerunner of one of the very best things that have boosted man high above his relations in the animal kingdom. Its advocates and users think that this gives them not merely the right of way, but all the way there is.

That is, they display the invariable intolerance of the pioneer of progress—the intolerance that makes the first propagators of a new scientific idea delay its adoption by their superciliousness, hasty temper and dogmatism; the intolerance that makes the pioneers in industrial organization use the admirable device of the corporation to ride roughshod over everybody. This intolerance of the exploiter begets an even more stubborn intolerance in those whom he exploits. Drivers and pedestrians take up arms against the automobile and wish to banish it from the earth; the victims of captains of industry order into the statute-books all sorts of silly laws that only aggravate the ills they aim to cure.

Certainly, a new idea has the best of reasons for echoing the Frenchman's cry, "Heaven save me from my friends!"

The South's Largest Gain

FOR a decade a remarkable change has been going on in the South. The manifestations have been local but the results bear the semblance of a great movement. After the war the South had almost as many drinking-places as it had stores. To-day more than one-half of the counties below Mason and Dixon's line prohibit the sale of liquor. For instance, almost sixty per cent. of Texas, nearly eighty per cent. of Georgia, ninety per cent. of Mississippi and all of Tennessee except eight cities have voted out the saloon, while even in Kentucky forty-seven counties are under prohibition rule.

There is nothing of particular political importance in these facts, but there is in them a vast deal of social and personal significance. In literature pretending to represent the life of the South the mint julep figures as conspicuously as the genial sunshine or the climbing roses, when, as a matter of fact, ice-water or lemonade might be more realistic. The Southern "majah, sah!" with some of his old manner, still hangs on, but the Southern man of to-day is quite another kind of person. This may be a loss to romance, for, even to the abstainer, there is fragrance in the mention of mint which lemonade fails to suggest, and the major with his large manner and contempt for statistics fills more of the atmosphere than the quiet, agile worker who thinks of crops, cotton mills and stock quotations instead of the lost cause and its battles.

But the same qualities of grit, endurance, fidelity and cheerfulness which made splendid records in war are bravely at work solving the problems of peace. In most cases the liquor question has been handled as a plain business proposition. The saloon balked enterprise, reduced the labor supply, increased lawlessness and kept communities poor; worse still, it played havoc with the individual. In more than four hundred counties the good citizenship of all parties arose and banished it.

Behold the benefits! This year the South has more money than it has ever known, more money for spending; so much of it in fact that three of the great cities of the North have formed special business organizations to secure Southern trade, while the cities of the West have met the competition by the most alluring inducements. But the larger gain is in the general uplift of the population. Despite the occasional outbreaks of crime—in most cases where the saloons still exist—the whole trend of the South is steadily toward wise and safe conservatism, and the evolution of Southern personality is producing broad-minded Americans who live clean lives, do good work and carry no chips on their shoulders.

It has been said that had it not been for whisky there would have been no Civil War. Hard drinking, both North and South, inflamed the passions engendered by slavery. It follows as a most hopeful fact that in the consideration of the race question, which lingers long after the abolition of human bondage, the work of conciliation and adjustment will be done by men of temperate habits and temperate minds. In the new conditions being wrought by the South itself there must come higher character and achievement than its oldest and finest chivalry could show.

Enough is Plenty

ADORATION of wealth—which seems to be the commonest vice of our time—is a curious perversion of a sound and sensible instinct. The possession of property means independence and more—the best safeguard a human being can get against the meanest and most harassing and most dreadful ills of life. Not to appreciate that the man who has a competence is in so far enviably situated is to be lacking in common-sense. But it shows an equal lack of common sense to lose sight of the real and only purpose of property—just as if one, appreciating that a suit of clothes was a good thing, should erect it into a deity, or should go about wearing a dozen suits of clothes one over the other.

The man who keeps himself usefully employed at that which he does best is an intelligent and satisfactory citizen, whether he gets rich incidentally or doesn't. The man who makes employment a means to the end of getting rich is pitiful and ridiculous—but neither so pitiful nor so ridiculous as those who worship him and his habit of wearing a dozen suits at a time where one would adequately cover him.

A Hint for Political Quacks

MUCH may be learned from the advertisements of quacks. They are adroit at feeling out the weaknesses of human beings, and also at noting the advances in intelligence. For example, many quacks are now shouting, "Our remedies do not set up other diseases in place of those they cure." This indicates that the masses are beginning to awake to one of the worst phases of the drug-giving habit of the medical profession.

Here is a hint for our political quacks. So many of our laws and proposed laws are aimed at ills which were the direct result of "remedial legislation," that most of the time of our Legislatures, State and National, is spent in considering and passing measures that would be wholly unnecessary, indeed could never have been brought forward, but for the evil effects of measures that have been passed. Why don't the political quacks paraphrase the cunning cry of their fellow-workers in the adjoining field of medical quackery?

Or, better still, and best of all, why shouldn't our statesmen wipe out the laws that make the trouble, instead of cobbling upon legislative folly the politics of legislative futility?

One-Dollar Honesty

A GENTLEMAN who lately found a one-dollar bill while crossing Broadway was treated to a saddening revelation of human weakness. According to a reporter, no less than fifteen men crowded round and claimed to have lost the petty greenback. In disgust, he crumpled it and tossed it into the air. It was seized by a newsboy, adept at the game of scramble. The incident, it is to be feared, is characteristic of human nature at large. One of the oldest devices of the petty thief is to pretend to pick from a crowded sidewalk a pocketbook stuffed with stage money, and then, treating with the many who claim it, surrender it to the one offering the highest reward. Few men can resist the fat temptation, and one Jim, the cynical author of The Autobiography of a Thief, avers that no woman is proof against it.

Such premises, however, do not argue anything like universal dishonesty. The desire for gain is the oldest and most fundamental passion in the history of animate life. Honesty is one of the latest and most reflective of the virtues of civilization. All men have instincts leading to greed; but most of them, if given time to think, will evidence the habit of controlling them. If women are particularly the prey of the stuffed purse it is because the operation of their instincts, good and bad, is more immediate. In the gesture of disgust with which the finder of the bill tossed it to the crowd was there not something significant of a struggle in his own breast? The old Adam is ever present and dies hard, but give us time (out of jail, as well as in) and most of us are able to be good.

Poets and Nearpoets

WANTED—a poet, a real poet! The world may not be aware of its want, but the thoughtful mind sees evidence of it everywhere. Substitutes are offered on all hands.

Professor Hugo Munsterberg, of Harvard, has written a book in which he endeavors to disabuse the minds of his countrymen of the idea that Americans are materialistic. The merchants of the Fatherland, he says, when they have made a fortune, retire in the full of their powers to enjoy the material comforts it brings, whereas the merchant of Wall Street keeps on at the game of work, piling million upon million not from any material desire, but for the poetic, the spiritual zeal in sheer creation! The trunk lines of Jay Gould, one is to believe, are a fitting substitute for Marlowe's mighty lines; the Rockefeller products in oil are a just equivalent for increased gushings from the Pierian spring!

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has returned the international compliment. The German Emperor, he finds, is a great poet, and daily gives evidence of being at one with

> . . the prophetic soul
> Of the wide world dreaming on things to come

The creation which he dreams is the future of the Empire and of the house of Hohenzollern. And yet, Mr. Chesterton admits, the Kaiser's verses are bad! Would not Professor Munsterberg, and all enlightened Germans, willingly swap William's dreams of the Kaiserland for another Goethe or Schiller?

Mr. Robert Bridges, keeping his eye nearer to the practical present, speaks with hope of a time when the monthly lists of the best selling books will cease to be composed of mere novels, and become a lively poet's corner. His soul pines for the day when the versesmith will be pictured in the literary monthlies as he stands on the porch of a stately country house, clad in duster and goggles, and about to step into a forty-horse-power automobile. But is not such an imagining proof positive that Mr. Bridges, the advocate of the poets, and a versifier on his own hook, is guilty of rank materialism?

What the true poet loves is ideas—beautiful and impalpable—not material reality, even the most noble. His lines are more than transcontinental—they girdle the world! His spiritual messages are more than wireless—they reach beyond the stars. Let us give thanks for our Carnegies and our Kaisers. But let us not forget that though they may look the same they do not wear so long. They are not even nearpoets.

The Man Who Cheats His Work

AN EMPLOYER of thousands of men was asked what thing in all his large operations gave him the most concern. "The man who does a little less than is expected of him," was the reply. "He is the dangerous factor in all business. The absolute failure we readily discover and discharge, but the 'almosts' escape detection for months and often for years, and they make our losses as well as our fears," and with a very serious smile he added, "The drip in business is worse than the leak."

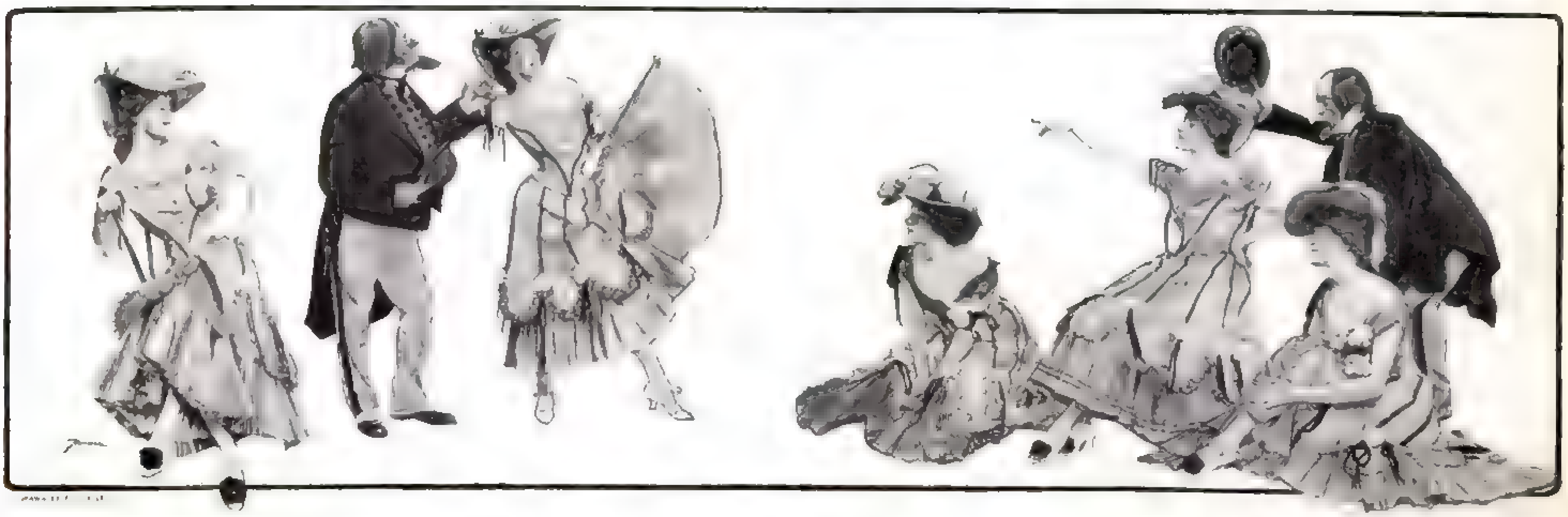
It is a condition that is as old as human experience. Eighteen and a half centuries ago Seneca put it in these words: "Some portion of our time is taken from us by force; another portion is stolen from us; and another slips away. But the most disgraceful loss is that which arises from our own negligence; and if thou wilt seriously observe, thou shalt perceive that a great part of life flits from those who do evil, a greater from those who do nothing, and the whole from those who do not accomplish the business which they think they are doing."

"Thousands of men fancy they are fulfilling their duty to their employers and to their tasks by keeping hours and performing just enough to hold on to their positions. They have an idea that to do more would be to give larger service than their compensation required. They object to what they believe would be extra values. "The old man sha'n't get more than he's paying for," is the vernacular.

Possibly it never strikes these trimmers that in cheating their work they are doing double damage; they are injuring their employers much, but they are robbing themselves more; they are, in fact, losing everything in life that is worth while. They fare worse than if they did nothing at all, for time with all its precious values slips entirely from them and leaves no substance or satisfaction.

Half doing soon brings undoing. It is the nine-tenths doing or the ninety-nine one-hundredths doing that bleeds business and saps character.

THE UP-TO-DATE SHOW



Theatrical Ventures that Cost Fortunes and Sometimes Make Them

BY RENÉ BACHE

LUXURY in theatricals, happily, is not for the privileged few, but for the people at large—if exception be made of half a dozen wealthy Americans who have private playhouses in their residences—and the fact that they demand it and are willing to pay for it has become manifest in the last few years, during which, while the price of seats has nearly doubled, box-office receipts have enormously increased, and the cost of "productions" has risen in many instances almost, as one might say, to the point of the fabulous.

Only ten years ago $10,000 was a great sum to spend on a production; to-day $40,000 is nothing exceptional. Seventy thousand dollars was expended on one of last winter's successes before the first penny was taken in at the box-office—of which amount $35,000 went for costumes, $12,000 for scenery, $10,000 for properties and mechanical contrivances (the latter being unusually elaborate), and $7000 for electrical "effects." In a recent revival $14,000 was put into a single garden scene—more than the total cost of the play as originally presented thirty years ago.

When expenditures are on such a huge scale managers must be courageous gamblers, for the success of no production is assured in advance, and failure means the loss, practically, of the entire capital invested. Once launched, the enterprise eats up money faster than a whole herd of white elephants—especially if it is a musical spectacle, into which form the modern opera bouffe shows a tendency to drift, in response to popular demand. For such a "show," organized on the up-to-date pattern, a salary list of $3000 a week is moderate. Half a dozen principal performers receive from $100 to $250 a week. There are, besides other people, twenty young women, perhaps, at $20 to $25 a week, and thirty more at $15 to $18 (the wages depending on cleverness and good looks), with a few "show girls" at $30 to $40, a dozen dancing girls at $25 to $30, and half a dozen others, at $35 to $40, who serve incidentally as understudies, being capable of playing important parts in case of emergency. Of the "show girls" little except beauty is required, and the management furnishes them with gowns that cost $300 to $400 apiece, in which they attitudinize with much flourishing of skirts and lace petticoats. The dancing girls must do all kinds of steps, but they sing very little, simply because their physical powers are exhausted by the muscular exertion required of them.

In the presentation of a musical spectacle—which, if pantomime be excepted, is the most costly of modern stage productions—four-fifths of the money laid out is expended for costumes, many of which are imported from Paris, while all of them are of materials that touch the limit of extravagance in fabrics. The time has passed when cheap materials were used to imitate high-priced stuffs in theatrical dresses, and nowadays the clothes worn behind the footlights are as expensive as are seen anywhere in real life. Occasionally as much as $50 a yard is paid for ceremonial robes, and the gold-embroidered lace utilized for Spanish toilettes and certain other purposes is as costly as that which adorns the altars of churches, being made with gilded copper wire on a background of white net.

A company of 100 people in a musical spectacle will require 100 costumes (none of them costing less than $60) for the opening chorus, which lasts five or six minutes, and these dresses will not appear again during the play. Of course, they might be further utilized in the performance, but Broadway (which represents the acme of critical taste from a manager's viewpoint) would not "stand for" such a measure of economy. The theatre-going public of to-day demands gorgeousness, and it must be the real thing. An ordinary gown for a chorus or dancing girl costs $75, and the leading lady's frocks run from $500 to $2000 apiece. The management furnishes all the clothes, even to shoes, stockings and gloves, which must be changed with each dress.

The pantomimes, in a taste for which the American public is now being educated, are brought from London. "Mr. Bluebeard," "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Mother Goose," which have delighted audiences in this country during the last three winters, were originally Drury Lane productions. Next winter we are to have another London success, which cost $60,000 at the start, and which has been brought across the water and restaged at an additional expense of $40,000. All the costumes, mechanical contrivances and electrical effects for these huge shows are fetched from England, as well as most of the properties—though a few such minor appurtenances as the papier-mâché animals and vegetables which walk about on the stage during the performance are manufactured by the property master in New York.

Some Gorgeous Stage Effects

THE most notable feature of the pantomime of modern imported pattern is the ballet, which, in order to excite popular approval in these exacting and highly critical days, must unite gorgeousness with novelty. In a forthcoming production 250 girls will take part in a wonderful Dance of Minerals, in which gold, silver and various other substances dug out of the earth will be picturesquely represented. In a recent one there was a ballet of the Fan, wherein various kinds of beautiful fans were depicted, twelve young women in lace frocks composing a lace fan, a like number exhibiting the design of a Dresden fan, and so on. The final grouping formed one enormous fan (held erect by a series of steps), the colors of the costumes being so arranged as to make straight lines for the sticks, while the fringe was of girls flying in the air, suspended from aloft by wires.

The so-called "flying ballet," in which the participants are upheld in the air by piano-wires (invisible, of course) fastened to them, has been utilized in several of the most recent pantomimes. In one of them the girls actually flew from the stage to the top gallery of the theatre. Another ingenious and beautiful idea was the Pansy Dance, the curtain rising on a field of pansies, each of which was the headdress of a young woman.

There was a real palace of glass in one imported English play which was composed of 36,000 pieces. It was made in Vienna and shipped to London, where it was set up on the stage of the Drury Lane Theatre. That famous playhouse has an enormous stage (the like of which is not to be found anywhere else in the world), with large extensions rearward, in one of which the structure of glass was erected. When wanted it had only to be pushed toward the front by the stage-hands with the aid of simple machinery. But when the palace was brought to America, and the spectacle established at a Broadway theatre, it was found necessary to dig a hole beneath the stage forty feet in depth, and to place in it the crystal edifice, which was hoisted into view by means of an elevator.

Though costumes for the pantomime are less expensive than those used in musical spectacles, other items contribute to render the cost of such a production very great, and, once launched, it will eat up about $11,000 a week, of which $6000 is for salaries. Four hundred or more people are employed, about sixty being required to attend to the purely mechanical part of the performance. Quite a force of men is needed to handle the electrical apparatus alone, many of the most important effects depending upon the artful and ingenious use of electricity, and there are always some special contrivances for doing things of a magical or supernatural character which have to be manipulated by skilled employees.

It costs a great deal of money to originate such mechanical novelties, because much experimentation is needed in order to perfect them. Many of them are thrown away after thousands of dollars have been spent on them. For instance, in one pantomime a dreadful demon, calculated at once to appal and delight the childish heart, dives through the stage and comes up almost instantly on the other side, 100 feet away. It is a marvelous performance from the viewpoint of the audience, but anybody behind the scenes would have an opportunity to observe that the imp lands on his stomach upon an arrangement of springs beneath the stage, and, a wire being instantly hooked to his back, is carried on and up through another trap into sight of the astonished spectators.

Nothing "goes" in a pantomime like an effect which suggests the supernormal or the weird. In a recent production of the kind immense applause was elicited by a gigantic spider (a disguise for a clever acrobat, of course), which ran all over the stage, climbed up a vertical rock, and scampered along the under side of a tree that had half fallen across the scene. To the acrobat it made no difference whether he was right side up or upside down, because a wire, managed by a man in the flies above, was attached to his back; but from the point of view of the spectators the agility of the spider was nothing short of marvelous.

In New York City a theatre has been built which is supposed to be not only the most beautiful in the world, but to embody every idea, mechanical or otherwise, that can contribute to luxury or convenience in a playhouse. It is constructed on scientific principles, the theory of optics being applied to the problem in such a way as to make sure that every eye in the audience shall have a first-rate view of the entire stage. There are not even any posts to support the balconies, which, being formed with arched beams on the cantilever system, rest upon their own ends. The width of the house being 240 feet, and no chair more than fifty feet distant from the footlights, every seat is a good seat.

In the building of this theatre, which cost $1,600,000, the first attention was paid to the rearmost rows, in order that the occupants of those seats should see to the utmost possible advantage. From that point the architect worked forward, and the whole orchestra is dished—the floor of it, that is to say—in order to elevate the chairs at the back to a height of twenty-eight feet above those in front. Thus nobody's view

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of papers by Mr. Bache on modern luxury. The next will appear in an early number.

of the stage can possibly be obstructed by other spectators. Nowhere are there any steps (save for the stairs leading to the galleries), all of the aisles, in the balconies as well as in the orchestra, being inclined planes; and, as a further precaution against injury in case of panic, each aisle leads either to the street or to a court communicating with the street.

The Automatic Equipment of a Modern Theatre

IN A PANIC people do not use their intelligence, and what thinking they do is almost wholly subconscious — in other words, the exercise of mere brute instinct. Such instinct prompts them invariably to rush for the door by which they entered the theatre. Against catastrophes of the kind no precaution can ever be wholly adequate, but in the playhouse here described not only are the exits and the fire-escapes illuminated, but all the lights in front (ordinarily controlled by the electrician on the stage) are governed by a supplementary switchboard in the orchestra wall, so that no conceivable accident can put them out and add the terror of darkness to the fears of a frightened crowd.

This luxurious theatre has not only a reception-room adjoining the orchestra, with a great closet and numerous pigeonholes to contain wraps, but also a smoking-room downstairs, with comfortable leather chairs, all the daily papers, and free cigarettes. All of the cleaning is done by the help of a vacuum, the sweeper employed being a brass instrument attached to the end of a hose, which sucks the dust out of every carpet-fibre or cranny and carries it directly down into a bin in the cellar. Even the chairs and curtains are dusted in the same way, the only difference in their case being that a smaller nozzle is used.

Under every chair in the house a small pipe terminates in a sort of "mushroom," through which fresh air pours. In winter the air is heated; but the control is so perfect that the heat may be supplied to one part of the orchestra, say, and withheld from another part, in order to make the temperature everywhere exactly what it ought to be. On a cold day, for example, it might be desirable to furnish heat to the sections near the doors, but not to those near the stage. All of the machinery employed for this purpose is in the basement, including automatic indicators communicating with thermostats scattered over the theatre, and is governed with such accuracy that a patron, by leaving a request at the box-office, may actually have the number of degrees Fahrenheit for his own particular chair regulated to suit him.

The stage of this theatre is cut into sections, which may be raised or lowered individually, so that the entire platform, instead of a plane surface, can be made to assume the form of a series of steps, or sloped at a considerable angle. There is a deep pit beneath, into which the central portion of the stage may be lowered, and in a recent production, by help of this arrangement, a scene was set in the middle of an act, out of sight of the audience, and then was made to rise bodily into view. The fact that the stage had sunk was concealed meanwhile by a "masking piece" — a sort of profile of shrubbery which served for scenery, helped out by the "back drop," during the interval.

The machinery by which the raising and lowering of the sectional stage are managed is electrical. Indeed, electricity is utilized for operating most of the mechanical contrivances that have to do with theatricals nowadays. The chief electrician is the veritable *deus ex machina* of the theatre, and, in lieu of the basket of the old Greek drama, he occupies a platform in the "first entrance" at the side of the stage, built against the proscenium wall. It was on this platform that the trouble had its origin on the occasion of the disaster in Chicago, a spark setting fire to a curtain. All over the playhouse run the wires controlled by the electrician, who works in response to cues. When a certain word is spoken he turns the white lights up on the stage, and the "house" lights down; but a very important part of his task, where spectacular productions are concerned, consists in the management of what are known as electrical effects.

How Forest Fires and Tornadoes are Simulated

ELECTRICAL effects are of great variety, but the most remarkable of them are produced by the help of a "lens-box," which resembles an enlarged magic lantern. In connection with it is employed a powerful arc-light, the beam from which passes through pieces of glass suitably painted. A clockwork arrangement causes the pieces of glass to revolve in a circle, passing in front of the light, and whatever is painted on the glass is thrown in vivid colors, with appropriate motion, upon the "back drop." In this way an effect of rippling water, of moonlight on the waves, or perchance of a forest fire, wonderfully realistic, may be produced.

In one production a great sheet of gauze was lowered like a curtain just back of the proscenium arch, and (all lights being turned low) there was projected upon it in one scene a representation of a tornado, with trees and fragments of houses flying through the air; and in another scene the effect of rapidly-falling snow. These were simply magic-lantern pictures, the motion being accomplished by the clockwork mechanism already mentioned. By similar means gigantic butterflies are made to fly slowly through the air, undulations of light giving to their wings apparent movement. Or, by employing an ordinary prism of glass, a beautiful arching rainbow may be thrown across the stage.

A spectacle produced last winter made use of some very original electrical effects, one of which showed a huge spider weaving a web across the entrance of a cave wherein two children lay asleep. This was accomplished by throwing a magic-lantern picture upon a sheet of gauze. Another was an aurora borealis, which was copied from paintings made in the Arctic, and yet another showed a volcano in eruption, with molten lava running down the mountain. But most remarkable of all was one that represented a vessel abandoned at sea, with the spirits of the drowned playing around her masts. Lightning illuminated the scene at intervals, and a child was seen clinging to a spar. Soon the ocean became calm, and land appeared in the distance. To prepare this elaborate electrical illusion cost $2000.

A novelty in the way of an illusion is always worth a good deal of money, because people talk about it, and it serves as a good advertisement. Recently at a New York theatre a feature has been made of a so-called Radium Dance, in which, on a pitch-dark stage, a dozen girls appear in costumes from which light seems actually to exude. Their faces are invisible, but their clothes and even the peaked caps they wear are luminous. Much speculation has been indulged as to how the marvel is accomplished, but the explanation is simple enough. The costumes, which are of gauzy stuff saturated with fluorescent paint, are exposed to powerful arc-lights for an hour or so before they are to be worn, and, when put on and exhibited in the dark, they shine brightly with the light which the paint has absorbed

The Huge Outlay on Scenery

FOR scenery alone, where a spectacular piece is concerned, as much money is spent nowadays as an entire production of the same kind would have cost ten years ago. One thousand dollars a scene is not considered excessive, and the total for this item may easily run up to $10,000. First-rate artists are employed to do such work, and, though not more than $75 or $100 is paid ordinarily for the painting of a "drop," it must be remembered that the execution is extremely rapid. Indeed, scene-painting of all kinds has to be done with great freedom and rapidity, because the brushes will not hold the water paint solutions that have to be used for the purpose. If oil and turpentine were utilized there would be shiny reflections from the viewpoint of the audience, and so (though their combustibility alone would forbid the use of such materials) the pigments are mixed with a thin solution of glue and water, the "medium" thus prepared being known as "distemper."

The first design for a drop-curtain, say, is drawn on cardboard, on a scale of three-quarters of an inch to the foot, and is then cut up into little squares by equidistant lines in pencil. Next, the canvas for the curtain is divided into a like number of squares, into each of which is copied, in properly enlarged proportion, that part of the picture which appears in the corresponding square on the original sketch. The latter is in this way reproduced with absolute accuracy on the enlarged scale, and it only remains to complete the painting with a free brush. For scenery of all kinds the same processes are employed. If it is a "wing piece," representing foliage, that is to be made, the cardboard sketch is cut out by the artist so that it is a miniature of the contemplated side-scene, and the stage carpenter copies it "in the large," his material being canvas stretched on a framework of wood. Along the edge of the framework is nailed a piece of very thin wood, which is sawed in proper outline for the branches and leaves, and then the surface is ready for the deft brush of the painter.

It was Augustin Daly who started the fad for what might be called artistic realism on the stage. If he wished to present a scene in Venice he required real Venetian tapestry, and, in case it could not be hired, he bought it. Other managers took up the idea, and it has steadily grown, until now, when a play illustrating a certain epoch is presented, an educated public demands that the furniture on the stage shall be, if not veritable, at least an accurate imitation. Indeed, modern audiences are much more coldly critical of properties and costumes than of the play itself, and their requirements in such matters have become so severe that few things used behind the footlights are counterfeit. The most notable exception applies to eatables and drinkables, chickens and joints of meat being usually of wood, wine being colored water or at best ginger ale, and whisky being invariably cold tea, while the property cigars, though actual enough, are so bad that the actors prefer to furnish their own rather than smoke the unspeakable "weeds" supplied by an economical management

Of course, there are some things that are of necessity counterfeited — for example, mediæval armor, a great deal of which is manufactured for the stage. But such armor is copied with all possible accuracy from ancient specimens, and the best of it is made, for the sake of durability, of brass plated with nickel. Nickel-plating has the additional advantage of preventing rust and making the armor bright, which is an essential point. A stage hero must be well dressed, and his costume, even though of metal, ought to exhibit evidence of recent attention by a squire provided with a box of "polish" and a rag. Armor has always been expensive, and the price of a complete suit to-day, from $130 to $200, is surely to be considered reasonable.

The "Ladies of the Chorus"

WHEN a pantomime or other great spectacle is presented, in which large numbers of people are required, the management relies for recruits largely upon amateur talent, obtainable in unlimited quantities from the local shops. There is always a multitude of young women, sufficiently comely for the purpose, who are more than willing to accept short-term engagements at the theatres. On the stage they do not dance, and neither do they sing, their duty being simply to walk about and look pretty in costumes which the wardrobe mistress furnishes. Such labor is quite within the capacity of the average ribbon-counter damsel, who gets $5 or $6 a week for the service, and finds that modest stipend an agreeable addition to her income. Girls who accept this kind of employment are known as "extra ladies of the ballet," and the qualifications demanded are merely that they shall be graceful and well-favored. A few of them are artists' models.

The "extra ladies of the chorus," employed under similar circumstances, are young women with fair voices and some musical education. Most of them work in the shops, as do likewise many young men who are glad to help out their living by singing from time to time at the local theatres. These semi-professional singers get from $10 to $30 a week, and the girls of this superior class consider their volunteer comrades of the ballet so far beneath them that they will not even dress in the same room with them. The managers, by the way, commonly keep lists of particularly eligible "extra" people, even including a few colored damsels who may come in handy in Oriental plays now and then.

The growth of the popular appetite for luxury on the stage has wholly destroyed the only type of stage product that was peculiarly American in its origin — namely, negro minstrelsy. "Brudder Bones" and "Tambo" still remain as of old, though to some extent conventionalized, but the other performers in an up-to-date "show" of this kind, which must be spectacular and expensive in order to please, do not even blacken their faces. They are darkies no longer, but "troubadours" (save the mark!), clad in silks and laces. Even the "end men" make no attempt to counterfeit the African, except in point of complexion, their songs being frequently in Irish and German dialect, and there must be eight or ten of them (instead of two, as formerly), at a woeful sacrifice of quality for the sake of numbers. In short, the old-fashioned "nigger minstrel" has passed away, apparently forever, and in his place we hav something far more gorgeous, but entirely nondescript.

The Greatest of Outdoor Theatres

A DISCUSSION of stage luxury would surely be incomplete without some mention of the circus, which is simply a huge theatre modified for outdoor exhibitions of a certain kind. No stationary playhouse approaches it in lavishness of money outlay, the running expenses of a first-class circus being about $7500 a day for a season of twenty weeks. One thousand or more persons are on the regular pay-roll, and the scale on which the enterprise is conducted may be faintly realized from the fact that the making of the advertising posters and handbills alone employs ninety workmen, traveling in three large railroad cars, each of which is a fully-equipped printing and lithographing establishment. One car keeps two months ahead of the show, the second one month ahead, and the third two weeks ahead. Three long trains furnish transportation for the performing outfit, the first carrying the people, the second the animals and their caretakers, and the third the tents, costumes and other paraphernalia. It may be remarked incidentally that the personnel, while journeying from city to city by the light of the moon — two exhibitions are given each twenty-four hours, and 150 miles is the average distance between pauses — is not lodged in palatial Pullmans, but is packed like sardines in tiers of berths, in vehicles designed for business rather than for superior comfort.

Speaking of posters, which (with handbills and other such advertising matter) cost a first-class circus $3000 a week, scarce anybody can have failed to observe what a high artistic development has been attained by modern theatrical fence-pictures. In both drawing and coloring they are usually admirable, high-priced artists being employed to design them, while, for purposes of reproduction, lithography has almost entirely taken the place of the wooden blocks employed twenty years ago.

The educational usefulness of the play is recognized to-day as never before. Its opponents on religious or moral grounds, erstwhile so numerous and formidable, are reduced to a small and hopeless minority. As a means of amusement, pure and simple, it has steadily grown in popularity, and, in response to the efforts managers are making to offer better things and more of them, an enlightened public is showing a disposition to spend money with unprecedented freedom on a form of entertainment which appeals more strongly than any other to both the mind and the heart of the every-day man and woman

GRAND OLD MEN

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

PATRICK GRANT, a Braemar Highlander, who fought at Falkirk and Culloden, lived to the age of one hundred and eleven. He was marshaled to the grave by three Highlanders, playing a tune which had been a favorite one with the insurgents in 1745. Peter Garden, of Auchterless, Scotland, died in 1775, reputed one hundred and thirty-one years old, but probably ten years older. Voltaire, the literary potentate, who wrote his cynical Candide, his masterpiece in prose, at sixty-four, lived to eighty-four, in spite of the fact that he was almost doomed to death in the hour of his birth, and was *ondoyé*—that is, informally sprinkled with water—at home, lest there might be no time for the ecclesiastical rite, and though he was, as he said, all his life on the point of dying. His life was shortened by his journey at eighty-four from Switzerland to Paris and the labor of superintending the production of his Irene on the stage. His physician predicted—a prediction soon verified—that so old a tree could not be transplanted so late without perishing. "You are stifling me with roses!" exclaimed the spectral old man amid the plaudits of the Parisians at the theatre. Besides this task, he had undertaken to aid the Academy in the production of its great Dictionary of the French Language. Taking the letter A as his task, he wound himself up to it with strong coffee, of which he drank fifty cups a day; but this produced a return of a disease from which he had formerly suffered, and the end soon followed.

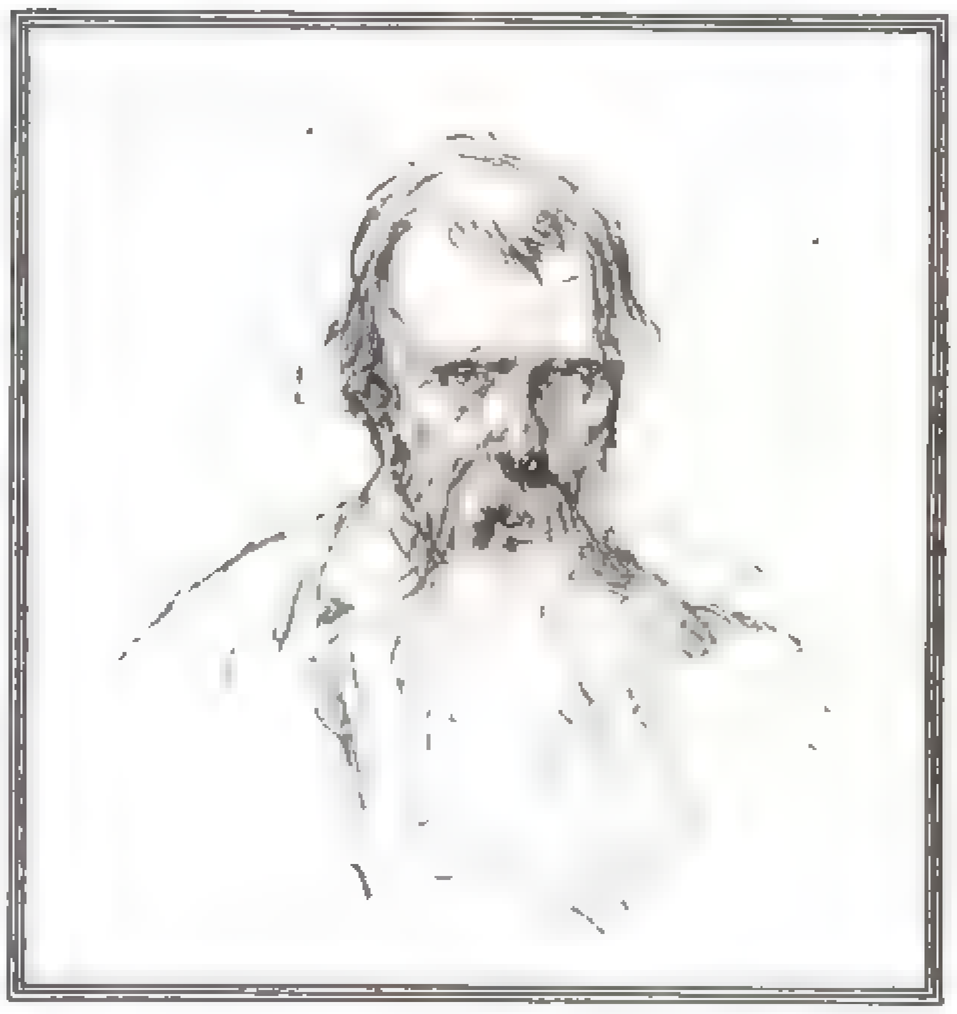
Thomas Churchyard, an Elizabethan poet, lived till eighty, in spite of his ominous name, to compose a vast multitude of songs and sonnets. Thomas Hobbes, of Malmesbury, was sixty-three when he put forth his evil claim to be remembered in The Leviathan. It was very late in life when he entered upon the study of pure mathematics, and engaged in vehement controversies about the quadrature of the circle. He wrote at eighty-four a Latin poem on his own life, and at eighty-seven translations in verse of the Iliad and the Odyssey. His Behemoth, or History of the Civil Wars in England from 1640 to 1660, was probably written after he had passed ninety. He had reached ninety-three when he died. John Dryden was sixty-seven when he produced Alexander's Feast, and showed that the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim are better than the vintage of Abiezer. He was fully seventy when he completed his copies of Chaucer—a cripple in his limbs, but conscious of no mental decay, except that his memory had weakened, while his judgment had improved. "Thoughts," he said, "come crowding in so fast on me that the only difficulty is to choose or to reject."

William Godwin, preacher, bookseller and author, labored indefatigably till his death at eighty—writing his last novel when seventy-four years old, and his Lives of the Necromancers when seventy-eight. Richard Bentley, the great classical scholar and critic, called himself in his old age an old trunk, which, if you let it alone, will last a long time, but, if you jumble it by moving, will soon fall in pieces. He lived eighty years and six months—long enough, he said, to read everything worth reading. Corneille and Crabbe each lived to seventy-eight; La Fontaine to seventy-four; Montgomery, the poet, to eighty-two; Rogers, the poet, to ninety-two; Heyne, the great German classical scholar, to eighty three. Colley Cibber, the actor and dramatist, continued active till his death at eighty-six. When told at the age of eighty-four that he looked well, he replied merrily that "it was well at that age if he looked at all." William Hutton, the bookseller, considered himself a young man at eighty-two, when he could walk forty-two miles in a day. At the age of eighty-nine he walked twelve miles easily, and on his ninetieth birthday ten miles. He reached ninety-two.

The Best Preservative of Youth

THAT mental power helps to keep the body strong, and to preserve it from decay, cannot be doubted. The longest-lived men and women have been, as a rule, those who have attained great mental and moral development. They have lived on a higher plane than other men, in a serene upper region, above the jar, tumult and fret that weaken most lives. It was at the age of seventy-five that the Count de Tressan recomposed his old chivalric romances and wrote a history of the progress of the human mind. Herbert Spencer, one of the deepest thinkers and hardest workers of his day, has just passed away at the age of eighty-three. The intellect of Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who reached fourscore on December 22, 1903, shows no signs of abating vigor. His publishers have recently announced a new work.

What Doctor Johnson said of Oliver Goldsmith might be said of many a great and noble worker: "There was nothing



remarkable about him when he was young. He was a plant that flowered late in life." It is never too late to follow one's calling. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire was nearly ninety when, a few years ago, he finished his Aristotle and his elaborate Life of Victor Cousin. Victor Hugo's powerful melodramatic imagination held out to the last. Some of his most fiery lyrics were written at the age of eighty-two. Sterne was forty-six when Tristram Shandy—to read which, Paley said, was the *summum bonum* of life—brought London to his door, and furnished him with the boast that he was invited to dinners fourteen deep. Daniel Defoe had lived fifty-eight years when he published the first part of his immortal Robinson Crusoe; and he wrote many of his other works at a yet later day. Cowper had nearly reached fifty when he gave to the world his delightful Task, and victoriously proved that true poetic genius is independent of its environment.

Scholars of Over Eighty

IZAAK WALTON had reached threescore when he gave to the world his inimitable pastoral, The Complete Angler. He wrote his Life of Bishop Sanderson at eighty-five, that of Hooker at eighty-nine, and he still glowed with literary fire in his ninetieth year, when he published the romantic tale Thealma and Clearchus, a poem full of exquisite verse, ascribed by him to John Chalkhill, but which more than one critic regards as a pseudonym for "honest Izaak" himself. Huet, bishop of Avranches—the scholar to whom astronomy and Greek were equally easy—pursued his studies with an energy that no labor could subdue from the age of twenty almost to that of ninety. Xavier de Maistre, author of the exquisite Voyage autour de ma Chambre, lived hale and vigorous to the age of ninety. Germany's prolific and far-famed historian, Leopold Von Ranke, began one of his greatest works, the copestone of his historical labors, at eighty-two. Even at that age he kept two schooled historical assistants busy, dictated and worked from eight to ten hours a day, studied the Greek critically, and published one volume a year regularly, till he died aged ninety-one—having rested from work only five or six days before his decease

Frederic Hill, brother of the English Postmaster, wrote recently an interesting autobiography in his ninety-first year. Legouvé, member of the French Academy, playwriter and delightful author, died recently in Paris at the age of ninety-six, a busy literary worker to the last. Sir Henry Taylor, author of Philip Van Arteveldt and several thoughtful prose works, lived eighty-six years, and preserved the freshness of his intellect to the end. Ritter Von Leopold Blumeneron, the chief editor of the Vienna Fremdenblatt—probably the oldest active newspaper man then in the world—completed his ninety-fifth year in March, 1899, and was at that time hard at work in his office every day, regardless of the weather. Dr. John Forbes, long professor of Oriental languages at the University of Aberdeen, terminated a vigorous old age in 1899 at ninety-seven—the only man then living who had seen Goethe. Theodore S. Fay, the author of Norman Leslie, was living at the age of ninety-one.

The occupation of the mind strongly affects the body's health, and philosophers, scientists and mathematicians are generally long-lived. Pythagoras, the great philosopher of Samos, a tall, handsome man, lived nearly a hundred years. Epimenides, the seventh of the wise men, is said to have lived to one hundred and fifty-four. De Lesseps, originator of the Suez Canal, was vigorous almost to his death at eighty-nine. Euler, the great Swiss geometer—a man of profound inventive genius and of extraordinary fecundity of mind—"whose brain was always active, and whose soul was always calm"—lived seventy-six years. The great Newton reached eighty-five. John Dalton, the famous author of the atomic theory, attained to seventy-eight. Humboldt, statesman, diplomatist, philologist, scientist, toiled to the last with all the enthusiasm of his early years—closing his labors with his crowning work, Cosmos, which has been translated into the language of every civilized people—and died in his ninetieth year. The eminent scientists, Kelvin, Paget and Becquerd, are doing good work late in life, and in some of them not even fourscore years have quenched the hidden fire of genius.

Statesmen, judges, men of science and clergymen are often noted for their longevity. Many modern statesmen have done their best work after they were threescore and ten. Four of the greatest political leaders of England in the last half-century were Lords Russell, Palmerston, Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone, each of whom at that age was full of force and spirit; while he who was characterized as preeminently "*the* grand old man" was a power in politics and literature to the very last, and performed after he was eighty an amount of labor which most men of average mental ability would shrink from in the very prime of life. The most majestic and thrilling burst of eloquence that ever flowed from his lips was the appeal for bleeding Armenia, when his life-clock had already struck eighty-six. He was more than fourscore when he achieved the difficult task of turning Horace's lyrics into English verse. The veteran Charles Pelham Villiers, who died recently in his ninety-fourth year, had taken his seat in the House of Commons, as a member for Wolverhampton, sixty-one years before, and represented it without cessation till his decease. Prince Bismarck, who made Prussia the foremost power in Europe, was at fourscore a force with which the German Government had to reckon.

John Adams retained his vigor till very late in life. He was ninety-one when he died, on the fourth day of July, 1826; and when asked in the morning by the orator of the day for a toast to be given at the public dinner replied: "I will give *Independence forever!*" His son, John Quincy, was eighty-one when he died defending the right of petition in the House of Representatives with a gladiatorial energy unrivaled in the history of that body. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, was full of vigor till his death, in his eighty-seventh year. Senator Morrill, of Vermont, whose personality in old age was suggestive of ruggedness, strength and stability, made a strong speech in the upper house of Congress at eighty-five, and betrayed no abatement of power at eighty-eight. James W. Bradbury, of Maine, ex-member of the Senate, who died in January, 1901, enjoyed good health at ninety-six, and rounded almost a century, lacking but eighteen months of that age. George S. Boutwell, successively member of Congress, Governor of Massachusetts and Secretary of the United States Treasury, wrote his autobiography at the age of eighty-four, a work in two large octavo volumes, full of interesting reminiscence and vigorous criticism. He is yet active in his eighty-eighth year. Louis Kossuth, who died in his ninety-second year, worked at his desk, almost to the last, eight hours a day, and had just finished the fourth volume of his papers on the Hungarian uprising.

An Orator of Tenacious Memory

MANY lawyers have shown a marvelous energy and activity at fourscore and upward. Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, born in Boston, Massachusetts, lived to ninety-one, and was brimming with mental energy to the last. His memory was so tenacious that, in speaking at the bar or on the bench, he never used notes. In the case of Small *vs.* Atwood, tried before the House of Lords, which lasted twenty-one days, the judgment he pronounced, though he was eighty-nine years old, was entirely oral; and, without referring to a note, he spent a long day in reciting complicated facts, in making complicated calculations, and in correcting the misrepresentations of counsel on both sides. Never once did he falter or hesitate, and never once was he mistaken touching a name, a figure or a date.

A Kindergarten for Lobsters

BY RENÉ BACHE

KINDERGARTEN FOR YOUNG LOBSTERS: SHOWING REARING NETS, ONE OF WHICH IS UPLIFTED

CERTAINLY the most picturesque of recent scientific achievements is the discovery, after a vast deal of experimenting, of a solution of the lobster problem. Its value is hardly to be overestimated, inasmuch as it offers a reasonably confident promise of restoring and perpetuating an important fishery, which otherwise must soon vanish with the passing away of the most valuable existing species of edible crustaceans.

During the last half-dozen years the United States Fish Commission has artificially hatched, and consigned to the ocean along the New England coast, several hundred millions of young lobsters. It was thought that one out of every thousand might live to grow up, perhaps, but even this was doubtful, because the fry (thrown into the water when only twenty-four hours old) are exposed to attack by fishes and many other enemies. During the first two weeks of their existence they are free-swimming animals, floating about at the surface of the sea, and it is only a very lucky specimen that escapes being eaten.

If only they could be kept in confinement for two or three weeks after being hatched the outlook would be wholly different, because at the age of a fortnight or so the fry, having undergone three successive molts, are suddenly transformed into the adult shape, complete in all respects from claw to swimmerets. Having thus thrown off the guise of infancy, they promptly adopt grown-up habits, and thenceforward spend their time on the bottom, where, hiding in crannies among stones, they are in little danger from any foe

This was the problem that the investigators tried so long to solve; but when they attempted to rear the baby lobsters in tanks or inclosures the tiny shrimplike creatures died by wholesale of mysterious epidemics, or ate each other in preference to any kind of food that could be supplied. Inside of a week nearly all of a batch numbering hundreds of thousands would be dead. So it seemed as if the only thing to do was to put the lobsters into the sea within a few hours after hatching, and let them take their chances

There was, however, a way out, and it was discovered at length by Professor H. C. Bumpus, in charge of the marine laboratory at Wood's Hole, Massachusetts. He thought it would not be a bad notion to try to rear the young lobsters in large bags of scrim, suspended in the water by square floats. If you will imagine an object like a wooden picture frame, six feet square, floating on the water, and a scrim net hung within it, you will understand the idea. Of course, the meshes of the cloth allowed free circulation of water through the bags, and it was easy to keep such nurseries under constant observation by attaching the floats to the houseboat which was used for the hatching of the lobster eggs.

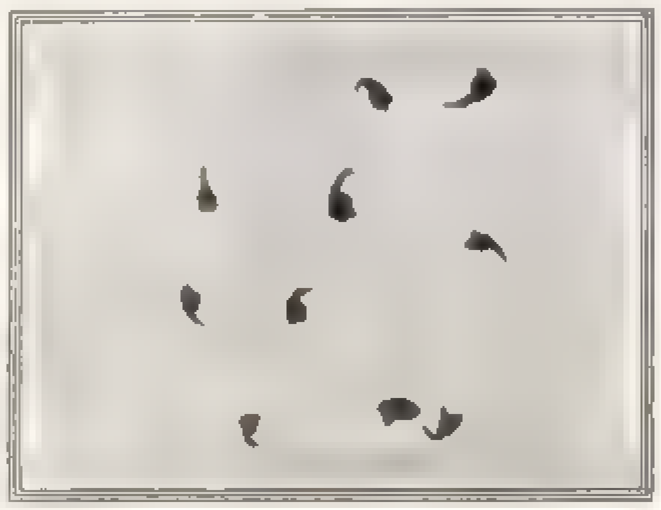
One advantage of this contrivance was that the shape of the bag was constantly changed by the movements of tide and wind, thus preventing the young crustaceans from collecting in any one place and devouring one another Unfortunately, however, when the weather was calm the little lobsters, together with uneaten food particles, would settle in pockets made by the weights which were necessarily employed to keep the scrim nets submerged On the other hand, if the weights were taken off the least wind would blow the bags out of the water, injuring the occupants and seriously lessening their chances of survival

HATCHING LOBSTER EGGS IN GLASS JARS

These were only minor difficulties, which, as will presently be seen, were overcome entirely later. Meanwhile, it had been discovered in what actually lay the secret of successful lobster-rearing. Like most other mysteries in this world, it was simple enough when explained. The secret, in a word, was *to keep the water in continual motion.* By this means the fry are prevented from bunching together, and the food supplied to the lobsterlings is kept in suspension, so that all can get at it.

The method first adopted for carrying out this idea was primitive enough. At each bag was put a man with an oar, who with that instrument kept stirring the water inside the scrim net, hour after hour. By relieving the operator at suitable intervals the process was continued night and day. It was laborious, but it paid, for it demonstrated the correctness of the theory. As a result, in the course of a couple of weeks several thousand healthy lobsterlings, in the adult form and well able to take care of themselves when liberated, were turned out. It was the long sought solution of a great biological problem.

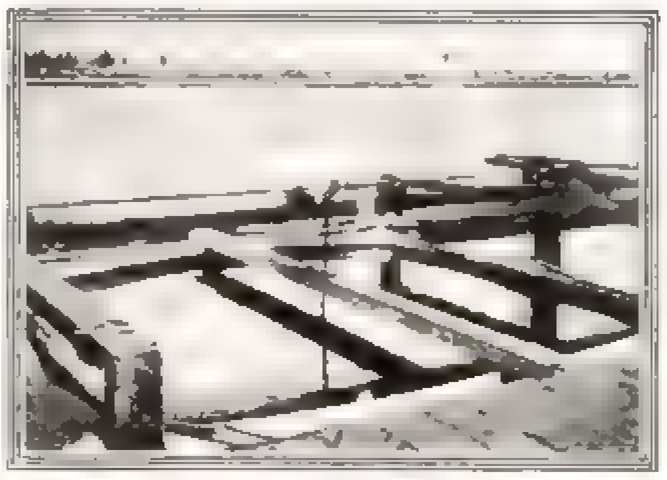
The apparatus may now be said to have taken final shape in an arrangement of huge bags twelve feet square and five feet deep, hung from floats in the manner above described, but made of canvas instead of scrim, and kept in a permanent rectangular form by strips of wooden furring fastened along the edges of the bottom and sides. Each such bag forms a sort of artificial pond on a small scale, in the midst of the water, and a circulation through it is obtained by windows of copper screening in the bottom and in the sides near the top. Thus the tides can flow in and out, and the water is constantly changing.



BABY LOBSTERS EIGHT DAYS OLD

Inside of the submerged inclosure of canvas, which has a capacity of 720 cubic feet, the blades of a propeller (run by a small gasoline engine on the near-by houseboat) continually revolve, creating an upward current of water, which enters through the bottom windows and goes out through the windows at the sides. It is an ideal nursery for little lobsters—a veritable kindergarten, in which they are reared under perfect sanitary conditions, while protected from all enemies. The current keeps them from huddling, so that they do not eat one another, and each individual among them has as good a chance as its neighbors to get food.

By this means 60,000 young lobsters were raised to the adult form last summer, and all save a few hundreds, which were kept for rearing to a more advanced age, were set free in Narragansett Bay. The work is to be pursued on a larger scale during the approaching season, and some of it is to be carried on at Boothbay, Maine, where a station for the purpose is to be established with the aid of a special appropriation recently made by Congress. From what has already been said it will be realized that the process is not at all expensive. The apparatus employed is cheap, and its capacity can be extended indefinitely by transmitting the power from one float to another with coupling shafts, so that all of the propellers are run by a single gasoline engine



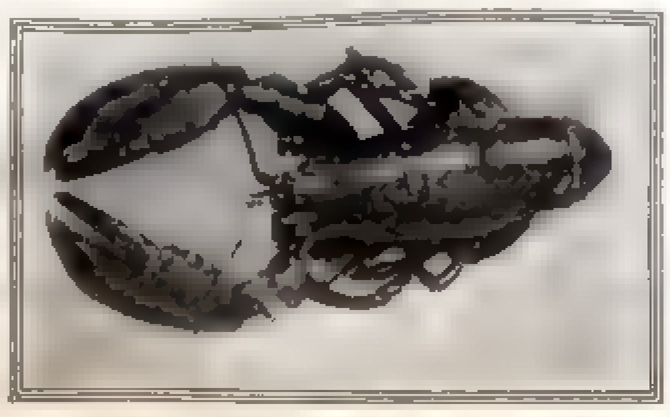
NURSERY FOR INFANT LOBSTERS (THE EDGES OF THE NET ARE VISIBLE IN THE PICTURE)

The hatching of the lobster eggs is done on board of the houseboat. It is a very simple process. The eggs, scraped with a blunt, wooden knife from the swimmerets of "berried" females, purchased from fishermen for the purpose, are put into large glass jars, one of which will hold 80,000 of them perhaps They are olive-green in color and a sixteenth of an inch in diameter. By a siphon arrangement a stream of water is kept continually flowing through each jar, bathing on all sides the eggs, which are agitated all the time by the current. About a week is required for their incubation, and, when the time for hatching has nearly arrived, one can see the infant crustacean coiled up inside of each translucent shell. They are one-third of an inch long when they come out, and as fast as they do so, they float to the surface of the water in the jar, and are sucked through a glass tube into a tank beyond, whence they are transferred to the nursery

The number of fry obtainable is limited only by the number of "berried" females to be procured from the fishermen; and, inasmuch as a fair-sized mother lobster will yield from 20,000 to 30,000 eggs, not many are required to furnish a million. In the nursery the young ones are fed on what is called tow-stuff—that is to say, animalcules of various kinds collected from the surface of the sea in calm places by towing a gauze net behind a rowboat. Powdered clams and crab-meat have been tried, but the tow stuff seems to afford the most suitable provender

Lobsters are by no means such sluggish animals as is generally supposed. They do a good deal of traveling along shore, though nobody knows for what purpose. In order to find out how fast they go, Doctor Bumpus and his fellow-investigators fastened small copper tags to the noses of some hundreds of individuals (adult females, liberated after removing their eggs) and put them into the sea. Many of them were afterward caught by fishermen, who returned the tags to Wood's Hole, and it was thus ascertained that some of the lobsters had traveled a mile a day for a number of days

Formerly lobsters were exceedingly numerous, and some of them attained monstrous size. There are even accounts, seemingly authentic, of specimens six feet in length, but the largest one taken within recent years weighed thirty-four pounds. Reckless overfishing is responsible for the diminution of the species, which has been pursued so relentlessly that, unless the new discovery herein described shall render practicable the stocking of the ocean with an artificially-hatched supply, the fishery will soon cease to be, commercially speaking, and the "lobster palaces," which now lend nightly gayety to the white-lighted thoroughfares of our cities, will be obliged to close their doors.



A LOBSTER WITH A COPPER TAG ON HIS NOSE

Fall and Winter Suits
LATEST NEW YORK STYLES
Made to your order
$10 to $35
STRICTLY MAN-TAILORED

[illegible] Dressmakers and go on the some shopping expeditions [illegible] and material [illegible]

A Trial Order Costs You Nothing

AS WE REFUND YOUR MONEY IF WE FAIL TO PLEASE YOU. [illegible]

Everything Made to Order—Nothing Ready-Made

We have a large variety of [illegible] "Normandie" [illegible] "Victoria" [illegible]

Our Prices are Lower Than Ever Before [illegible]

Tailored Suits	$10 to $35
New "Lohengrin" Suits	$15 to $35
Skirts of exclusive design	$ 4 to $15
Fall and Winter Jackets	$10 to $25
Long Coats, "Tourist Models"	$12 to $25
Rain Coats	$12 to $25

WE PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES ON YOUR GARMENT TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES

Our directions enable you to take your measurements [illegible] accurately, and insure a perfect fit. REMEMBER, YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED

FREE—*Our New Fall and Winter Catalogue* [illegible] FREE to any part of the United States. Kindly state [illegible] you wish samples for a suit, skirt or cloak and also [illegible] you prefer, and be sure to ask for Catalogue No. 61

NATIONAL CLOAK AND SUIT COMPANY,
119 and 121 West 23d St., New York City.
Mail Orders Only *No Agents or Branches*
Established 16 Years

WHY *they* CAN'T WEAR OUT

By a special process, the strongest linen thread is woven into the knees, heels and toes of

NoMend
Linen Knee
Hosiery for Children

[illegible] wear three pairs of the ordinary [illegible] at the price of ordinary stockings

25c a pair

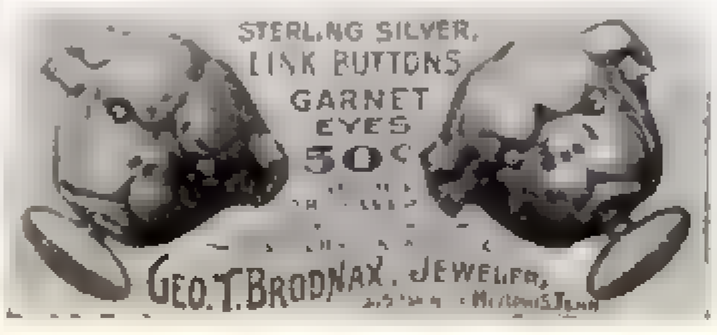
If your dealer won't supply you, we will [illegible] direct from factory, on receipt of price.
Box of 6 pairs $1.50 Prepaid.

M. B. LAUBACH,
Indiana Ave. & A St., Philadelphia

Our Business is to Make Water HOT

Write—stating how much and where Hot Water is wanted. Heaters for one faucet or one hundred.

MONARCH WATER HEATER CO.,
P. O. Box 1109, Pittsburg, Pa.
AGENTS WANTED.



STERLING SILVER, LINK BUTTONS GARNET EYES 50c

GEO. T. BRODNAX, JEWELER, [illegible] MEMPHIS, TENN.

THE READING TABLE

The Retort Inferential

OSCAR S. STRAUS, of New York, formerly Minister to Turkey, tells this story of Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago:

One day, in a crowded street car, the rabbi arose to give his seat to a woman who had just entered. Much to the Jewish divine's disgust, a young man scrambled into the seat before the lady could avail herself of it. For some moments the rabbi glared at the offender in a way that clearly showed his displeasure; but he said nothing

Finally, the rude young man, growing restive under the keen glance of the Hebrew, said:

"Wot are yer starin' at me for? Look as if you'd like to eat me!"

"I am forbidden to do that," quietly responded Rabbi Hirsch; "I am a Jew!"

Facts About Frog Legs

ACCORDING to an official of the Department of Commerce and Labor, the greatest markets for frogs' legs are those of St. Paul and Minneapolis. Some interesting facts are furnished with reference to this important industry.

During the year last past the total catch in Minnesota was in excess of 500,000 dozen, involving the slaughter of no less than 6,000,000 frogs. The value of the product amounts annually to about $100,000

Frogs' legs are, of course, shipped from other States; but for the epicure there are no frogs' legs to compare with those of Minnesota. This superiority has been attributed to the clear, cool waters of the Minnesota lakes

In competition with the Minnesota frog is the "bull" variety of the South; but, as has been said, this product is not so highly esteemed by discriminating palates, the Southern frogs'-leg meat being coarse of fibre and not so sweet and delicate to the taste as the Northwestern kind, which by reason of its exquisite flavor, is in great and increasing demand throughout the country, especially in the larger cities of the East Here, of course, the cost is considerably greater than in the West, the average price in St. Paul being thirty-five cents a dozen.

Shippers purchase frogs' legs throughout Minnesota, and employment is given to many persons in the Twin Cities in preparing them for shipment.

The heaviest catches of frogs are in the spring and fall. In the spring the frogs emerge from their "nests" in great droves; and it is then that their capture is the most easily effected. Upon the approach of cool weather in the early fall they return to the water. As the frog is a fast breeder and attains his full size in a short time, the demand is readily met. There are perhaps more than one hundred thousand breeding pools in Minnesota alone

Unlike the oyster, the frog leg is in demand all the year; consequently it is as necessary to hunt frogs in winter as it is in the earlier months. This, however, is a matter of considerable difficulty, for in the winter the frog catcher must cut through the ice, in some cases measuring two feet in thickness, in order to get at the nests. But his reward is ample, for, in winter, the price of frogs' legs soars.

How to Catch a Trolley Car

By L. H. Robbins

Trolley cars are very swift;
Trolley cars are quickly miffed.
Many a time I've seen a trolley
Kick its heels and run like golly
Just because some little-wit
Waved his silly hand at it

Now, to catch a trolley car,
Certain iron-bound rules there are,
First of which is not to let it
Ever guess you wish to get it.
Second, wear a deep disguise;
Carry bundles great in size,
So the car will never dream
You can run — you see the scheme?

When it rolls remorseless by,
Drop your bundles there and fly!
Run like mad, however far,
Throw away your fresh cigar,
Throw away your parasol,
Throw away your hat and all.
Run until you catch the car,
Fall aboard, and there you are!

Shaving by Machinery

SO MANY men have trouble in shaving that the "automatic barber"—a mechanical appliance newly patented by a citizen of Washington State—is likely to prove a boon. It consists most importantly of a flexible tube, with a small cylinder on the end, provided with a revolving knife. Power to make the knife go round is transmitted through the tube, and the operation of the instrument may best be described as resembling that of a planing machine. An electric battery furnishes the power, and an exhaust draws the lather into the cylinder as fast as it is removed from the face of the person shaving. Thus no shaving paper is required, and, inasmuch as the revolution of the knife is exceedingly rapid, the process of removing undesirable stubble from the masculine countenance is both swift and easy

Another inventor who has recently tackled the same problem is a citizen of the picturesquely-named town of Custards, Pennsylvania. His contrivance is a roller covered with emery, which is rapidly rotated by means of power derived from a storage battery. When the roller is pressed against the face it demolishes the growing beard by the simple process of rubbing it away. Possibly the instrument may be suitable for use only by persons who have a very tough skin, but it is guaranteed to remove the hair at all events.

Within the last few years a number of monasteries of real mediæval type have been established near Washington, D. C., and in other parts of this country. The monks, in obedience to long-established tradition and custom, shave the crowns of their heads, and are obliged to perform the operation upon each other because of the obvious difficulty of doing it for themselves. A machine has been newly patented, however, which will enable each holy man to make his own tonsure. It consists of a ring that fits upon the head, with a coiled spring that is wound up when the apparatus is to be utilized. When it is in place the spring is released by a catch, and the power thus supplied causes a razor to revolve with great rapidity, cutting the hair close to the scalp in a perfect circle.

WE SAVE YOU
All Dealers' Profit
From $5 to $18 on every stove or range you buy direct from our factory. Will you investigate our offer on
Kalamazoo
Stoves
and
Ranges

We ship direct to you from our own factory, freight prepaid, on

360 Days Approval

and save you from [illegible] to 40% in the purchase price. You can't find a better at any price. If not perfectly satisfactory return it at our expense. We can do this better because we are the only stove manufacturers in the world who are selling their entire product direct from the factory to the user. We save you [illegible] dealers and [illegible] therefore, do not be influenced by dealers' prejudice [illegible] for yourself. We have a most extraordinary bargain price on our Oak Stove—the price will surely astonish you [illegible] learn all about the Kalamazoo Oak.

SEND FOR NEW FREE CATALOGUE

and compare [illegible] dealers [illegible] direct to the user. Describes our full line, including

[illegible]
KALAMAZOO STEEL COOK STOVES.
KALAMAZOO OAK HEATERS at [illegible] prices
A HIGH GRADE LINE OF CAST COOK STOVES for wood or wood and coal
A NEW CAST RANGE [illegible]
A NEW SELF FEEDING BASE BURNER [illegible] high grade parlor stove in the [illegible] bargain
KALAMAZOO HOT BLAST STOVE for soft coal
A NEW CAST COTTAGE HEATING STOVE for wood. ETC., ETC.

Don't fail to acquaint yourself with the [illegible] qualities and superior [illegible] Grand Range Made exclusively for [illegible] the New England, New York and Penn. housewives [illegible]

[illegible] REMEMBER we are [illegible] we pay the freight. If you are not perfectly satisfied we don't want you to keep the purchase; we give you a 360 day approval test. The Kalamazoo is not excelled by any stove or range in the world, and we certainly do save you money. Send for free catalogue No. 152, [illegible]

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO., Mfrs.
Kalamazoo, Mich.
We refer to any bank in Kalamazoo, or any Commercial Agency.

LITERARY FOLK

Their Ways and Their Work

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE—The Deplorable Plight of the Youngest Living Skeleton.

¶ "I don't know how she lives. She is a mere skeleton," the doctor said. And afterward he added: "It is a most extraordinary case."

We are emphatically of his opinion. A twelve-months-old girl baby had been rescued by the lightkeeper of Gulf Rock from an open boat adrift at sea. Her only companion in the boat was the dead body of a seaman—a shipmate who could tell no tales. With him died the secret of a great fortune. For little Enid, as her rescuer christened her, "was well nourished, in all likelihood, before the accident happened. . . . She may have lost twenty or thirty pounds in weight, but starvation is a slow affair and her plumpness saved her life." She *must* have been well nourished. Something like twenty pounds is the average weight of a twelve-months infant. Query: how much would the "mere skeleton" of a year-old child weigh after she had lost ten pounds more than her total weight? But little Enid was no average child. Hers was "an extraordinary case." Alas for letters that the secret of it died with that perverse sailor! If he could have lived to whisper the author what it was they fed her there would have been no need of writing her story in the Pillar of Light *(Edward J. Clode)*, and Mr. Louis Tracy could be making more money at this moment from a proprietory infant food than his royalties are likely ever to bring him.

Well, this is a perverse world, and we must extract from it what comfort we can. The best way to drown our sorrows is to plunge headforemost into the story. Little Enid grows into a woman of no such size as her heroic infancy promised. Brand, the lighthouse keeper, her rescuer, adopts her and brings her up with his motherless daughter Constance. There is another shipwreck, more rescues, more discoveries. Explanations, reconciliations, lovemaking and happy marriages follow in conventional order. The interest, however, centres not in the tangled skein of relationships, which the experienced reader well knows will unravel itself, but in the action at the lighthouse. Brand, the keeper, is a consistently drawn character, and the plain tale of his every-day duties is moving and earnest. The other characters do well enough as pegs to hang the story on, but they have no intrinsic attraction. Pyne, in particular, the young Philadelphian and a graduate of Yale, speaks a jargon to make an American gasp—bits of New England dialect, Western slang, and Uncle Remus talk that is as black and uncommunicative as the tar-baby, all stirred in together. It is to be inferred that Mr. Tracy is English and that the peculiar argot he puts into the mouth of young Pyne is an English attempt to "be snappy." Whatever it is and wherever he got it, no Philadelphian would recognize it, and if it ever found its way into the campus at New Haven they would mob it

Nevertheless the story is good sport. Mr. Tracy is remembered as the first man to discover (in The Wings of the Morning) what a screaming story could be made by crossing the realism of Robinson Crusoe with the romance of Paul and Virginia. He is no less ingenious in his second book. There are situations in his narrative that might turn the editor of an evening "yellow" green with envy. If little things don't annoy you there is plenty of amusement in The Pillar of Light.

¶ **MINOR MENTION:** The new edition of Bacon's Advancement of Learning, Book I *(Ginn & Co.)*, edited with an introduction and notes by Albert S. Cook, professor of the English language and literature in Yale University, is apparently addressed to undergraduate readers. It translates the Latin quotations in the body of the text, relegating the originals to the foot of the page, and comments on the language and literary allusions in the notes. An index of proper names mentioned is given, and there is a suggestive list of the noteworthy events in Bacon's life and times likely to have influenced his thought. The editor evidently felt that in a reprint of Bacon's Advancement it was more essential to discuss his philosophy than his life and character, for, though Rawley's Life is given in full, the choice of excerpts made from the critical writings of Herschel, Huxley, Ellis and others in the introduction passes over the sombre years of Bacon's trial, confession and downfall with no mention and no interpretation

We could wish the book less exclusively consistent and more humanly interesting. Bacon the man is even a more profitable study to the average undergraduate than Bacon the philosopher.

"I am but a trumpeter, not a combatant" wrote Bacon—even though, like the blast of Roland at Roncesvalles, "the sound of his horn went far."

BOOKS RECEIVED

The A B C of Postage Stamps, by Fred J. Melville *(Wycil & Co.)*.

Elementary Woodworking, by Edwin W. Foster *(Ginn & Co.)*.

Free America, by Bolton Hall *(L. S. Dickey & Co.)*.

A Leafless Extension Table
Price $19.85
Works like a Roll Top Desk
Costs no more than the ordinary extension table. It can be extended without removing the table cloth or dishes. Especially desirable for small rooms and in flats and apartments. Finished in Golden or Weathered Oak. Other patterns of this table for less money, also more expensive ones.
DIRECT FROM FACTORY AT FACTORY PRICES
Write for catalogue of dining-room and bed-room furniture. Remember we guarantee our goods as strictly high grade and pay freight east of Mississippi and north of Tennessee. [illegible] for outside territory. We refer by special permission to the Warren Trust Co., Warren, Pa.
MODERN FURNITURE CO., Warren, Pa.

DE POTTER TOURS
Limited Conducted Party to the
ORIENT
sails Jan'y 28. First class. $640 and upwards. Programme free.
A. DE POTTER, 45 Broadway, N. Y.
26th YEAR

Keep up With the Calendar

A Twentieth Century Business Assistant

The Burroughs Adding Machine

is the most intelligent piece of machinery that ever saved the labor and spared the brain of man. It automatically lists and adds the long columns of figures, and in a fraction of the time required by the human mind.

Imagine a machine that will list and add accurately one hundred items in a minute, and six thousand in an hour. Anyone can operate it with surprising speed after ten minutes' practice.

In appearance it is not unlike a typewriter, but it is far more easily mastered, and the only labor required is to touch a key and move the lever.

In order to fully satisfy the business man that this machine actually does take the burdens of accounting from his heavy laden shoulders, we install the Burroughs Adding Machine in his place of business for a month's trial.

Cut off this coupon and mail to the

AMERICAN ARITHMOMETER CO.
Block 5, Detroit, Mich.

Please mail me your catalogue fully describing the Burroughs Adding Machine, and its use, with full explanation of your free trial offer.

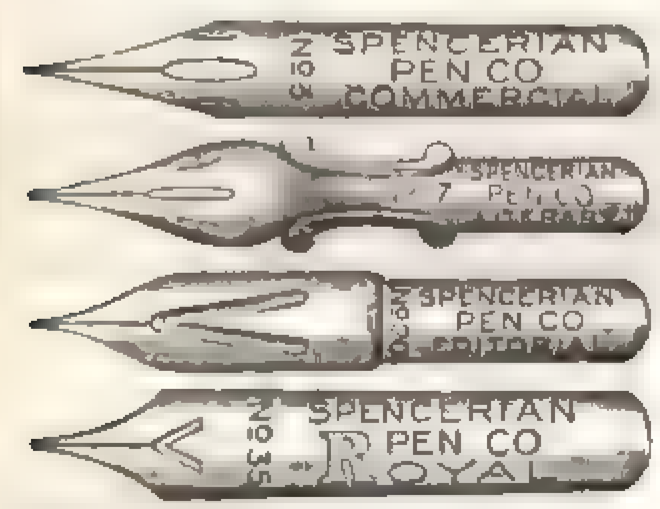
Name

Firm Name

Address

SPENCERIAN

The Standard of Excellence for over forty years **STEEL PENS**



No. 1 SPENCERIAN PEN CO COMMERCIAL
7 SPENCERIAN PEN CO LIBRARY
No. 33 SPENCERIAN PEN CO EDITORIAL
No. 35 SPENCERIAN PEN CO ROYAL

Select a pen for your writing

from a sample card of special numbers for correspondence. 12 pens for 6c in stamps.

SPENCERIAN PEN CO.
349 Broadway NEW YORK CITY

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

WE GUARANTEE to teach our course in Shorthand complete in 30 days study of 5 hours each. No ruled lines, no positions, no shading, dots nor dashes. No long list of word-signs to confuse. Easy, simple, speedy, practical. **Students in high-grade positions. Employers pleased.** Lawyers, literary folk, clergymen, business men and women may now acquire Shorthand with ease for use in their callings. No need to spend months, as with old systems. **"Boyd's Syllabic System,"** 20th century wonder, is the best. Write to-day for testimonials, booklets, etc.

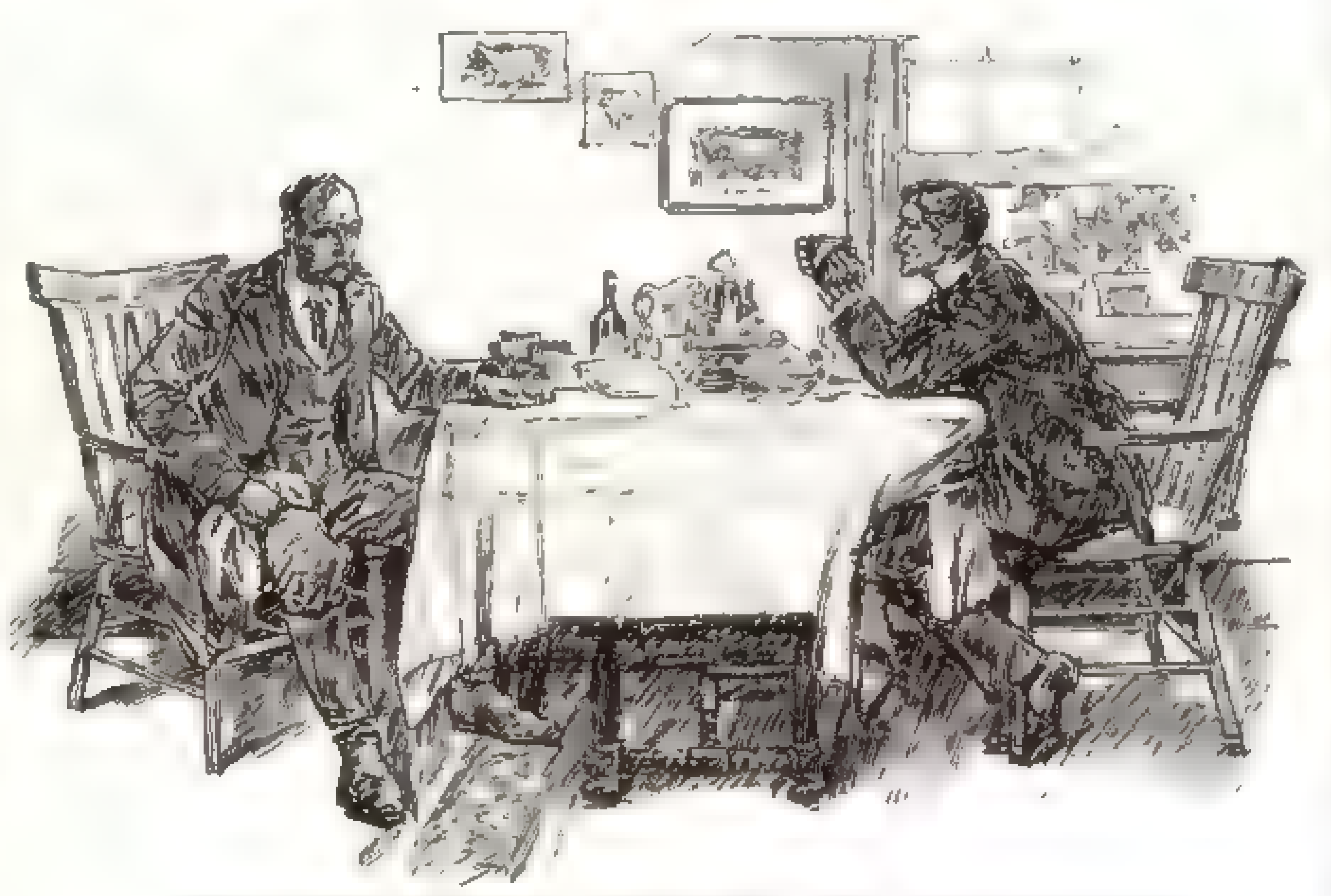
CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS (Incorporated)
41 National Life Building, Chicago, Ill.

A Shortage of Men

WE CANNOT find enough competent Salesmen, Executive, Clerical and Technical men to meet the demands of the 12,000 employers whom we serve. If you are capable of earning from $1,000 to $5,000 a year write for booklet and state kind of position you can fill. Offices in 12 cities. HAPGOODS, Brain Brokers, Suite 509, 309 Broadway, N.Y.

Jason's Love Story

BY STANLEY WATERLOO



"I MET COUNTY CLERK JIM LACEY'S WIFE — HER THAT USED TO BE MELISSA TRUMBULL, YOU KNOW"

A SWAMP oak stump is one of the most contumacious stumps in the world. It is usually big and its roots extend, like the arms of an octopus, in all directions save upward. Furthermore, having been bred to the wet, feeding on dampness when alive, the wood does not rot willingly. The upper portion of the stump absorbs the showers of heaven and endures the cracking heat of the sun apathetically and remains pretty much the same for a long time, while the roots lie solid in their dark bed, almost regardless of the years as men grow old. So it is that an otherwise cleared area of land occupied largely by swamp oak stumps is what the farmers in Michigan's Lower Peninsula call an unpromising place for present making of crops. It was such an area that Jason Goodell—who was in love—owned. He possessed eighty acres, an eighth of a section, with fifteen acres cleared—but for the stumps. The young woman whom he loved was Melissa Trumbull, eldest daughter of "old man" Trumbull, who was well-to-do

The place where swamp oaks grow is of a sort to command respect. It has Features. It is often a black ash swale. A swale is low ground, but not a swamp, crossed sometimes at irregular intervals by strips of higher ground referred to, generally, as beech ridges. In the lower ground thrive the black ash, the huge swamp oak, various moisture-loving bushes and luxurious growths of ferns. Up on the ridges grow the maple, the white ash, the beech, ironwood and birch, and bushes which do not object to less damp soil, nannieberries, elders and the like.

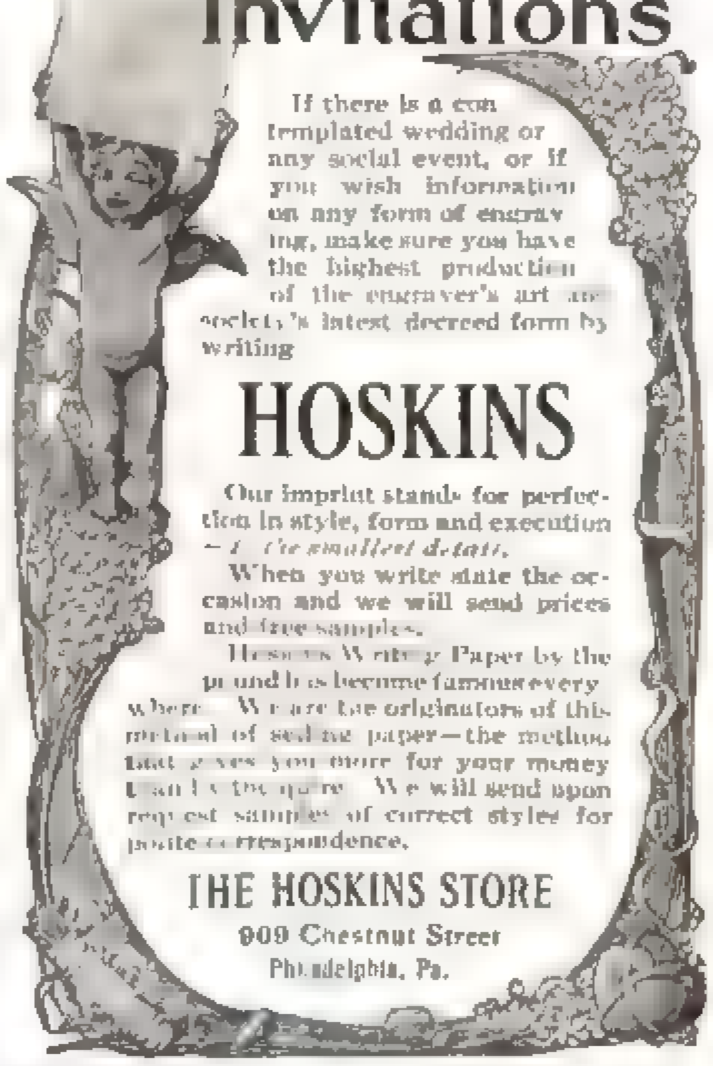
In the swale proper the growth underfoot is lush and there are hundreds of puddles where the frogs congregate in thousands, mostly the small, brown wood frog, not the big, green, "kerplunk" sort of the ponds and streams. Here the raccoon finds what is, to him, a land flowing with milk and honey, for he agrees with a frog diet as a frog diet agrees with him; here upon dead white trunks the solitary log-cock, the great black, red-crested woodpecker, largest of his genus in the region, hammers away like a blacksmith; here the hermit thrush sings sometimes; and here little streams are born, to trickle at first, then ripple and then leap, bubbling and noisy, into the sloping fields outside, to attain the dignity of brooks at last and join the wider creek.

On the beech ridges life is different. There the ruffed grouse struts about and feeds upon the nuts and berries, and there are the squirrels, black, gray and red. The grouse raise great families on the ridges and the wooing "drumming" of the males in spring is like nothing else in the world. It is the most distinctively wildwood sound there is. As for the squirrels, the black is no longer holding his own with the red and the gray. He is going, like the red Indian and the buffalo, and no one can tell why. He was not born to civilization. The red and gray adapt themselves. Of such swale and ridge, so peopled, consisted, as has been said, the greater portion of the estate of Jason Goodell; excellent land but requiring much work in its subjugation

Never better man for conquering a forest or making good soil yield the crops it has owed than this same brown-bearded Jason Goodell. Personally strong, six full feet in height, though a trifle stooping and slouchy in his gait, with thews like a draft-horse, broad of forehead and square of chin, with firm mouth and steady gray eyes, this man was one to accomplish things as thoroughly and doggedly as Victor Hugo's Gilliatt toiling sturdily at the wrecked ship. Like Gilliatt, too, Jason was toiling for love's sake. He had never spoken of his passion to Melissa Trumbull, but they had studied together in the little district school, had grown up together, had confided their plans and hopes to each other and, until Jason left the employ of old man Trumbull and began work on his own "eighty," had been almost constantly together. To Jason, reticent and timid as well, in a matter of this sort, it never occurred to make a definite engagement, and to Melissa, black-eyed, gingham-clad, buoyant and with plenty of work to do, the situation doubtless presented itself with the same aspect. No pledged word, though, could have made the matter more fixed and serious than it was, at least to Jason. What need of words? The first thing to do was to make a home.

So Jason built a rude cabin and lived in it alone and began clearing his land. At the end of the second year he had fifteen acres in crops of grass and grain, and the beginning of a herd of cattle and a drove of hogs, and was counted by his neighbors as a young man who would be well off some day. They were right in their conclusion. Jason was the one to succeed as a farmer. Living simply, working untiringly, the results gained by the isolated man were a surprise even to the rugged farmers who knew him well. At the end of the third year a new field had been hewed into the forest and the land first cleared had become more easily tillable. Fire had fed on the stumps. Half a dozen cows were pastured in the grassland, the hogs were fattening on last year's corn crop, and chickens and turkeys cackled and called about the rough log-barn. Butter and pork and eggs had a value at the nearest little town, and Jason had saved money. He bought another eighty acres of woodland—sand was cheap then—and began to plan the building of a house. There was Melissa

No log house should this mansion be, but one fit for a bride's reception. It should be a framed house, with all proper rooms, clapboarded as to the sides and shingled as to the roof. There should be a porch in front and the building should be of two stories. Jason brooded fondly over it all and planned and dreamed. He consulted often with old Jim Rubens, the farmer carpenter of the locality. "Never saw a man so wrapped up in his house-buildin' in all my life," said Rubens.



Wedding Invitations

If there is a contemplated wedding or any social event, or if you wish information on any form of engraving, make sure you have the highest production of the engraver's art and society's latest decreed form by writing

HOSKINS

Our imprint stands for perfection in style, form and execution — *in the smallest detail.*

When you write state the occasion and we will send prices and free samples.

Hoskins Writing Paper by the pound has become famous everywhere. We are the originators of this method of selling paper—the method that gives you more for your money than by the quire. We will send upon request samples of correct styles for polite correspondence.

THE HOSKINS STORE
909 Chestnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

"WASHINGTON NAVY SERGE"

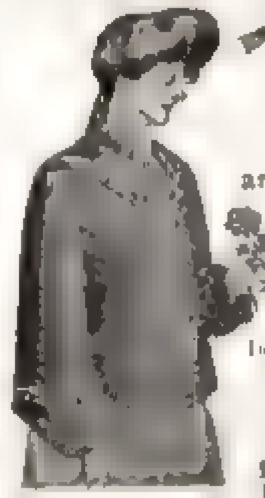
Is the handsomest cloth you have seen in many a day.

It was first made for the Government and has been adopted as the standard for Naval Officers uniforms.

Now we are making it for you.

Your tailor should have it—If not, write us.

AMERICAN WOOLEN COMPANY
WM. M. WOOD, Vice-Pres. and Treas., Boston



Ease and Elegance

are invariably combined in our Sacques, Robes and Wrappers of

Swiss Elder

Soft and light, graceful and beautiful in pattern and design.

Continental Comfort Garments

In Swiss Elder, Eiderdown, Flannelette, etc., are the perfection of women's negligee wear. We make the garment entire, from weaving to wearing, [illegible] supervision throughout. Our trade mark

COMFORT GARMENTS

is the unfailing warrant of highest grade. Ask your dealer, or send for our style Book A—containing Newest designs of Comfort fashions. Mailed free.

Leicester & Continental Mills Co., Inc
Germantown, Phila. Pa.

That Suspenderless Feeling

when suspenders are worn is known only to wearers of

PRESIDENT Suspenders

Absolutely guaranteed
50c all stores or mailed
THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
Box 316, Shirley, Mass.

THE PATENT BACK

Made of Clear Amazon Nutria

Knapp-Felt
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
NEW YORK.

Hats for Men

The difference between Knapp-Felt Hats and the other kinds is not represented by the dollar or two extra cost.

The satisfaction of wearing the best is an experience enjoyed by every wearer of a Knapp-Felt $4 hat or a Knapp-Felt De Luxe $6 hat.

Write for "The Hatman"—it shows the proper hats for Fall.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

Two Heads

ARE BETTER THAN ONE

THE NEW DOUBLE HEAD TACK

is rapidly supplanting the old-fashioned kind. Made of best **Swedes Iron** with heads that never break off. It is **easy to drive, easy to draw.** [illegible] have to [illegible] holes in your carpet to get the claw of your puller under the tack head.

SAVES CARPETS, TIME AND TEMPER

As the tack is neither mutilated in driving or pulling, it is practically indestructible, and can be used over and over again. **Cheaper than Ordinary Tacks because they Last Longer.** A child can pull the tacks, while the older ones are doing more important work. Heads are warranted never to pull off. You are never compelled to [illegible] headless tacks with pliers. Put up in 5 and 10c packages. At grocers, hardware and [illegible] stores. Fully patented. There is no substitute. If not at the store send your dealer's name and 5c for package.

Pritchard Mfg. Co., 196 Main St. W., Rochester, N. Y.
Novelty Makers to the American people.

4% SAVINGS DEPOSITS

U. S. Bonds

are an absolutely safe investment, but at present prices, they net about 2% interest.

Protected by Capital, Surplus and Profits of $6,000,000.00, our $10,000,000.00 in deposits [illegible]

PITTSBURG TRUST CO.
Pittsburg, Pa.

are also absolutely safe. Savings Deposits bear 4% Interest, compounded semi-annually. Write for free booklet No. 4, which gives the names of the Directors and tells how to save money and do all your

BANKING BY MAIL

CAPITAL, SURPLUS AND PROFITS
$6,000,000.00

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

WANTED—A reliable man of ability for permanent employment in local territory in connection with our **New and Enlarged** Edition of **Webster's International Dictionary.** Good income for steady worker.—Address with references,

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Springfield, Mass.

The beams and plates and joists and rafters for the house were planned and, with axe and broad axe and saw, Jason and Rubens labored in the forest until oak and pine were cut and hewed, true to the line, and were then dragged by toiling oxen to the site of the house of which they were to be the stay and strength. The farmers round about assembled for the raising; there was heaving and shouting, the bents were reared under the hoarse overseeing of Carpenter Rubens, and the great timbers, tongue in socket, pinned lastingly together, stood aloft, the sturdy white outline of a pleasant home to face the roadway. It was the finest house in the neighborhood, and Jason walked through the rooms with that feeling which comes to a man of purpose when he looks upon a thing accomplished. Not yet, though, was the place ready for Melissa.

What comfort could a farmer's wife have with merely a house to live in! There must be all conveniences for her outdoor work in connection with the household and all must be pleasant to look upon. Jason settled down resolutely to what was yet to come.

Obviously, the old log barn had outlasted its original purpose. Its small stable no longer afforded shelter enough for the increasing herd of cattle and the horses, nor its mows room for the hay and grain. There must be a frame barn, a big one, with high, wide doors into which a team with a load might be driven, and with long stables and mows and roof room enough for all contingencies of harvest. The year after the completion of the house the barn was built and the one of logs abandoned. But the barn had not absorbed Jason's thoughts so fully as had the house.

The lonely toiling of the man was not lonely to him. He was strong and rejoiced in work, and there was ever Melissa and always something to be done for her. From the front door of the house down to the roadway he made a wide graveled path, and along its sides he made beds of old-fashioned pinks, and sowed and planted larkspur, and phlox, and dahlias, and peonies, and golden coreopsis, and bachelor's buttons, and other flowers named in the circulars of a seed firm in the distant city. He made a neat picket gate in the fence where the walk opened on the roadway, and beside the fence he had hollyhocks and sunflowers, the latter trying every day to see Melissa, and turning their heads resolutely from sunrise until evening and going to sleep every night with their faces toward her home, which was to the west. Close beside the house he planted rose bushes, and "old hen and chickens," and lady-slippers, and morning-glories, and a madeira vine for the porch. There was a path from the front around the house to the kitchen—which had a porch as well—and beside this path Jason had planted an abundance of sweet briar, thinking as he did so how its faint, sweet fragrance and fair blossoms would match Melissa. A hop vine clambered up the kitchen porch. Jason was thirty years old now, and Melissa twenty-five.

One day old man Trumbull, who was a great trader, suddenly disposed of his farm and moved into the adjacent county. Somehow, the news did not have much effect on Jason Goodell. It would be as easy to bring her from thirty miles away as from where she had lived, he reasoned.

There came a hard winter, the horses and cattle and other stock required close attendance, and Jason was much about the house. It was at this time that he discovered the faults of the kitchen floor, which was of pine. The boards had shrunk and there were cracks, and the soft wood had worn away under the tread of his heavy feet. That sort of kitchen floor would never do for Melissa! He made a new floor and was happy at his labor all through "the big snow." The floor was of hard, seasoned ash, matched perfectly and smooth as the floor of a ball-room. "It will be easier to mop," said he, and thought of Melissa's sunbonnet and of how it would look hanging against the whitewashed wall.

All winter in Jason's newer eighty acres the axes of two men had swung hardily and, with spring and early summer, came to Jason a stress of effort in helping at the clearing and in attendance on the crops. His duties were increasing. He must have a hired man about him, one who should live with him. So the hired man came and slept in the room Jason had occupied, while Jason slept upstairs in what, in fancy, he had called "our room." "She won't mind," he thought.

There is spur to effort for the real farmer and a great comforting pride in looking out upon a conquered province. Success, fairly earned, made Jason but zealous for more. He broadened and was for trying things.

One day old Rubens came along, and leaning idly over the front fence, began a farmer's talk with Jason, who chanced to be digging among the flowers. Rubens looked away at the vacant log barn.

"What are you going to do with the old barn," he asked; "tool-house?"

"No," said Jason, "I have a tool-room in the big barn. I don't know what I'll do with the old one. Pull it down, maybe."

Rubens gazed meditatively at the abandoned but still sound structure. "It would make a mighty good sheep barn," he suggested.

No more was said at the time, but Rubens' idea was not forgotten. It remained in Jason's mind and the more he thought upon it the more he became impressed. Jason had never raised sheep, successful as he had been with other stock. He considered, and rightly, that most of his land was too low for them. There was an eighty acres of wood land adjoining that which he had latest bought that was hilly, not heavily timbered, and with many springs and brooks. Partly cleared, with what woods were left well underbrushed, it would make a perfect sheep pasture. He had half a mind to buy it and experiment. And the plan grew in his mind until it overmastered him and he bought the land.

Not the sort of man to enter upon a new venture carelessly was Jason, and he had a problem before him now: What sort of sheep should he raise? "Get merinos, by all means," pronounced Henry Wilson, who lived to the north of him. "Get southdowns, and nothing else," said James Remington, who lived to the west. "I'll get twenty of each and experiment with them separately," decided Jason.

Now, as between the merino and the southdown sheep there is a great gulf fixed. The merino is small with gnarled horns, wrinkled neck and nose; with silklike wool curling close to the skin in its fineness, yellow underneath because of its oiliness and dark outside because of the dust gathered and held by such a close, sticky coat. Well tried is the endurance of the sheep-washer who, in late spring before shearing-time, stands waist-deep in some stream and seeks to cleanse the fleece of a flock of shivering merinos driven bleating to the water, and dreading it like a tramp. But the finest merino wool commands a price; the fleece is heavy and the breeder profits from that, not from the mutton.

Different is the quality of the southdown, not from Spanish ancestors, feeding on Andalusian hills, as came the merino, did he come, but from Anglo-Saxon forefathers who cropped the herbage of the Hampshire and Sussex downs. Big and white of body and dark-faced, sturdy of build and garbed in clean, not overfine white wool, hornless but stepping free and high, the southdown has a healthy individuality. As concerns his mutton, those who know how to eat and what to eat, speak fluently while their eyes glisten.

And, almost as the flocks throve under Isaac, toiling for Rebecca, throve the flocks of Jason, toiling for Melissa. In summer and autumn they fed in the new pasture-land and in winter they were sheltered, fared well in the old barn, now renovated and with a great shed attached for further room. Jason became absorbed in sheep-growing as he had never been before in the growing of anything. He read books on the subject and tried experiments. At the end of the third year he selected from each flock the finest ram and ewe and entered them at the county fair. He wanted to learn with which breed he had been most successful.

The decision, when it came, was hardly a surprise to him. His merinos, it is true, received favorable mention, but his southdowns took first prize in a field where there was decided and worthy competition. A proud man was Jason Goodell. He made an instant resolution. "I'll not raise wool," he said; "I'll leave that to the Ohioans of the Western Reserve. I'll raise mutton!"

He sold the prize-winners for a mighty price and returned to his farm. Within a week the flock of merinos was sold as well, and the money so gained was invested in an importation of more southdowns, with blood as blue as that of the Hapsburgs, and far stronger. Then began sheep-raising that was sheep-raising.

It is hard to serve two masters, and it must be admitted that, since his thoughts and plans had turned so absorbingly to southdowns, Jason felt less surpassingly the inspiration of Melissa.

It is wonderful how some overmastering aim, one the accomplishment of which requires concentration of thought and exertion of all energy in one direction, will get

KEYSTONE FIRE EXTINGUISHER

DOES THE WORK OF 50 PAILS

¶ Do you realize what it means to have an equivalent of fifty pails of water *always ready* to extinguish *any* kind of fire?

¶ This is what a Keystone Fire Extinguisher in your factory, home, stable or yacht practically is. It will quench blazing naphtha, kerosene, or varnish, and it extinguishes fires inaccessible to water, dry powders, and hand grenades.

¶ To minimize fire risks and secure lowest insurance rates, you need the Keystone Extinguisher. Examined and approved under the standard of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. The most simple, substantial and efficient extinguisher made. *At your dealer's, or from us direct.*

¶ Our free booklet, "Seconds Saved in Fighting Fire," contains information of much value. Write for it to-day.

JAMES BOYD & BROTHER
12 North Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Manufacturers of Fire Protection Equipment
Fire Hose, Hose Couplings, Hose Pipes, etc.

Travel with A Good Trunk

Trunk and Dresser Combined.

"Young"

Maker of Celebrated

STANLEY TRUNKS

Everything is in easy reach. No Rummaging; [illegible] sliding drawers [illegible] No heavy trays to lift, the finest and most convenient trunk made.

Costs no more than others.

SOLD DIRECT FROM FACTORY **"On Approval"**

Until every traveler learns the true value of these modern and convenient trunks, we will sell them direct from factory at *factory prices*, giving all the privilege of returning any trunk if not thoroughly pleased and satisfied after making examination. We build every style of modern Wardrobe Trunks.

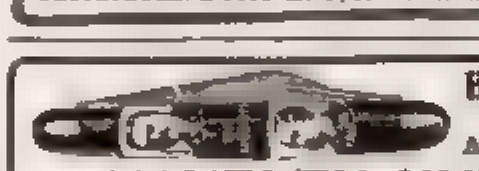
A Free Book. A comprehensive booklet showing large views of this trunk (open and closed) and many other styles sent free. Ask for catalog A 1010

THE HOMER YOUNG CO., Ltd., Toledo, Ohio.

WORTH WHILE

The New Card Game—Everybody Likes It. A game of **real worth**—a novelty. Easy to learn, very fascinating; lots of fun and enjoyment for young and old. Any number of persons can play. A lasting game; the more you play the better you will like it. Price **50c.** Gilt edge **75c.** At your dealer or postpaid from the publishers.

GEO. B. DOAN & COMPANY, 297 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

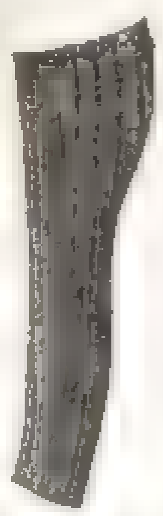


Big Incomes Earned By Agents Selling

NOVELTY KNIVES

with **Roosevelt & Fairbanks** and **Parker & Davis Pictures**, also your name, address, photo, lodge emblem, etc., underneath handles. Style [illegible] (like cut) [illegible] long, [illegible] tempered razor steel, **$1.00.** Send 2c stamp for **great Special Offer to Agents.** Big profits—good commission paid.

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 17 Bar Street, Canton, Ohio



Do You Want To Dress Stylishly

Do you want an **all-wool suit or overcoat made for you, and to fit you,** from the newest fashionable fabrics? Do you want to be **absolutely satisfied** before you pay for the garments?

Do you want a pair of **All-Wool Tailor-Made**

$5 Trousers Free

of cost to you for doing us a favor? Then **read carefully and act promptly** on this **Tailor-Made**

$10 Suit Offer

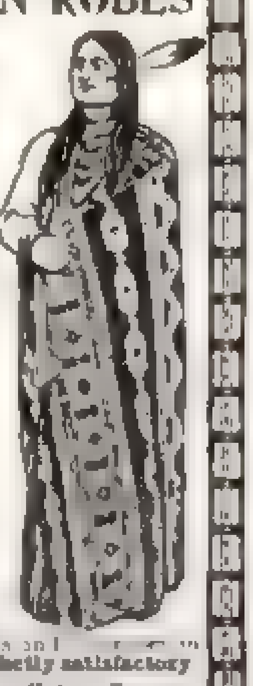
We will send you samples of all-wool Clay Worsteds, Thibets, Serges and Cassimeres, in black, blue, brown and fancy [illegible], [illegible] which we will [illegible] a suit or overcoat for $10.00, **the equal of which you cannot buy for $15 anywhere else,** and give you an extra pair of $5.00 All Wool Trousers **without charge,** [illegible] you will [illegible] sets of samples (which we furnish you free), to ten men who will be likely [illegible] **exceedingly liberal terms.**

[illegible] take our word for it [illegible] give us the opportunity to **prove** that we can [illegible] **save you money and give you absolute satisfaction.** You take no risk. We make [illegible] send it to you and give you ten days' time to **actually wear the garments** [illegible] That's fair, isn't it?

Write to-day for our New All Wool $10 Suit Samples — also ask for our Superb [illegible] All Wool Fall Fabrics at $12.50, $15.00 and $18.00 special prices — our New Fall Style Book and Complete Instructions for taking measures, **all sent free,** together with our [illegible], **pays you $2.50 in cash before you get your suit.**

Owen T. Moses & Co., 204 Moses Bldg., Chicago

References: Your friends or Milwaukee Ave. State Bank, Chicago. Capital $250,000.00.



PENDLETON INDIAN ROBES

$4 to $15 Express Prepaid

Made of the finest Eastern Oregon Wool, in absolutely fast colors, in the latest, most attractive Indian patterns, these popular robes have become a necessity in the well-ordered home. The color [illegible] and designs are thoroughly Indian [illegible] by the tribes themselves. The Indian is the best judge of a blanket, always [illegible] the best. That is why we [illegible] thousands to the Reservation [illegible] year. They are used [illegible] everywhere for [illegible] robes, veranda wraps, couch covers, trunk and box throws. Their bright striking colors will be a welcome addition to cozy corner, "den" and college room, while their [illegible] warmth is a boon to the invalid, the convalescent, the traveler, the camper.

Send for **FREE** catalogue "S," with illustrations of the various patterns and [illegible] **Robes returnable if not perfectly satisfactory**

PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, Pendleton, Oregon

Dealers, write us for discounts

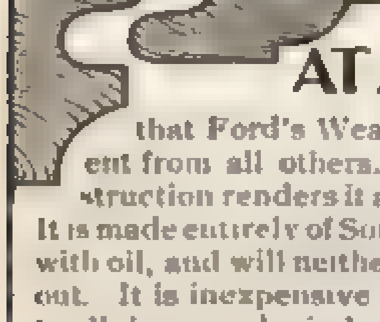
How to Get

10 BEAUTIFUL PICTURES FREE

If you do not own a complete set of Shakespeare, [illegible] satisfactory, we will send you on request ten beautiful pictures of Shakespeare's heroines. These pictures are printed in colors on heavy plate paper, and bear no printing. They are most appropriate for framing or [illegible] purposes. The regular price of the collection at art stores is $1.00. We make this offer to [illegible] information about our new edition of Shakespeare, the best ever published at a moderate price. In writing enclose 10c. (silver or stamps) to pay postage and wrapping; refunded if you are not satisfied.

Address Dept. 5

The University Society, 40 Fifth Avenue, New York



FORD'S WEATHER STRIP

YOU SEE AT A GLANCE

that Ford's Weather Strip is different from all others. Its peculiar construction renders it absolutely air-tight. It is made entirely of Southern pine, treated with oil, and will neither wear out nor rust out. It is inexpensive and easily applied to all doors and windows.

Will not warp, shrink or bind. Send for FREE sample and prices. **Agents wanted everywhere**

Chas. J. Ford, Holyoke, Mass.

No. 221 Senior Building

its grip upon a man and hold it to the end. With high and low it is the same. Mozart died with the score of the Requiem Mass hardly dry from his feeble hand. Napoleon died with the word of command upon his lips. Such compelling influence in life may come to the farmer as to others. With Jason, who recognized a farmer's dignity, who knew that the farmer fed all men and often fought their battles, the attainment of his own ambition was nothing small. He became almost a monomaniac over southdowns. How they thrived — for Nature ever loves a mentor. Peas grew where oats had grown, clover where was before a cornfield, and turnips where had been potatoes, for sheep must eat in winter. It became a southdown farm, and acres were yet added, for the undertaking was most profitable — until the time came when Jason's keen eyes could not, as he stood looking from the barn door, reach more than vaguely the outlines of his own domain. One day, a girl wearing a sunbonnet matching exactly in shape and color one Melissa had once worn, passed by and Jason's thoughts went back. That afternoon he took horses and wagon and drove to the growing town. He returned with a piano. "Melissa may have learned to play," he said to himself, "and she will be glad to find it here." But for weeks, perhaps for months afterward, no Melissa came again into his waking dreams nor in his sleep.

He had abundance of help about him now. Another hired man, accompanied by his wife, had been brought into the house, the wife proving a notable housekeeper and relieving Jason of petty duties. He visited his neighbors and was liked more and more among them. The children especially were fond of him, and he allowed them to visit his house at will and to carry away armfuls of blossoms from his great flower-garden, seeing to it only that they did not harm the plants. But the parlor, with its furniture still unworn, though becoming somewhat old fashioned now, and with its piano still untouched, was never entered except for dusting and the front door was never opened.

Far and wide as that of the great breeder of southdown sheep became known the name of Jason Goodell, and his flocks and barns grew with his acres steadily. One afternoon a traveling nurseryman came to see him upon business and stayed to dinner. They chatted over the meal.

"I was over at Wishtigo last week," said the man. "Who d'ye think I met?"

"Couldn't guess."

"I met County Clerk Jim Lacey's wife — her that used to be Melissa Trumbull, you know. I took dinner with 'em; she wouldn't allow anything else. They've been married seven years and they've got a mighty nice little family: three children. Jim's a good fellow."

Jason said nothing for a few moments. Then he assented deliberately: "Yes, Jim's a good fellow. I've met him often. I didn't know he was married, though. What was it you said about them young pear trees? I may take a dozen or two of 'em."

In the middle of the forenoon, a few days later, while Jason was looking over the sheep barns and giving directions to the men at work there, a sudden fancy came upon him. For the first time he threw open the front door. Then he opened all the parlor windows and let in the sunlight. "It'll be healthier," he explained to the astonished and delighted housekeeper. "Keep 'em open as much as you want to, now, in pleasant weather and let the children in, too, if they like it. It'll brighten things up."

At a table in one of the fine restaurants in the big central city of the country sat, recently, at dinner a man and woman, he a man of the world, she charming, as women so often are. They were delighted with the wonderful mutton they had just eaten.

"It's a sort of mutton only kings would be allowed to eat, if these were ancient times," the man asserted laughingly; "it's delicate as strawberries, though that isn't a good comparison. It may have come direct from the Goodell fields."

"Who is Goodell?" queried the lady.

"Goodell, my dear madam, is a public benefactor. He is one of the wisest raisers of southdown sheep the country knows. He's a splendid old fellow, too. I've visited his farms and met him. He's awfully fond of children."

The Driving of the Phaeton

(Continued from Page)

queened it upon the royal barge of Egypt. "Chester Allan, you touch that bit and I'll drive over you — and never speak to you again!" There was a wildness in voice and face that would have warned almost any other man, but Allan paid no heed.

"Come, boy," he said, taking the rein close by the bit; "come, boy; you're just acting foolish, you know. You ought to show more sense, and set a better example, being a horse."

Allan's deliberate interference, his contempt of her threats, his indifference to her anger, his last words, which she construed as deliberate insult, stung the girl to fury. "Come, boy," repeated Allan, stepping ankle-deep into the warm water, and coaxingly pulling on the rein, but looking ahead and not back. The horse, forgetting his fears and his anger in seeing his master wade into the stream, hesitantly followed with outstretched neck; and then the whip fell again with all the force of the frenzied young arm behind it.

Startled and spurred out of all thought of his former stubbornness, the horse wildly plunged ahead. Allan had barely time to leap backward, out of the reach of the wheels as they passed him. Horse and phaeton went up the steep little bank opposite him with a scramble and a rush, splashing him from head to foot as they crossed.

At the top of the acclivity the horse seemed to be out of his driver's control, but he soon steadied down. Allan gained the top of the bank, running, dripping and anxious, but his anxiety was brief. He saw the girl face rearward, caught her wrathful eyes for one small instant, and then he saw the whip rise and fall again, and even heard its swish and cut. The horse fairly flew down the road, the light vehicle swaying and bounding behind him, till a leafy curve cut off all view.

Allan's astonishment was too great for words. He stood at painful attention, to catch the last possible sound from the runaways. A faint but distinct slash of the whip came to him, a diminishing rumble, and then silence fell as the dust drifted and settled.

"Well," said the young man at last, as though awakening from a trance, "I guess we're all right now. I've ruined my clothes, and Susan has ruined the horse, and between us our friendship seems to be a worse wreck than either, and I guess that will do us for one day."

For as much as a minute Allan surveyed the spot where the horse had balked with them. Then he drew a cigar from his pocket, produced a match-box, and, with the sure manipulation of an artist, gave himself a perfect light, performing these several operations with all possible deliberation and attention to detail. Then he looked up and about him.

"Now, there isn't the slightest doubt that she did her best to drive over me — as she promised; is there?" he remarked with palpable cheerfulness. The remark was addressed to the trees that stood around, and would not have been made if there had been a single person present. It was not often that he talked to himself.

"What do you understand ails that young person to-day?" he suddenly demanded, turning with energy to a large black oak, as though it might answer him. "Everything I have said since we started on this pleasant little drive has made her madder. She must think something of me," he added in a lower voice, "or she wouldn't show such a temper just for my benefit. I wonder what would have broken loose if the horse had not balked just as he did!" The approaching wagon was coming near; he plunged into the undergrowth and out of its driver's sight, headed across field and forest for his home, a mile away.

Susan Forbes sat in her upper room, in the fading light of the sunset, gazing with unseeing eyes out of her window. The storm that had swept over her had blown itself out, and in its pathway was the appalling quiet that follows devastation. Regret was only a dull, hopeless heaviness, without shape or poignant sting. She knew she should never see Chester Allan again, except as a stranger. The utter senselessness of her anger began to rise before her view, with no end of bitter self-accusing. If she did not like his new habit of thought and action why should she lose control of her own, even to the verge of

If you have a tender skin and "catch cold easily" put the blame where it belongs, — on the woolen underwear.

Kneipp Linen-Mesh Underwear

prevents colds and rheumatism by absorbing chilling perspiration, ventilating the pores and regulating the body's temperature to normal.

It is the only underwear that is pure linen to the last thread, and a sure protection against sudden changes.

Kneipp Linen Mesh is for sale by leading Haberdashers and Dry Goods Stores. Write for instructive booklet to

"KNEIPP," Publicity Dept. A, 66 Leonard St., New York

Cawston California Ostrich Feathers

A FINE ostrich feather is as much of an investment as a fine diamond. Good feathers last, stand recurling, don't break, look dull nor lose their life.

Producer's Prices — No Agents

All our feather goods are sold direct at producer's prices and shipped prepaid in handsome pictorial boxes. Anything can be returned if not wanted.

Comtesse Plume, 15 inches long, exposed quill and heavy head. Splendid quality; beautiful black. Better than is usually sold at $3.00. Delivered prepaid for **$2.00.**

[illegible] 16 inches long, worth $5.00, prepaid for $3.00.

17-inch Comtesse Plume, made from the very finest black [illegible] male birds. Especially fine, strong texture. Made of extra heavy and wide stock. Better than stores usually sell at $7.00. Prepaid for **$5.00.**

Same plume 21 inches long, worth $15.00 at retail, delivered prepaid for $10.00.

Great Curiosity Free. Natural feather just as taken from the ostrich sent free with every order.

Souvenir Price List

Our price list is a souvenir of the Farm, containing many beautiful farm pictures, and fully illustrated with engravings made direct from the feathers. Contains prices of [illegible] style plumes, stoles, fans, tips, etc., in all grades and sizes. Sent free for 2c. to cover postage and mailing.

CAWSTON OSTRICH FARM

The Original Home of the Ostrich in America

P. O. Box 45 South Pasadena, California

Invest your money

where it is absolutely safe and brings good returns.

Money placed with us isn't merely deposited — it's invested

at 5% interest

and still remains your money. You can withdraw it at any time without advance notice and the interest continues up to the very day it is withdrawn.

Get our free booklet and read about this safe and profitable form of investment.

Calvert Mortgage & Deposit Co.

341 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

5% 5% 5% 5%

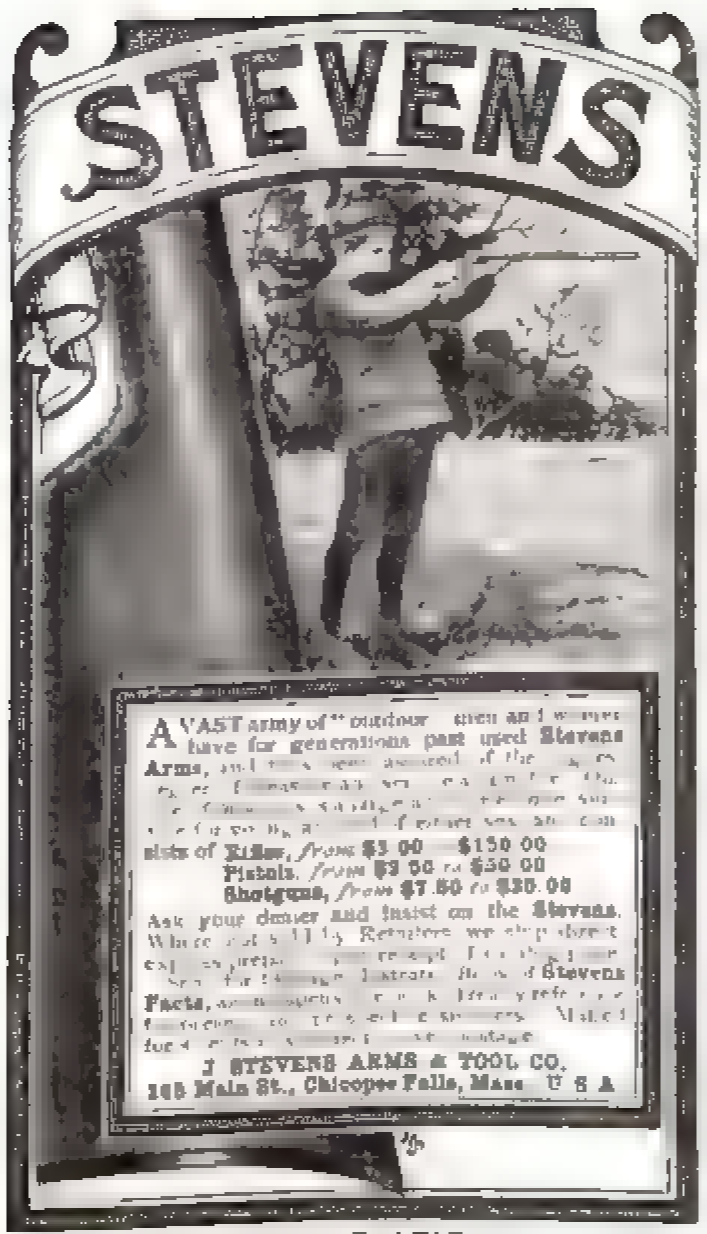
MAKE YOURSELF TALLER

GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS

"Worn inside the shoe."

Increase Height, Arch the Instep, Make Better Fitting Shoes, Remove Jar in Walking. Indorsed by physicians. Simply placed in the heel, felt down. Don't require larger shoes. ½ in. 25c.; ⅜ in. 35c.; 1 in. 50c. per pair. At shoe and [illegible] stores. **READ.** Send name, size shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for [illegible] on ten days' trial.

GILBERT MFG. CO., 10 Elm St., Rochester, N. Y.



A VAST army of "outdoor" men and women have for generations past used **Stevens Arms**, and [illegible] sists of **Rifles**, *from* $3.00 to $150.00 **Pistols**, *from* $2.50 to $50.00 **Shotguns**, *from* $7.50 to $30.00

Ask your dealer and insist on the **Stevens**. Where not sold by Retailers we ship direct express prepaid upon receipt [illegible] Send for [illegible] illustrated [illegible] **Stevens Facts**, [illegible] Mailed for [illegible] postage.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
165 Main St., Chicopee Falls, Mass. U.S.A.

Our Weekly Market Letter

written with conciseness and authority, deals with the matters of the hour, pertaining to Stock and Bond Investments. Upon request, your name goes on our mailing list.

Corey, Milliken & Co.
BANKERS AND BROKERS
15 State Street Boston, Mass.

American Typewriters
$10 $40 $50

No. 2 is the only practical machine which produces perfect work and which sells for $10.

No. 5 is sterling value for $40.

No. 7, our latest model, absolutely high grade in every respect. Sold on installment $50. Send for illustrated catalogue and easy payment plan.

American Typewriter Co., 264 Broadway, New York

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
Matsuri Tea?

A most interesting illustrated booklet dealing with this subject will be mailed you on request.

MATSURI TEA CO.
Order Room 8, 25 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.
As cream is to milk, so is **Matsuri Tea** to most teas

WELL, THAT'S FINE

"GEM" Safety Razor

Perfect in every detail—blades are best English razor steel; made and tested by experts. The "Gem," unless abused, will last a lifetime.

Send name and address for something free that will [illegible]

Razor Complete, $2.00; Morocco Case, 2 blades, $3.50.

At dealers or direct on receipt of price

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY
Dept. G 34 Reade Street, NEW YORK

3000 GUMMED LABELS, $1.00

Size, 1 x 2 inches, printed to order and postpaid. Send for catalog H. FENTON LABEL CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

doing him an utmost discourtesy, and actually seeking to injure him? She had seen enough of him in that single hour's drive to know that her affection for him was utterly fruitless, and doomed to be such to the end of time. He had shown a self-mastery that would make it easy to take savage satisfaction in removing himself utterly out of her life. Why had she done it? She broke into weeping again, the first calm tears that had followed the angry ones with which she had returned home and gone to her room; and, thus preoccupied, she did not hear a gentle rap at her door. It was repeated, and caught her ear

"I don't want any supper, Margaret," she called to the housekeeper whom she believed to be obediently waiting outside. But the rap was repeated again, and she finally called the second time, "Come in" in a voice heavy and weary. The door opened and Chester Allan stepped into the room. Margaret was not there

It was a sad and disconsolate face and figure that he confronted The girl gazed as though she were trying to look through a glaring light. She rose, staring, as he advanced to meet her with outstretched hand and the old pleasant smile

"Susan," he said, "Margaret told me you wouldn't come down or see anybody, so I came up. I must go away in the morning, so you will never need to speak to me again; but I felt that I could not leave without asking you to forgive me before you forget me."

Her eyes had not wavered from his face from the moment he had entered. She searched his kindly countenance, her lips parted and trembling, her face wet with tears, but his hand she did not see

"Did you see me?" she demanded breathlessly. "I was whipping that horse—did you see me?"

"Well, now, Susie," replied Allan slowly, a humorous smile beginning to play, "you remember you were in some little haste when you drove away from me, and I didn't have long to observe; but I believe I did notice, in a general kind of way, that you were keeping him up to his work pretty well. He seemed to make better time after he got across the creek, didn't he?" By this time the smile was unmistakable, and he had come close to her and taken hold of her arms at the elbows, and was looking down upon her as she had thought he would never look in all the coming days of her life

"Did you see that I tried to run over you, as I said?" she insisted, her feverish cheeks and eyes showing the highest excitement "Do you know that I was so wild that I could have killed you both—you and that horse?"

"Been a good thing if you had," declared Allan with genial vehemence. "We both needed killing." By this time he held both her hands, and was caressing them, and warming their cold fingers in his own

"You saw that—and you come to me and ask me to forgive you?"

"I certainly do," said Allan, looking tenderly into her appealing face. "I don't know what it was that I did, but it must have been something very bad, and I am very sorry for it, and I come to ask you to forgive me, if you will, or can—and some day, when you like me again, you will marry me, dear, won't you? Why, Susie!"

The overwrought girl had bowed herself above his hands and was shaking with sobs He gathered her to him, and there she clung and cried like a child, while he smoothed her hair, and softly kissed her cheek, and comforted her with loving words, till she grew calmer

"Oh, I wish you'd use that whip on me—I wish you'd wear it out on me!" she declared, with hatred of herself almost equaling her outpouring affection for him.

"Well, now, Susie," said Allan, with the masterful smile she had tried to persuade herself she hated, "that might be a good thing to do—now and then. Perhaps we'll try it some time. But just now I think this is better—don't you?" And he drew her closer to him, and bent his face down to hers.

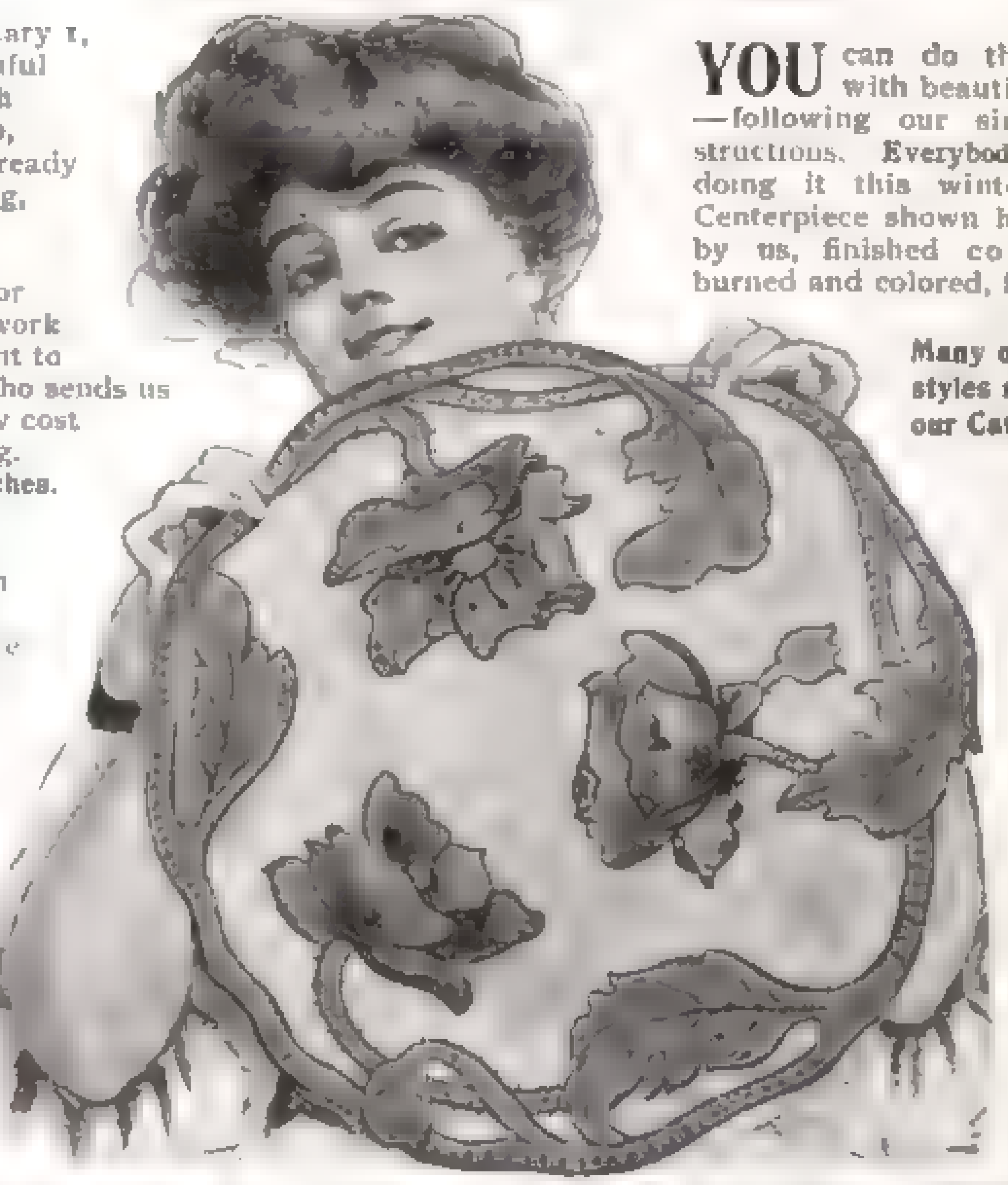
"It's Heaven," she sighed; then she lifted her mouth to his, and threw her arm around his neck, and said with her whole soul, "Oh, Ches, I thought you'd never come"

Poor, worried, grieved little girl," commiserated Allan with infinite tenderness and soothing. "It was a long time—to me, too—but, you see, I had to walk, while you had a fast horse"

"Chester," murmured the girl, drawing his head down closer to hers, an untold joy upon her countenance, "after this—you drive—won't you?"

Pyrography Applique
THE NEW ART WORK

Until January 1, this beautiful **Naan Plush Centerpiece**, stamped, ready for burning, including leather stamped for applique work will be sent to any one who sends us 25c. to pay cost of shipping. **Size, 13 inches.** Choice of red, tan or dark green Only one Centerpiece to any one address



YOU can do this work with beautiful effect—following our simple instructions. **Everybody** will be doing it this winter. The Centerpiece shown here, sold by us, finished complete, burned and colored, for $2.00.

Many other styles shown in our Catalogue

Write for Catalogue No. P 15 [illegible] illustrates 1,000 Gibson [illegible] articles of **Naan Plush**, wood and leather of every description [illegible] prices

Special Offer: Our No. 97 $2.50 Outfit, **$1.65** [illegible] plush, wood [illegible]

TRADE T&C CHICAGO MARK [illegible]

For sale by your dealer or sent by us C. O. D. for examination. Outfits and supplies at all prices shown in our Catalogue P 15. Write for it to-day

THAYER & CHANDLER, 160-164 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago
Largest Makers of Pyrography Goods in the World

$25.00

If You Earn Less
I Can Help Your Salary or Income

by teaching you how to write catchy, intelligent advertising

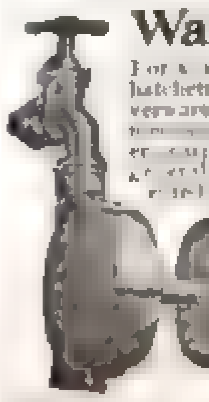
If you are ambitious, have a common school education, and wish to qualify for ready positions at $25 a week and over, you should write for free copy of my new prospectus. One graduate fills $8,000 place, another [illegible] and any number earn $1,500. The best [illegible] ad. writer in New York owes his success within a few months to my teachings. Demand exceeds supply

My System of Advertising Instruction by Mail has the hearty endorsement of the real experts and publishers, and I am anxious to send my prospectus, together with the most remarkable fac-simile proof ever given in the history of correspondence instructions, if you are interested

But send for the Prospectus to-day

GEORGE H. POWELL, 1367 Temple Court, New York

Per Week



Water Motor Indispensable for Home and General Use

For sharpening edge tools, such as knives, [illegible] hatchets, etc. For scouring and polishing [illegible] verware, glassware, [illegible] Price $3 [illegible] wheel [illegible] dealers [illegible] agents wanted everywhere.

WARNER MOTOR CO
Dept 16, 90 Wall St., New York City

BIG CLEARING SALE **TYPEWRITERS**

[illegible] on the dollar. Over one [illegible] machines. Our own new [illegible] standard prices on **Easy Payments** [illegible]

Fay-Sholes Co., 194 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

A SNAP FOR STUDENTS!

You can make big money in spare hours selling our "Invincible" Typewriter Supplies. Every business house wants them. Need only be shown to sell. Big commissions.

Write TO-DAY for full particulars

American Writing Machine Co., Dept. B, 343 Broadway, New York

RAZOR STEEL

FINEST QUALITY; DAINTY PATTERN;
MADE ON HONOR

[illegible] years' experience back of our work. [illegible] guaranteed

Cut is exact size of our daintiest pattern, but made for service. Stag handle [illegible] 75c [illegible] $1.

3 blades, $1.25; 4 blades, $1.50; 6 blades, $2. Larger 3 blades, named **Chauncey Depew's Pet** $1.50 [illegible] Strong 75c 2-blade **Jack Knife**, for 48c; boys' 2-blade knife with chain, 50c. Razor Steel **Shears**, 60c. Send for free [illegible] List, and "How to Use a Razor."

MAHER & GROSH CO., 613 Adams Street, TOLEDO, OHIO

The Man Who Took Water

(Concluded from Page 4)

his breast And then, when the tragedy was played out, as it seemed, the tragedy began For Ben Williams, after his victory, lost his self-control. He had been tried, and tried high, and now broke down into the desire to kill. He knew, and none knew better, how near a thing it had been. But for the lamp which shone more upon his opponent than on himself he might have been crawling in the dust. He saw the Colonel and fell into a bloody rage.

"You old dog, you fetched him here for me," said Ben, and there was running saliva on his lips. The crowd parted suddenly like a divided wave. I was ten yards from the old Colonel, and saw him standing upright like a man. He threw down his hat.

"Shoot me then, you hound," he said. And even as he spoke Ben's pistol cracked, and the men about us groaned. I saw the old Colonel fall, and even as he fell, and almost before he touched the ground, I saw Bob White run to the barrel by the store. From it he took the head of a four-and-a-half-pound axe, and he threw it straight at Ben Williams. It glittered in the lights from the saloon, and it struck Ben fairly with the edge upon the temple. He threw up his hands, and as they went up the muscles of his dead hand pulled the trigger of his pistol, and the bullet went into the air. He fell prone in the dust, and writhed a little, and then lay quite still. And Bob was on his knees by old Webb, crying.

But the Colonel didn't die that time, though he went very near to it. Bob and I, and, for the matter of that, the whole town, nursed him through his trouble, and every one was glad to see his white head again when he crawled down Main Street once more. Bob had no trouble over Ben Williams' death, for the jury which sat upon him declared that it was the most justifiable homicide which they had ever heard of.

"You see, I warn't heeled," said old Webb. "I had nary a gun on me I do think, Bob, that if Ben had shot straight some of you would have strung him up"

All the town said so. But I have my doubts, for Ben Williams had a few good steers and plenty of money And straight shooting combined with money would go a considerable way in the Panhandle of Texas in those days

"And what's come of poor Sage?" asked the Colonel. Not a soul knew till weeks afterward, when a man came in from El Paso.

"After he crawled out of Red River he drank and gambled all he had," said El Paso Smith, "and then he rode the drawheads of a train from Big Springs to our town. And now he's washing dishes at a low-down hash-house kept by a Mexican!"

"Is he tough any more?" asked the listeners.

"Tough!" sneered El Paso Smith; "why, a Dutchman could slap his face any day, and he'd take water then and there."

Early Days in Railroading

(Concluded from Page 9)

the office of the Constitution was gutted one night by the Rippers, the books burned in the street, and the building completely destroyed. The mob then visited the editor and the railroad attorneys at home, and bombarded their houses with stones; but, as the houses of railroad sympathizers had long been in a state of siege, the shutters were up, and no harm was done beyond the slight uneasiness such an experience might awaken in a sensitive editor's breast. A war of pamphlets began, and one curious old Ripper, a Major Fitch, developed a wonderful talent for rhyming, and his poetry became one of the features that kept the fight alive.

This period of hostilities lasted for three years. An alarm from the courthouse bell, rung with the wildness of a panic, could be looked for at any moment, day or night. Wherever the alarm caught an Erie citizen, or whatever his occupation, he dropped his tools, his knife and fork, or his cup of coffee, and rushed to the courthouse. Weddings were stopped, funerals delayed, and doctors left their patients when the courthouse bell rang. Frequently men were roused from their beds to assemble at the courthouse where rumor had reached the watchers that the railroad was plotting mischief. In 1855, the railroad company having restored the old wooden bridge torn down two years earlier, the Rippers again marshaled a mob. The railroad guards were driven from their posts, the bridge was torn down, and this time, to make the job complete, it was burned. The tension in the town all this time and for years thereafter was such that the railroad war could not safely be discussed. It was a cannon cracker that might be depended on to explode wherever handled among friends

The most peaceable citizens fell to blows over the railroad question, and special constables were appointed in the town to enforce an order forbidding, under pains and penalties, the discussion of the subject. The townswomen were also infected with rancor. The leading drygoods merchant of Erie, who was trying only to sell his wares and keep out of trouble, became an object of suspicion, and certain other merchants were classed with him as railroad sympathizers. A meeting of the townswomen was called at a Presbyterian church, and it was largely attended. The merchants designated as Shanghais were banned by name and a vote to refuse to trade with them was carried with enthusiasm. Here was boycotting in an early day. The ministers found it impossible to keep clear of the fray, and the Erie historian records instances of how the Erie war colored the sermons and cropped out in the prayers. From the pulpit pointed allusions were made to the oppressor, to the rich and to the powerful, who were selling their birthrights and oppressing the poor. A faction of the members of one church in consequence of their irritation withdrew in a body and founded a church which still stands in Erie, and was known for many years as the Shanghai church. In politics the Rippers were supreme, and they elected legislators and sheriffs year after year. The courts, however, finally disposed of the matters at issue. Concessions were made to Erie interests, but the track gauge was changed, the final compromise being at the present standard of four feet eight and a half inches, and the consolidated roads, which now constitute a part of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, succeeded in running trains through Erie without transferring passengers by 'bus.

The fight for industrial progress has thus been a singularly fierce one, even among so progressive a people as our own. On the question of consolidations intelligent people differ quite as strongly as they did in the days of the Erie war; but consolidations will go successfully on, as they did then, as long as the industrial situation calls for them.

Youth Will Be Served

THERE was only one man in Denver who could authoritatively deny or affirm a rumor that the great Independence gold mine at Cripple Creek had been sold by W. S. Stratton to an English syndicate, and that was John Hays Hammond, the famous mining expert

In the lobby of the Brown Palace Hotel stood a group of newspaper men, and discussed ways and means for securing the coveted interview, for Mr. Hammond had refused to see them. In the party was "Little Lord Fauntleroy," a reporter for a morning paper. He had said that his mother and Mr. Hammond were personal friends, and one of the men had remarked that that ought to land the story for him. They saw him walk to the other side of the lobby and write upon a card and hand it to a bellboy. One of the reporters hurried upstairs, stopped the boy, and read on the card:

Vivian Burnett
Son of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.

The reporter tore from his copy-paper a slip and wrote thereon:

Arthur Clark
Son of old man Clark.

"Give that to Hammond, too," he said to the boy.

The reporter joined his comrades, and presently the boy came down and said:

"Mr. Hammond says he will see old man Clark's boy!"

LEARN JIU-JITSU

The Japanese National System of Physical Training and Self-Defense

After being jealously guarded as a national secret for over two thousand years, full exposition of the art of Jiu-Jitsu, the most wonderful and mysterious physical science in the whole world, will be given to the American public. Jiu-Jitsu embraces a system of physical training which, without artificial means, develops every muscle and tissue and strengthens every organ in the human body. The Japanese, though small of stature, possess the most perfect physical development of any nationality, and attribute their wonderful strength and power of endurance solely to the practice of Jiu-Jitsu. As a means of self defense Jiu-Jitsu is as potent at short range as the most deadly weapon. A knowledge of its self preserving principles makes the timid man bold, courageous and self reliant. There are over three hundred methods of weaponless warfare known to the art, any one of which will enable a man of average strength to dispose of the most formidable antagonist with an ease and rapidity which is astonishing. When once a person skilled in the art effects one of the Jiu-Jitsu "holds" it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer resistance. It makes no difference how unequally matched in point of size or strength the contestants may be, a knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu will enable a child of fourteen years to overcome and render powerless a man of thrice his strength.

FIRST LESSON SENT FREE

Mr. Y. K. Yabe, who has been the most successful teacher of the art in all Japan, has been delegated to give instruction in Jiu-Jitsu to Americans [illegible]. He has just written an intensely interesting book which explains the principles of this wonderful system and describes the evolution of Jiu-Jitsu during the past two thousand years. So long as the edition lasts this book [illegible] will be sent free to interested persons. [illegible] illustrated with full page [illegible] most effective methods known to Jiu-Jitsu for disposing of a dangerous antagonist. If you want to learn the closely guarded secrets of this marvelous science which for centuries past have been locked in the breasts of the Japanese [illegible] against any form of [illegible] attack and render [illegible] write for this free book and [illegible] lesson [illegible] It will be sent postpaid by return mail. Address

THE VITAL TOUCH
ONE OF THE 300 EFFECTIVE METHODS KNOWN TO JIU JITSU FOR DISPOSING OF A DANGEROUS ANTAGONIST.

THE YABE SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU, 380B, Realty Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

Many social leaders in New York and other large cities — people who demand and have the best of everything — are users of **COLUMBIA Electric Broughams, Landaus, Landaulets, Hansoms, Coupes, Victoria-Phaetons and Opera Busses.** These vehicles are built from exclusive designs and are sold for private service only. Let us send you a handsomely printed list of prominent purchasers and our special Town Carriage Catalogue.

ELECTRIC VEHICLE CO., Hartford, Conn.

NEW YORK, 134-136 W. 39th St. CHICAGO, 1413 Michigan Ave. BOSTON, 74 Stanhope St.

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

REVERSIBLE
Linene
Collars and Cuffs

Save Money and Trouble

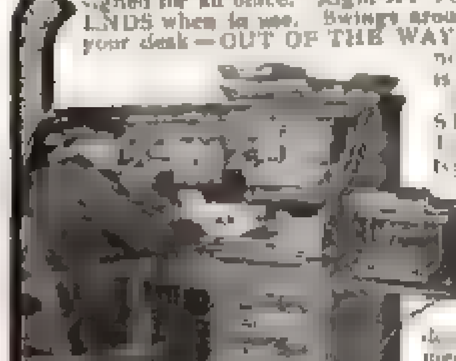
Professional and business men, students, travelers, mechanics, sportsmen, find in these goods perfect fit, style, convenience and economy. Made of fine cloth and finished in pure starch

No Washing or Ironing

When soiled, discard. We send by mail ten collars or five pairs of cuffs for 30c. Send 6c in U. S. stamps for sample collar or pair of cuffs. Name size and style.

Reversible Collar Co., Dept. 7, Boston

"Y and E" SWINGING OFFICE STAND



THE HANDIEST piece of small furniture ever designed for an office. Right AT YOUR FINGERS' ENDS when in use. Swings around to the end of your desk — OUT OF THE WAY — [illegible] when not in use. Height is adjustable. SAVES [illegible] of STEPS and TIME. [illegible] for typewriter — a card Index Tray [illegible] — Letter Files — a Dictionary or Bradstreet book — a ledger — or one of a dozen other requirements of your work.

SPECIAL OFFER:

To introduce this splendid Stand [illegible] oak, dull golden finish, DELIVERED EXPRESS PREPAID to any point east of Missouri River, cash with order $4.00

For points West, deduct 15 per cent. in lieu of prepaid express. In ordering, specify whether nickel or [illegible] copper trimmings are preferred. Your money back if not perfectly satisfied.

Write for complete folder No. [illegible]

Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.
Main Factories and Executive Offices
Rochester, N. Y.

New York Chicago Cleveland
[illegible] St. Louis San Francisco
Pittsburg Washington Philadelphia
Minneapolis

The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Toronto Montreal
OR ANY "Y and E" SPECIAL AGENCY

SURE SYSTEM OF SOLID SUCCESS
Sheldon School Scientific Salesmanship

"Thought —Act —Habit"

Hold a thought and you cannot resist action; repeat the act and you have habit; the sum of your habits is what you are.

If your habits of doing things are not producing right results, do not worry about your house or your goods or your customer; **they are all right.** Just go home and study yourself.

When you have found out the right kind of thought to have, then hold that thought, act on it, repeat the act and you will find that you have formed **new habits on right lines.** The increased efficiency will be immediately apparent.

You need help, however, to get at what right thoughts are in this matter of business. **You cannot see yourself as others do.** The natural teacher is science—an orderly arrangement of what is known about any subject governed by natural laws.

The Sheldon School stands for all that is best and most useful in the science of business—the science of distribution, both by the personal and literary methods.

No one is so wise that he knows it all. The Sheldon School can tell you about the **science** governing the **art of distribution** and this is something every one ought to understand fully. Let us tell you about it now.

Write at once, enclosing three 2c stamps for our new 48-pg. illustrated Prospectus on "The Science of Successful Salesmanship."

SHELDON SCHOOL
OF SCIENTIFIC SALESMANSHIP
1022 McClurg Bldg., Chicago

SIMPLY PRESS THE METAL BAR

"The Pen That Fills Itself"

Conklin's Self-Filling Pen

is positively the only fountain pen that can be filled or cleaned **with one hand.** All other fountain pens require all your hands and ingenuity.

Mark Twain expresses the simplicity and superiority of the **"Conklin"** in these words:—

New York, Oct. 1, 1903.

Dear Sirs:—
I prefer it to ten other fountain pens because it carries its filler in its own stomach and I can't mislay it, even by art and intention. Also I prefer it because it is a profanity-saver; it cannot roll off the desk.
Very truly yours,
S. L. Clemens

Our Free Books give further convincing evidence and fifty original suggestions for correcting common errors in handwriting.
THE CONKLIN PEN CO., 148 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, Ohio.
Represented in Great Britain by American Agencies, Ltd., 38 Shoe Lane, Farringdon St., London, E. C.; in Australia by Rae, Munn & Gilbert, 47 Market St., Melbourne.

Die in open air.

Rats and Mice leave choicest food and grain for

Rat Bis-Kit

Packed in boxes.

Ready for Use.

Die quickly in open air seeking water. Dry, clean. Put in rat holes, linen closets, pantries, etc., without soiling anything.

Why Risk Mixing Poison

Endorsed by all leading drug houses in the United States and Canada (J. H. MAIDEN, Agent, Montreal, Canada).
SOLD OVER THE ENTIRE WORLD.
Ask your Druggist. If he hasn't it, send us 25 cents for one box or 60 cents for three boxes, express prepaid.
Rats and mice are the greatest germ carriers known.
The Rat Biscuit Co., Dept. 10, Springfield, O.

PATENT SECURED

Or Fee Returned. FREE opinion as to patentability. Send for Guide Book and What to Invent, finest publications issued for free distribution. Patents secured by us advertised free in Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE.
EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 661 F St., Washington, D. C.

A LINK IN THE GIRDLE

(Continued from Page 11)

shouting, sobbing. And not one of them could have told afterward whether he drank on the upstream or the downstream side of the mules.

When Paul Carhart, a long while later, parted the bushes and stood out in relief on the bank, leaning on a shrub for support, he saw a strange spectacle. For a quarter of a mile, up and down the channel, were mules, some drinking, some rolling and kicking, some lying out flat and motionless. Near at hand, hanging from every bush, were shirts and trousers and stockings; at the edge of the bank was a long, irregular line of boots and shoes. And below, on the broad reach of sand, laughing and bantering and screaming like schoolboys, half a hundred naked men stood in a row, stooping with hands on knees, while a dozen others went dancing and high-stepping and vaulting over them. They were playing leap-frog.

Carhart walked across to the upstream side of the mules and drank. Then, after filling his two canteens, he returned to the bank and sat down in such small shade as he could find. It was at this moment that the men caught sight of him. The game stopped abruptly, and for a moment the players stood awkwardly about, as schoolboys would at the appearance of the master. Then, first one, and another, and a group of two or three more, and finally, all of them, resumed their simple clothing, and sat down along the bank to await orders. The panic was over.

Now the chief roused himself. "Here, you two!" he cried. "Take these canteens and the freshest mules you can find, and go back to Mr. Vandervelt. Ride hard."

And almost at the word, eager, responsive, the men he had addressed were off.

VII—WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAID

THE wagon train, with every keg and barrel full of water, was drawing slowly in toward the camp. Young Van, half recovered, and Paul Carhart were riding on the leading wagon. The forty-eight hours just past were now but a bad dream, a thing to forget. It might all be told here—how the mules found the pool that the guide had missed, not two miles to the right of the abandoned wagons; how a shallow trench grave and a nameless mound were left to mark the scene—but these things, even life and death and certain strange horrors, have their elements of monotony when set out at too great length. The incident was not railroad building, and railroad building was what they were there for.

The long line of wagons wound into camp. Carhart had helped Young Van into his cot before he became aware of an unusual stir about the job. Then, as he stood there before the tent grimy and rumpled, peering out through dusty spectacles, he saw that more supplies had come in, that the track-laying had just stopped for the noon hour, and—this was what surprised him—that a party of strangers was approaching. At the head walked Old Van in boiled shirt and neat sack suit, with a tall man in frock coat and high hat whom Carhart at once rightly took to be President Chambers. After them came a party of ladies and one or two young men, to whom Tiffany was explaining the method of construction. It seemed that the president had thought it worth while to adopt the suggestion of his chief engineer that the vast quantities of dry bones in the desert be gathered up and shipped eastward to be ground up for fertilizer, and he had combined the start of the enterprise with an inspection of the new line.

Paul Carhart was introduced. The pleasantries were exchanged. President Chambers asked a direct question or two, then said—and every man and woman in the near-by group heard it—"You have not made the progress I expected, Mr. Carhart."

The engineer in charge took off his spectacles to wipe them, and looked at the president for a moment.

"No," he replied in a reserved voice, "but I think there will be fewer delays from now on."

"There must be," said the president. He was courteous, but decisive. "It was made plain to you, I hope, that we must be at Red Hills September first?"

"Perfectly," replied Paul Carhart. And, with a glance at his clothing, he added, "You will excuse me if I don't join you at once."

"Certainly, certainly," said President Chambers, and the party moved off. But Carhart found time to catch Tiffany's eye.

Tiffany made his excuses to the ladies and followed Carhart. The two walked slowly off behind the tents.

"Look here, Tiffany," Carhart began. "Something is going to happen to this man Peet."

"I'm sorry the president called you down that way; but you understand——"

"I understand it perfectly. He's interested in getting the job through. That's all right—so am I. But this sort of thing won't do it."

"I know it, Carhart, and I'm doing everything a man can do to help you out. But you know our organization isn't perfected yet. There is friction, I won't deny it—friction all around. He blew me up on the way out here—did it thoroughly, too."

"There it is, you see. You're catching it, I'm catching it. Somebody's to blame. Now, suppose we can run this down and place the blame where it belongs. I'm responsible for this job and I mean to get it done. You remember when we first talked the job over?"

Tiffany, looking grave, nodded.

"You told me then that the cars and engines for my supply trains would be put on this line and kept here."

Tiffany nodded again.

"That order, you said, came from your traffic manager, and was meant to forestall any temptation to take cars away from me for other purposes."

"Yes, the order came originally from the president himself. There simply wasn't rolling stock enough to go round, and so he ordered West to make out a list of cars and to see that they were kept on this work."

"Can you get me a copy of that list, giving the car numbers?"

"Why, certainly."

"Good. When do you go back to Flemington?"

Tiffany consulted his watch. "We ought to be starting now."

"Good again. Let me see—I'll call on you day after to-morrow and get the list. And, by the way, you don't know of any particular reason why Peet should have it in for me, do you?"

"On the contrary. He and several other of the division men have an interest in the company that's supplying us with ties, and the more and faster he gets them on to you the better for his pocket."

"It's queer business. We'll try to understand it better before the week's out."

The whistle was blowing as they started back. On the one hand the groups and lines of laborers were shuffling to their work on the grade; the men of the iron squad, muscular, deep-chested, were falling into position about the trenches; spikers and strappers, sledges and tools on shoulder, were hurrying across the open ground between the tents and the track. On the other hand, the ladies of the president's party were picking their way daintily back toward the private car, where savory odors and a white-clad chef awaited them.

Carhart had time only to wash his hands and face before rejoining the party at the car steps. His clothing was downright disreputable; and he wanted the physique, the height and breadth and muscle display which alone can make rough clothing attractive. Mrs. Chambers and her two vivacious daughters and her daughters' friends merely glanced curiously toward him as they acknowledged the introduction. This was excusable, for his clean-cut face and reserved, studious expression were not positive features, and could hardly triumph over the more obvious facts of his dress. To the truth that this ugly, noisy scene was a resolving dissonance in the great harmony of things, that this rough person in spectacles was heroically forging a link in the world's girdle, these ladies were blind. They had been curious to come; now that they were here and were conscious of the dirt and meanness of the hundreds of men about them, now that the gray hopelessness of the desert was getting on their nerves, they were eager to go back. And so the bell rang, the drive wheels spun around, slipping under the coughing engine, the car began to rumble forward, the ladies bowed, the president, taking a last look at things from the rear platform, waved, cordially enough, a good-by, and the incident was closed. Carhart bolted a slender lunch, and took his place at the transit.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LARKIN
$10.00 Premiums
Free With Ten Dollars' Worth of Larkin Products

THEY are the saved profits and expenses of middlemen—given with every $10.00 purchase—your selection—of ***Larkin Laundry and Toilet Soaps, Toilet Articles, Flavoring Extracts and other Household Necessities.*** Larkin Premiums are furnishing thousands of homes without cost and are easily obtained by anyone, in several ways—ask how.

MORRIS CHAIR No. 65.
Polished Golden Oak; or Birch, polished Mahogany finish.
Free with $10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

MILLIONS SAVE MONEY

by Factory-to-Family dealing, obtaining ***$20.00 retail value for $10.00.*** The Larkin Idea is a demonstrated success. Larkin Soaps and other Products are of highest quality—they establish a standard of excellence. Larkin Premiums endure, and please in design, workmanship and finish. Products and Premiums sent on Thirty Days' Trial; money refunded if quality of any article is not entirely satisfactory.

CHAUTAUQUA LIBRARY TABLE No. 75
Polished Golden Quartered Oak.
Free with $10.00 worth of Larkin Products.

$1.00 A MONTH

for ten months obtains $10.00 worth of Larkin Products and a $10.00 Premium FREE, through a Larkin Club-of-Ten. Form a Club with nine of your neighbors—a popular, profitable plan. Organizers liberally rewarded. Ask about it.

Send for Premium List No. 91.

Over 600 Premiums—everything most homes require for comfort and pleasure.

Larkin Co. **Buffalo, N. Y.**
ESTABLISHED 1875.

SAFETY
H & R
SIMPLICITY
DURABILITY
ACCURACY

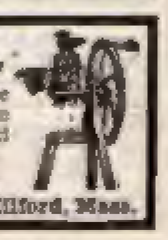
The desirable qualities are strongly linked together in **H & R Revolvers** In firearms H & R stands for the best. H & R Quality means superiority in every detail of design, workmanship and finish. FREE—Write for complete descriptive Catalog of H & R Guns and Revolvers, with prices.

HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.
323 Park Avenue
WORCESTER, MASS.

MANN'S BONE CUTTER MAKES HENS PAY

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

of Mann's Latest Model Bone Cutter. No pay until you're satisfied that it cuts easier and faster than any other.
CATALOG FREE.
F. W. Mann Co., Box 100, Milford, Mass.



Used by the Royal Families and Smart Hotels Throughout Europe

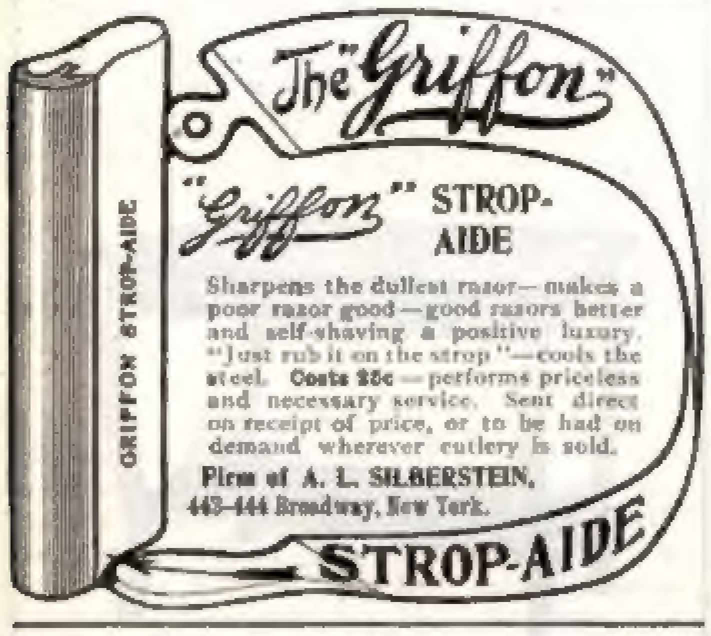
CEREBOS
TABLE SALT
NOURISHES

The husks, the pods, and the bones that the cook throws away contain most of the "vital" salts — the phosphates needed by teeth, bones, brain and nerves. Cerebos Salt restores the lost phosphates. It is also the daintiest salt for table and kitchen.

Does Not Readily Cake

Send for sample, enough for the family, naming your grocer.

"CEREBOS," 78 HUDSON ST., NEW YORK



"Griffon" STROP-AIDE

Sharpens the dullest razor — makes a poor razor good — good razors better and self-shaving a positive luxury. "Just rub it on the strop" — cools the steel. **Costs 25c** — performs priceless and necessary service. Sent direct on receipt of price, or to be had on demand wherever cutlery is sold.

Firm of A. L. SILBERSTEIN,
443-444 Broadway, New York.

You can't tell

when death may take you from your family, but you can make sure that they will be properly provided for.

Send for free booklet, "The How and the Why."

We insure by mail
PENN MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.
921 Chestnut Street Philadelphia

"How to Illustrate" and $1.00
"Art of Caricature" $ .50

Teach thoroughly drawing and illustrating in all its branches. Price, both books, $1.25 postpaid. 16-page Illustrated Catalogue on request.

BROWN PUBLISHING CO.
Room 807 114 Fifth Ave., New York

Blizzard Proof

Outside texture so closely woven it resists wind and wear alike. Lined with wool fleece that defies the cold. Snap fasteners, riveted pockets.

PARKER'S Arctic Jacket

"Arctic" Trade Mark Registered.

Better than an overcoat for facing cold and work together. Warm, durable, comfortable. Ask your dealer, or sent postpaid on receipt of **$2.38.**

JOHN H. PARKER, Dept. 57
25 James St., Malden, Mass.

Clark's Cruise of the "Arabic"
15,801 tons, one of the finest, largest and steadiest steamers in the World

TO THE ORIENT

February 2 to April 13, 1905. Seventy days, costing only **$400 and up**, including shore excursions. **Special Features:** Madeira, Cadiz, Seville, Algiers, Malta, *19 days in Egypt and the Holy Land*, Constantinople, Athens, Rome, the Riviera, etc. Tickets good to stop over in Europe.
FRANK C. CLARK, 113 Broadway, New York.

PATENTS that PROTECT
Established 1869.
72-p. Book Mailed Free.
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Patent Attorneys, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Ballad of Hagensack

BY WALLACE IRWIN

I'd been away a year, a year
 A-sailing of the main,
When I came back to Hagensack
 To see the town again.

"I oughter weep," says I, says I —
 "I wonder why I don't?
I know I sha'n't — perhaps I can't,
 Perhaps agin I won't.

"But where is all me friends, me friends
 What once was blithe and free?
I look to find that they have pined
 Away with thoughts o' me."

And so I sought the house, the house
 Where lived me old friend, Bill.
"'Tis sad," I said, "to think he's dead —
 To think that grief can kill!"

"Is big Bill Smith to home, to home,
 Is Smith to home?" says I.
"Oh, yes, he's here a-drinkin' beer
 And larkin' to the sky."

"A-larkin' to the sky," says I;
 "And him, the faithless bloke,
Was that bereft the day I left
 I thought that he would croke."

Then I thought of Mamie Jones — mie Jones,
 What was me finansay;
It seems that she in decency
 Had ought to pine away.

"Is Mamie Jones to home, to home,
 Her that was deep enthralled?"
"Oh, no, she's out with Mr. Prout —
 I'll tell her that you called."

"Oh, that you needn't do — dn't do,
 You needn't do that same.
Why ain't she cold beneath the mould! —
 O careless, careless Mame!

"One time I read about, about
 A tar named Tim McGee;
And people sighed and up and died
 The day he put to sea;

"But not in Hagensack — ensack
 Was such a story writ,
For I believe the more I leave
 The healthier you git."

Then straight I went and put, and put
 A turnip on a stick,
And with a tack wrote, "HAGENSACK,
 THE FICKLEST OF THE FICK."

And then I took the turnip up
 And fed it to a cow.
"I'll ne'er go back to Hagensack,"
 I says, and kept me vow.

◆

Impertinent Poems

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Spread Out!

In politics I'm a — never mind,
 And you are a — I don't care.
But, anyway, I am rather inclined
 To suspect we are both unfair;
For I have called you a coward and slave
And you have dubbed me a fool and knave.

(Yet, perhaps I was right, for you surely abused
The right of free speech in the names you used!)

In business you figure — a profit, I guess,
 And I charge you — as much as I dare,
And I grumble that you ought to do it for less,
 And you ask if my price is fair.
But if *I* sold *your* goods and *you* sold *mine*,
I doubt if the prices would much decline.

(Though I must insist that I think I see
Where you'd still have a little advantage of me!)

In religion you are a — who cares what?
 And I am a — what's the odds?
So why have I sneered at your holiest thought,
 And why have you jeered at my gods?
For, thinking it over, I'm sure we two
Were doing the best that we honestly knew.

(Though, of course, I cannot escape a touch
Of suspicion that you never knew too much!)

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

The World's Fair closes December 1. In magnitude, completeness, variety of exhibits and exhaustive treatment, it surpasses all previous attempts. If you have not already seen it, you should go at once, for you cannot afford to miss it. The Philippine exhibit alone is worth the trip.

The low rates and comprehensive train service of the Pennsylvania Railroad have brought the Fair near to the people of the East; and the people of the West will find the Pennsylvania Railroad the shortest and quickest line from St. Louis to the great cities of the Atlantic coast. The "New York and St. Louis Limited," on which no extra fare is charged to or from St. Louis, is the most perfectly appointed train between the East and the World's Fair City. World's Fair tickets from Philadelphia, and points east of that city, except coach excursion tickets, are good via Washington with stop-over at the National Capital.

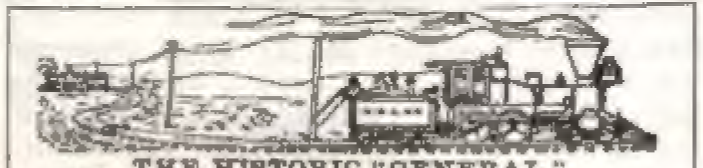
Any Ticket Agent or District Passenger Agent will give you full information in regard to rates, stop-overs, train service or Pullman accommodations.

J. R. WOOD,
Passenger Traffic Manager.

GEO. W. BOYD,
General Passenger Agent.

CARDS

Business, Mourning, Birth, Fraternal, Professional and Emblematic.
100 LATEST STYLE VISITING CARDS, Postpaid, 50c.
Samples FREE. We have cuts of trademarks and emblems for all railroads, lodges and fraternal societies. Agts. wtd.
Wedding Invitations and Announcements.
E. J. SCHUSTER PTG. & ENG. CO., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.



THE HISTORIC "GENERAL."

The capture and pursuit of this famous locomotive was one of the most dramatic episodes of the Civil War. The story is briefly and charmingly told in an illustrated booklet with the above title. Three bindings: — Paper, 25c; Cloth, 50c; Flexible Seal, 75c, postpaid.
MacGOWAN & COOKE CO., Chattanooga, Tenn.

MAKE YOUR LEISURE COUNT

Learn Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Touch Typewriting, at Home.

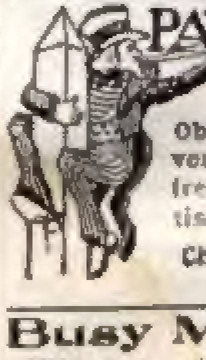
Not in a month — this cannot be done. Not **Free** — you cannot get something for nothing; but if merit appeals, I can convince you that I have the best systems: easiest and most practical. **Supplies and Typewriter furnished.** Tell me to-day the course that interests.

Morton MacCormac, Pres.

MacCormac Correspondence School, Suite 7, 449 E. 63d St., Chicago, Ill.

LEARN SHORTHAND

By Correspondence from **Court Reporters.** We do the largest court reporting business in the world and teach the same standard system we use. We make no fake claims; we teach no fake shorthand. Write for "Success Shorthand" and copy of guaranty, sent free. **WALTON, JAMES & FORD,**
Suite 30, 77-79 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.



PATENT YOUR IDEAS

$100,000 offered for one invention; $8,500 for another. Book, "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent" sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense.

CHANDLEE & CHANDLEE, Patent Attorneys
906 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Busy Man's Time Saver

XXth Century Interest Tables. 128 page book. Rates $1 to $10,000 from 2% to 7%. $1, postage paid. Agents wanted.
XXth CENTURY BOOK CO., Racine, Wisconsin

SAVE MAGAZINE MONEY
by ordering all of your magazines and newspapers through us.
Our Catalogue containing a list of 2500 periodicals mailed **Free**
Better write for it to-day. A postal will do. Address
J. M. HANSON'S MAGAZINE AGENCY, Lexington, Ky.

THE LOCKE ADDER
PATENTED

LOCKE ADDER
ONLY $5.00
ADDS SUBTRACTS MULTIPLIES DIVIDES
Capacity 999,999,999
C. E. LOCKE MFG. CO.

See our exhibit in Liberal Arts Building, St. Louis Exposition.

SQUABS sell for $2.50 to $6.00 a doz.; hotels and restaurants charge 75 cents to $1.50 an order (serving one squab). There is good money breeding them; a flock makes country life pay handsomely. Squabs are raised in ONE MONTH; a woman can do all the work. No mixing feed, no night labor, no young stock to attend (parent birds do this). Send for our FREE BOOK, "How to Make Money with Squabs," and learn this rich industry. **Plymouth Rock Squab Company, 289 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.**

Shorthand That has been Learned In Ten Days

The "So Short" system is short — complete — up-to-date — quickly learned and easily remembered. A practical system for every day use — especially desirable for business people. Complete **25c postpaid.** Agents wanted.
KRUGER PUB. CO., 20 Weldon Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS Who want a permanent, lucrative business affording a good living for a man of family, send for the attractive proposition on our two new popular-priced machines, stating territory desired.
Williams Typewriter Co., Dept. S, Derby, Conn.

SELL SHORT STORIES

STORY-WRITING AND JOURNALISM taught by mail. Short stories and book manuscripts criticised and revised; also placed on commission; send for free booklet, *"Writing for Profit;"* tells how.
NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
67 The Baldwin Indianapolis, Ind.

STARK FRUIT BOOK shows in NATURAL COLORS and accurately describes **216 varieties** of fruit. Send for our liberal terms of distribution to planters. **STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.**

REDUCED RATES on household goods to and from Colorado, California, Washington and Oregon. *Write*
BEKINS HOUSEHOLD SHIPPING CO.
95½ Washington St., Chicago.

$42,000 in Cash to Saturday Evening Post Readers

Forty-two thousand dollars will be divided this fall and winter among 2772 persons willing to look after renewals and to send new subscriptions for The Saturday Evening Post. A part of it will be divided each month.

These cash prizes are simply *extra incentives* to good work. A generous commission will be paid for every subscription forwarded.

Any person willing to devote a few hours a week to work among his or her friends and neighbors can earn as much as $500 prize money each month, in addition to the commissions. Extra inducements to those who start at once.

There is no expense involved and no business experience is necessary. Drop a line and everything necessary will be sent.

Circulation Bureau, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia

Land o'Cakes

"Land o' Cakes" is a name frequently given to Scotland, where meal cakes form an important article of diet. The phrase was made famous by Robert Burns in 1789, in his poem *On Captain Grose's Peregrinations through Scotland*, which commences with the following lines

"Hear, '*Land o' Cakes*' and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats."

It may be well that some later poet will sing of America as the Land of Biscuit, for in the past five years the American people have consumed over three hundred million packages of

Uneeda Biscuit

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

5¢